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ODE TO POVERTY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY VICTOR T. D——.

Oh, Poverty! perdition's nurse,
What misery tends an empty purse!
I know not what on earth is worse
Than thy embrace,
To honest worth a bitter curse
And deep disgrace.

Yet oft with genius thou wilt mate,
To chill the hopes on which they wait,
And make them mourn their cruel fate,
Yea e'en their birth,
And oft has filled their hearts with hate
For all on earth.

Just see that man, with years bent down,
Who begs support around the town,
How oft he's met with sternest frown,
Denying aid,
While vile reproaches often crown
His aged head.

Of health and strength he now is shorn,
Much bitter suffering must have borne;
And now in age he's left forlorn,
To beg his bread;
For former friends and days to mourn,
And with him dead.

Watch him accost that dandy fop
Who hears and sees, but heeds him not;
Of manly pity not a drop
Is in his heart,
And yet the fools shine at the top
Of fashion's mart.

Yes, oft does genius suffer want
In all its forms, so cold and gaunt,
Exposed to many a bitter taunt,
And wretched life;
And often forced with vice to haunt
In endless strife.

Was man placed in this world so fair
To be oppressed with want and care,
And lead a life of black despair
From birth till death,
Because our mother Eve did err
Ere we drew breath?

No! God's great goodness all may see,
For nature acts in harmony;
Man was created happy, free,
When earth began;
Yes, man brings all this misery
On fellow man.

JOSEPH PFAU, RUSSIAN ATHLETE. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

"PRINCE JOHN;"

OR,

DIARY OF A NEW YORK "FANCY MAN."

HISTORICAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY ST. GEORGE METCALF, ESQ.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT A GREAT CITY OF MYSTERY IS GOTHAM.

To an observer who may be pronounced "square on the goose," it must certainly prove to him "a big thing on ice.' One can strain his eyes, and *yet* the sight reaches but a very little way; but, within the compass of that little, mystery is working at a ponderous rate, and she swings a powerful sway! Whoever will dare be just, wise, conscientious, beyond the general average of his neighbors or his contemporaries, will discover enough in his perambulations, either by day or by night, to become almost wrapped up in the heavy dark blanket of Delusion! And yet, after all, we have seen but little during a fast run of a certain number of fast years! And, strange as it may appear, we are desirous of seeing more!

"You call them *nymphs du pave*, you say? That's more than my French can stand; yet I know what you mean. Do these kind of chaps you call bruisers, fellows, lovers, or fancy-men, live on 'em?"

"Okie, many of them, as I pointed them out, are low fancy-men, and d—— low at that. They never had too much character, therefore no principle worthy of redress! Virtue has ever been a stranger to them! Those I spotted in the Bowery; those in the rib-streets, and about the corner groggeries, have their own cliques, and their stamp sticks out in every ward. Some have steady week-day work; some live upon their own folks; but a major portion eke out a miserable existence in all manner of ways. Take those about the Bowery, on West Broadway, through Mercer street, and you'll find a portion of them are what may be styled prided lovers of the wanton, degraded creatures of humanity—creatures of pity, who go about at night seeking whom they may devour. They actually live on the forced charity of this class of petticoats. One will ask a pard"——

"What's a pard, Sam? Excuse the interposition."

"Okie, my dear fellow, it means a partial friend—a bosom companion—don't you know?"

"Oh, yes, I see now—but proceed."

"One chap will ask in a gallus twang style—'Have you seen anything of my Desdemona?' Another will make inquiries if any of the boys have seen his old gal pass up or down while loafing on the corners. Presently you may hear a chap exclaim, 'My old bruiser says I'm to have a new harness of dry goods through and through—yes, indeed-y!' Then you might possibly hear, on the next corner, as perchance we are passing along—'Just you fellows keep shady when my dove comes along—see if I don't raise 'tin' enough to put all you fellows through with schnapps and root beer. She's been making heaps of money lately, but she thinks she's a blinding my eyes! Nary a red have I seen, but if she don't come down this time, she goes into her crib with a lame eye—she does! Can't play no blind on this lover of her's—no, no, honey!'"

"And would he be mean enough to pounce on to her if she didn't come out with the dough?" inquired Okie, as he and the Prince walked leisurely along on one of their evening perambulations.

"Yes—why, certainly, he would; and what's the best of the joke, she would like him all the better for it."

"What! Knock a girl right flat down if she didn't come out with her ill-gotten gains? No, no, don't picture that scene to me, Sam—not just now, if you please, for this is an age of civilization."

"Tut! tut! tut! Why, Okie, you harmless dove, that's nothing! You seem to be surprised—yes, somewhat confounded. Why, I've seen girls all battered, bruised up, eyes blacked, heads swollen, faces scratched, and when asked the why of all, the pert answer would be—'Why, my Jim licked me.' Perhaps right on top of this assertion she would add—'I don't blame him, for he's as gay as you make 'em.' Now, Billy, should you show signs of sympathy, or hint out that the best thing she could do would be to leave such a brute of a lover, ten to one if she wouldn't fly right at you, cat style, in high dudgeon, and tell you that you had grossly insulted her. 'What! leave my Jim! I'd like to see myself do it. Why, every time he licks me I likes him the more.' Okie, I know it looks hard to you, and your misgivings are of a strong order, but what I tell you is so. The best of them must have their jealous freaks now and then—must be *saucy*, must drink, fight, &c., in about so long a period of time, high water or low water, on the turn of the tides, or otherwise full moon, half moon, quarter moon, or any other fraction—or else, to use one of their own expressions, T'll spile—yes, I'll die.'"

"What a terrible, terrible life!" and Okie sighed. "I like to have you post me, but Sam, I think its kinder of a curse on the crust of society."

"Years ago, Billy—but excuse me for interrupting you as I did—I happened to be in one of them sixteenth-rate-dens, when in comes a stalwart red shirt chap, breathing short and puffing heavy. Says he, in coarse language, to a big red-haired cyprian, 'give me seven dollars, I'm going to the races!' The gal did not have it. 'You lie! Aint you a pretty mistress to keep a fello' about my size—and when he wants what he wants, you aint got the stuff?' Saying this in a long, drawling, slang tone of speech, he drew off and knocked her flat. Turning toward me, with his hat half over his eyes, he said, in a Mose-twang—'That's the only way to make your gal love you!'"

"It isn't possible!" exclaimed Okie, and you could have heard his teeth grit half a block off.

"Billy, in less than five minutes she was as mild as tho' nothing had happened! Her tears were all dried up, and down she brought herself to anchor with a copy of Thaddeus of Warsaw in her hand."

"D—— my buttons," interposed Okie; "she must have been made of good stuff, and she couldn't have been born under the planet Mars."

"On a similar occasion, Billy,"—and the Prince loved to tell the tales, for he loved Okie—"I heard a well-dressed young fellow say: 'Take your silk dresses, all your jewelry, every piece, and raise me off Simpson eighty-five dollars. Make it a hundred if you can. I'm dead broke, and lost all on seven spot of diamonds.' She remonstrated—told him how she was placed—showed him her Bowery Savings Bank book, and asked him to wait until bank hours to-morrow.

"'You've heard what I said, so peck up and be off. This is a pretty how-do-you-do, isn't it? Here I'm known all through the Fourth Ward to be *your man*, your lover, so you've got to pay for keeping me up, sissy. Do you think, with this nice rig on me back, that I'm going to travel without money in the locker? What do you take your *George* to be, a cake, a flat, a sardine, or what—*say*?'

"'Oh, wait 'till I can draw money to-morrow,' said the gal, spitefully.

"'Get out—that don't make good for anything. Chin music is cheap, you know. *Say!* if you don't raise me what I want, why, I'll look down on you arter this just as a bull would on a bastard calf! Yes, indeed-y. Come, hurry up your cakes, or else I'll bet that Miss Sarah Blodgett, over in the other crib, will just steal your George away from you.'"

"'You will—you will eh, sir?'

"'Oh! keep your temper, old gal, and put down that blacking brush, for you know I might lose the premium on that life insurance policy of mine. *Say*, she says she likes my *style*, and if you don't believe it, just you ask one-eyed Maria Mumford if she didn't tell her so.'

"Okie, he hadn't more than got the sentence completed before she flew in high passion.

"'She does say so, does she? I'll *spile* her style for her;' and, Billy, away she flew out of the room, and came rushing by me with a big carving-knife in one hand and a huge pair of shears in the other; so I incontinently left the quarters."

"And do you think they met?"

"Yes, and a heavy cat-fight followed. I saw her when she crossed the street directly opposite, and bounced into the house."

"Did you ever find out full particulars afterwards?" Okie was excited.

"No—only about two hours after I saw her crossing City Hall Park, pushing on towards the pawnbroker's, with bundles and packages."

"And is this the way so many loafers dress so well and do nothing?"

"Just exactly so."

"And these wretched creatures have to support 'em so?" Okie looked chop-fallen.

"Thousands of them."

"And where the dickens do they all come from?"

"All parts of the world. Your six states denominated as New England does *tripic* her share."

"Yes, yes, perhaps so—but, but *their end*, Sam?"

"Some obtain a decent, half-way kind of a burial; but a major portion go to—POTTER'S FIELD."

"And now do you believe, my dear Prince, that *Prostitution is a necessary evil*?"

"Judge Daley said so, and in those very words," promptly replied the dashing gallant.

"But that don't make it so, Sam. Say, Sam, did you ever in your life belong to the real low clique of fancy men, such as you have just described?" Billy Okie asked this question of a touching nature with much nervousness.

"Never! I aimed higher, but I suppose, however, the *sin* was as heavy at my door as theirs. But take my arm, and let's cross over toward Broadway, Okie, my dear boy."

"*Pard*, you would have said."

"Yes, yes; very well put in, Billy, for you. But I was about to say to you that had I wedded the lady of my choice years and years ago, I should have been not only ignorant, but also innocent of a great many incidents already related to you. One bad move makes a bad game."

"Then you have seen the day when you really loved a woman, sincerely, devotedly."

"*One*—and only her. She was far from being good looking, and what's more, Okie, she had a freckled face and a head of golden hair."

"Respectable?"

"Very—very respectable—and of the good old Knickerbocker stock."

"Had she money, Sam?"

"Okie, seventy thousand dollars, and more expected?"

"Good, by gracious, that's my *say*—money agin looks, for my love is in my pocket book, just now."

"And, Okie, she had this seventy thousand in her own right, and that you know is equal to a battle half won."

"'Just so, just so, Mr. Winslow,' as Owens says, in the character of Solon Shingle. Just so, just so; but, Sam, will you, if it's a fair right up and down question, will you——"

"Go on, Okie, don't hesitate."

"Tell me why you didn't marry her? I'm downright anxious to know."

"To-morrow."

CHAPTER VI.

"FRECKLES, RED HAIR, AND SEVENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS."

When young men are crossed in love it is injurious! When young girls are crossed in love it is very bad! When young hearts complain of the same ailment, it is a great injury, a malady of serious results! Most of fancy men—most of fancy women proclaim loudly that there is no pure love in this world. They claim to have a host of adherents, and a majority of them dare assert that love is nothing but a fickle and enchanting goddess. Go on thinking, ye fond lovers of Adam and Eve, and of the Garden, and of the Serpent; but remember there is a sting sooner or later, far more fatal, than that of the snake in the grass! Think well of the warning! Conscience will teach thee something above the artificial prowess of delight!

"Okie, my dear companion in arms, let me tell you in my off-hand manner, my royal episode, as promised, concerning red-hair, freckles, and seventy thousand dollars—all wrapped up in a woman."

"Yes, Sam, do, for its just stormy enough outside to tell love-tales inside."

Both the Prince and his youthful pard were seated in the private office of the former.

"Doubtless you remember the day I pointed out St. John's Park to you?"

Okie nodded his head, while in the act of lighting his segar.

"I might have spotted the very locale, the identical residence, had I deemed it prudent," observed the Prince, while seating himself, and throwing his well formed legs upon one corner of a low business desk—"but Okie, now listen. A married lady of partial acquaintance, living at the time in Bond street, introduced me to this young lady. It was on New Year's Day, while the madam was receiving calls. Beyond a doubt it was a put-up job. Prior to this day I had never seen, or heard of such a creature, but she had oftentimes seen me, and seemed bent upon an introduction. Hence it took place under no suspicious interlindes, so far as your obedient servant was concerned. Okie, there was not the first good wholesome look about her. She was elegantly attired in a silk of *moir antique*, and sported a respectable amount of diamonds. In stature, she was short, thick set, and dumpy; had very coarse features—large blue eyes—(Byron's kind of eyes)—a large mouth, nose ditto, and a head profusely covered with red-hair."

"And a freckled face, you said."

"Yes, Okie, as spotted as a turkey's egg, but cleverness stuck plump out, and what's more, she was highly educated for one of eighteen. On this occasion two young gents accompanied me. I was rigged to the nines, and ready for any episode. At first, us fellows took her to be some country cousin or niece, who had come to town to see how the Gothamites celebrated New Year's; but we had not been there long before I was thrown into conversation with her, and all admirably arranged through the skilful influence of the madam of the mansion. Now, Okie, I don't want you to call me vain, neither do I wish you to consider me egotistical, but I—*took!* I observed it myself, in less than seven minutes time. And my two friends observed it also. Madam —— discovered it, yet with woman's adroitness she evaded comment, having as much as she could do to entertain my friends—seated opposite."

"That's what tells, Sam," interrupted the indefatigable Okie; "good looks in a man who lives up to the very tip of fashion are dangerous to female society, and you know it. But excuse me for my interruption, Sam."

"Certainly—thank you, Okie; certainly, I owe you *one*. Come to find out she resided in the locality referred to, and knowing the madam well, had effected one of those nice little arrangements, and of course New Year's Day was the appropriate time, as I had never missed frequenting Bond street on such an occasion for a goodly number of years. Then, again, Okie, strange, singular, or even mysterious as it might appear, the lady of Bond street endorsed me, and what she said concerning your humble servant was all O. K. In fact, if any party felt desirous of insulting, or hurting, or wounding the good feelings of the madam, let the party say or hint something against me in a sly, discoursous manner, and her ire was right up, for she would stand no kind of insendoes, not even if a cold blooded, cross eyed husband sided against her—and by-the-bye, I used to hear he did on many an occasion; but let me proceed. We sipped wine together; we eat sponge cake together——"

"Any hot house grapes?" ironically inquired Billy, with a dry grin.

"Well, yes," replied Sam, in rather of an easy smiling mood, he knowing why the slur had been thrown out, "the tables were bounteously displayed. After spending an hour in a wholesome manner, I was made to promise this one thing—to return and spend the evening!"

"Oh, ho! They were in for you, Sam, with all the extras included." and Billy renewed his whistle.

"And Madam ——, peremptorily enjoined upon me to fail not, in one of her side conversations. Of course I had to promise. After our party were seated in the carriage, on our way to Lexington Avenue, my friends commenced spreading themselves on high pressure system. They laughed—swore faintly so as to be fashionable, saying if ever a piece of female flesh showed evangelical love at first sight, she did; and that too, in unmistakable terms! 'Why, Sam, you dashing devil,' said one jocosely, 'your handsome looks ought to be worth a million of dollars to you easy, easy!' Said my other friend, 'if that piece of calico isn't stuck after you already, then put me down on your unexceptionable catalogue as a double distilled d—n fool! I've traveled during these eight and thirty years, but this last love scene knocks me away out of time.' Okie, I laughed with them, for it made me feel rather foolish. Says Ned Thatcher, 'strip her of silks and diamonds, and if she wouldn't look the exact counterpart of our chambermaid over in Irving Place, then call me another d—n fool.' And so I had to take it from one and then the other."

"Let me inquire," interrupted Okie, "if you knew her to be rich, up to this time, New Year's Day?"

"Yes, for her serene majesty, the Madam, whispered it to me slyly, saying she was an heiress, had seventy thousand dollars in her own right, and more was forthcoming. And then, Billy, she was an only child."

"Yes, yes, I see, but let me ask—and you must admit of interruptions," said Okie, in a pleasing manner of delivery, "what kind of a looking lady was the madam, as you call her?"

"Fair, fat and forty—but twas as young in looks, and as cheerful as one twenty years her junior. Very rich, very fashionable—in short, very expensive. She always got herself up in half-agony style, regardless of cost or repairs—but allow me to proceed. I returned in the evening and remained until near midnight. I had a splendid time of it all to myself. I was bold enough to steal a kiss just before I left, and in an adroit manner at that."

"Didn't hurt her—all by accident, I suppose?"

"Exactly so. Some three weeks after this she gave a party to a select few, as runs the parlance. I had strict orders to accompany the Madam, and of course it was her own precious self who authorized me to call in Bond street at such an hour. Well, we went forth; and, Okie, in her own carriage, with full livery. 'Play no bold points yourself, not one,' was her order to me just before the carriage drove up. Had a jovial good time; was introduced favorably to both father and mother. Your uncle was high-king-pin, for I had ordered a full party suit fresh from my tailor expressly for this affair. The daughter was charmingly dressed, and her heaving bosom showed signs that she was still warm in love's estrangements, and——"

"Oh, don't say it, Sam!" yelled out Billy, jumping up suddenly as though something went all over him.

"Here the foundation was laid, Okie. Of course, I had to call again and again——"

"Just so, just so, of course you had to."

"I attended church on several occasions with the whole family, and at their request. One very, very stormy evening, Billy, I received a little perfumed *billet doux* from her, by the hands of a low-priced errand boy—and the poor little fellow was actually wet through and through—to repair immediately to her side, as she was quite indisposed."

"Hallo! hallo! let me give one of my elastic whistles——"

"Oh, hear me through, Okie. You ought to see me rush for a hack and put! When I rang the bell (mighty powers, how it did rain!) I heard some one playing at the piano, and when the servant ushered me into the drawing-room here was my beauty richly attired, and looking the very picture of health. I was half-frightened, nervous, and she said, 'white as a sheet.' Come to find out, Billy, she admitted it was the way she could bring me *here*; and as it was a tempestuous evening, she couldn't desist in playing her card as she did, 'pon honor."

"Jehocko-mee! she's stuck, sure!" ejaculated Okie, shaking his curly head, and displaying strong intellectual evidence that he was deeply pleased with the romance of the gay flirtation.

"Hadn't we better drink, Billy, before I finish?"

"By all means—drink to luck and turkey-egg freckles."

"Just open the closet door," said the Prince, who seemed disposed to retain his seat and posture, "and you will find bottles, goblets and a little of everything good in the shape of drinkables. I'll take about eighty drops of Otard clear, no water; and, while you've got your hand in, bring along a box of sardines—the one that's opened. Drink what you like, Okie—don't be afraid, for you know you are welcome."

"Don't I? Thank you kindly. I tell you how it is, Sam, my brave companion of petticoats; there's nothing like living in style when a fellow can. Do you know I do love such a life as your's. It's my glory. But, if I have got the money, I lack the looks, and there's where you've got me foul." Thus Okie expostulated while examining the labels upon the various bottles.

"What did old bald-headed Gowman tell you?" asked Sam, laughingly.

"He said if I stuck to you that you would either break me or make a man of me."

"And so I will," rejoined the Prince, reclining in that same posture, and looking so neat from head to heel as though he had just sprung forth from fashion's imperial band-box. "Can't you find my bottle, Okie? It's the one marked 1838, on the extreme left of those boxes of sardines."

"Can't see how you can stomach so much sweet oil. It makes me shudder. Bah!"

"But come on, come, if you are anxious to hear the finishing."

"Ain't I? Guess I am, for I'm anxious to know where you come out. Ah! here's my bottle of pale brandy, and here's yours. Sam, I'm with you in the twinkling of an eye."

"You are a slow coach for this age, Billy."

"Well, never mind—wine improves by age. Here's to the girl with the auburn hair."

CHAPTER VII.

MORE ABOUT "FRECKLES AND LOTS OF MONEY."

Romance is beautiful, and Fiction, the twin-sister, is fair! Couple Reality and Romance, and you have a picture upon both sides of the face of life! As we are dealing with living facts; as we are honestly reporting episodes, scenes, changes and localities; as we use imaginary names only, so that the moral may prove circumspect, bear with us while we write in a plain, straightforward manner. As the scenes already portrayed are truth-like, so may the remainder prove likewise say we! We are called upon to chronicle the dashing movements of a fast generation——

"And you spend the evening, and away into the small hours of morning?" asked Okie, after he and the Prince had feasted.

"Yes—and she did all the courting," said Sam, commencing to touch his teeth with a gold toothpick. "She fairly and plainly said, that her love for me hardly knew any bounds! In all my travels, Billy Okie, I never saw anything of the kind. She loved purely and sacredly! Her passions were prudently strong! She opened her heart to me, her whole heart, and would have thrown her treasures into my lap."

"You refer to the $70,000, I s'pose?" quickly observed Okie in a disconcerted manner.

"Of course, I do—and yet up to this time I had no love to give in exchange. I firmly resolved to act the part of a gentleman toward her. Reports were rife concerning myself, but Bond street said boldly Sam has enemies, envious enemies; more belonging to my sex than to his own, but he will live to trample them under foot. So said the Madam."

"She was one of the right kind of goodhearted women, she was;" and Okie shook his head, indicative of good meaning.

"Guess so, and nothing shorter," rejoined the Prince, his bright, black eyes snapping devilishly. "Okie, there's my hand! I pledge you my word of honor that I've taken twelve hundred dollars at a time right out of her own purse—mind you, out of her own wallet, when she's thrown it right into my lap, saying unconcernedly, 'Help yourself—take what you want: when its gone, call again.'"

"The d——l, you tell me so, Sam?"

"Yes; and what's more, Billy, my boy, I've gone right back to the place where I had lost several hundred dollars at what gamblers call a skin game; put a hundred on the ace; doubled on the Jack of diamonds, won, and kept on until I left with six thousand dollars winner! I have gone right back and handed three thousand to the Madam, although she would oftentimes threaten to heave me and the rags, as she called paper currency, right into the middle of Bond street."

"Good solid friend of yours, I'll bet," said Okie, knowingly.

"Sure—and, perhaps, it would be a month, or six weeks, before I would call again. She never refused me."

Billy Okie, clever fellow, of young and tender years, commenced to walk the office. The idea, or the audacity, as he termed it, of a gay chevalier going into a gentleman's own mansion and borrowing hundreds of dollars—in fact, putting his own fingers in his wife's pocketbook, and never get refused, made him whistle short whistles, scratch his head nervously with one hand, and wonder if ever he should be lucky enough to do a like thing, one of these times, in his many anticipated peregrinations.

"Never, no never! Haven't got the good looks and winning ways about me." Sam set biting his lips.

"But, Billy, now for a bluff game. I promised my young lady friend that on the following Sabbath I would call and dine with the family, as she had urged it so very strenuously. I did so. After dinner, her father said to me, in a very polite manner, that it was the wish of both him and his wife that I should not regard the actions of their daughter in any serious light; not to think of her beyond the general amends of common friendship; that I was a welcome visitor; would be pleased to have me call when convenient, and they considered it a duty enjoined upon both father and mother to tell me."

"Ho! ho!" cried Okie. "I begin to smell a very big mouse."

"Hold your horses, my fine fellow. Of course, I politely replied that I was very glad they had spoken to me, and assured them upon honor that, thus far, I had never contemplated any serious change of heart, &c., but would prefer to receive an explanation from them if they feared anything of the kind upon my side of the house."

"Good on your head, bold fellow!" shouted Okie, "d——n good."

"They said no, nothing of the kind, but as their child had a certain winning way about her——"

"Red hair and freckles?"

"Keep still, Okie, the cream is turning to butter. They feared she might force, by her kindness, your humble servant to love her, and as she was——"

"Hold! hold! Do tell me where did this spicy conversation occur?"

"Right in the drawing-room, fresh after dinner, between the girl's father, mother and myself."

"And where was the daughter just then?" Okie asked, excitedly.

"Let me go on, and you will find out. *'She is already betrothed to a gentleman,'* said the father."

"Ah, ha! 'tis a big rat I smell, not a mouse, by ——." Okie was now fairly aroused.

"The old fellow, who had no more than got *'She is already betrothed to a gentleman,'* began to tremble; for instantly, Okie, a side door flew open—in rushed the daughter in tears, and with one bound she flung her arms about my neck, notwithstanding it was Sunday, and in the full presence of her parents, exclaiming loudly, *'I am, but I'm not happy! He is my cousin, too; I hate him! I never can love him! Save me!* They want to *force* me to marry him, and for what?' she yelled out hurriedly, looking both parents in the eye, *'To keep the money in the family!'*"

"Too much pork for a shilling! Can't stand it!" and it would have done one's soul good to see Okie jump up on a table, put both hands upon his knees, and then throwing his head well back, give three "crows," imitating the rooster most admirably.

"Okie, my crazy pard, you," said Sam, laughing right heartily at the young rooster's dodges, "here was a pretty kettle of fish; but from the very moment she said this, from the instant of this revelation, a certain something inside of me made me—yes, that is too mild a word—made me—no, Okie, forced me to begin to love that girl as an honest man prefers to love a woman whom he is anxious to make his wife. Two minutes prior to her entrance into the room I would not have cared, at heart, the snap of my finger whether I should ever see her again or no, unless for some sinister motive. But when she, independently, rushed to my side, and I was standing about in the centre of the front drawing-room, when, with fresh tears coursing down her young cheeks, she flung her arms about me, kissed me, and right in the very face of parents, threw back into their teeth, in a womanly manner, the great all-important heart secret, I tell you, Billy Okie, Sam wilted."

"Shouldn't wonder! Rough as it was I begin to love that girl myself, any how," interrupted the excited young man. "Guess both of us had better take immediately a few drops of brandy on the strength of that immense swindling-collapse, eh?"

"Shortly. But, Billy, listen for a second. We all seated ourselves while discussing the subject. I showed no outward symptoms either way, but was bursting within. Common sense, prudence, justice to the members of the family made me leave soon after the rumpus, promising to call often. As my exit was sudden, I merely bowed myself out."

"Don't blame you, though I feel for the daughter. But go on," said Okie.

"I immediately laid my plans that I might see my lady friend residing in Bond street. It took two days, for certain reasons, before I had the pleasure. I related the occurrence. She knew it all; and, Okie, I do really believe that this was the main reason why she had interested herself so much—introducing the party to me—the lady loved me at sight beyond a doubt. She was betrothed to this man cousin of hers, forced through the instrumentality of both father and mother. The match had been cooked up to keep, as the general saying runs, the money in the family. By this marriage some eighteen thousand would be added to her seventy thousand, and eventually on and after the demise of his and her father and mother (should they outlive them) some eighty if not a hundred thousand dollars would be added thereto, making it indeed, Okie, a very pretty family affair. So this was the secret."

"And an almighty pretty secret to keep all in the family, I should say. But did the lady residing in Bond street give you these nice points, eh?"

"She did, William, she did."

"Oh don't call me William; call me Bill or Billy, for short," said Okie, shrugging his shoulders.

"But who the d——l was this country cousin? What kind of a looking genius?"

"Another red haired, freckled faced, Albany country farmer's son, about twenty-seven years old; a long, slab-sided macadamized made-up, tripe-bound creature; had one straight eye, but the other was crooked or lynx eye, as some say. My friend told me that it was such a made-up thing, and beyond a doubt she would be made to take him for better or for worse, I felt ——"

"Yes," said Okie, thumping his fist strongly against his breast, "you felt as though something within thee said, 'God defend the right.' Yes, you began to think, to feel, to act; did you not?"

The gay Sam, although looking quite serious, nodded his head, adding, by way, "You may give me now about eighty drops of brandy, and about the same number of aqueous particles. Billy, help yourself, while you are about it. You may chip me over a fresh segar also."

"And did'nt your lady friend feel very indignant?"

"Very! She called at the house on the Thursday following, after the muss, but the daughter was out. She left word for her to call on the following day, if pleasant. The remaining part of the week passed, but Okie, she was out! I called on Sunday afternoon; was seemingly well received, but the daughter was out! I addressed a note to her, but received no reply. I called again, but Miss Almira Terriess, was not at home; Okie, she was out!"

"Devil of a long time had she of staying out, I think." B. O. grinned.

"Two Sundays had come and gone since the tearful affair, and I had not seen her. That something within me made me nervous; yes, more anxious than ever. Okie, I never experienced fourteen days of so much trouble; of so much perplexity; of so much fear, timidity and excitement, in all my born days. I encountered all kinds of misgivings, searched for something I did'nt want or need; walked Broadway indolently; dreamt of the party in all kinds of spheres; and finally, I got up to such a pitch that to see her I must. So I dispatched another dear little note, and how did I send it? Why, I laid in waiting, morning and evening, for the servant girl, or the market woman. First, I came in contact with the girl, after the latter, paid her a gold dollar if she would be sure to give it to the daughter, unknown to the old people. As no answer came, I penned another, and waiting the times I came across the servant girl in Spring street. Here went a twenty-shilling gold piece. She promised faithfully to give it to the daughter."

"But there's some mystery about all this. What was said on as usual?" inquired Billy with much expression.

"I didn't know at the time whether she was out or in; supposed that she must be at home some time, but not knowing

kept on sending *billet doux*. My intentions were honest and sincere, for I was perfectly satisfied that I was really in love with the young lady. You see, Okie, after the madam had called two different times; after she was informed that the daughter was out, she said, 'I goes there no more until an explanation ensues.' After I had called three different times, after sending as many notes, and receiving no tidings, the madam bade me to stop. *I did* so, and finally six whole weeks passed by without hearing or seeing, or knowing anything appertaining to the subject. We finally made up our minds that she had been removed to Albany County, or sent to some safe retreat where she would be free from her dear Sam. Okie, just seven weeks to-day, from that certain Sunday, a note was handed me by an [illegible], who had been hunting after me for more than four hours, from one place to another."

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1867.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Single Copy	10 cents	Subscription per annum	$5 00
To Wholesale Dealers	8¼ "	" for 6 months	2 50
To Retail Agents	7 "	" for 3 months	1 25

To clubs of four or more, a deduction of 50 cents will be made from each annual subscription. Subscribers in Canada and the British Provinces, $1 per annum extra, to cover postage.

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

FIRE COMPANY, Philadelphia.—The Jas. Sandford whose name you have seen mentioned recently in connection with sparring exhibitions, etc., is a man who flourished in the P. R. upwards of twenty years ago, and is quite another person from the Jim Sanford you allude to. The latter was a "Nigger Minstrel," and one of the best comedians that ever put on burnt cork. He and Eph. Horn were the funny men of the once popular Virginia Minstrels, whose performances were identified with the amusements of Philadelphia eighteen years ago, or thereabouts. Sanford died in your city several years ago under the most distressing circumstances, the result of his own imprudences. The last time we saw and conversed with him was when he was on the down grade, a year or two before his death; notwithstanding his impecuniosity, his hat retained its glossy appearance, and his hair looked as though he had just come from the hair dresser's, for Jim greatly prided himself on his hair. His downfall was rapid, and though friends did all they could to save him their efforts were fruitless, and his end was terrible.

OLD DOMINION, Fredericksburg.—You might select from the following, all of which you will find very good reading:—"The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuille," by Longfellow; "David and Absalom," by Willis; "Down to the Dust," by Read; "Shamus O'Brien," by Lover; "Sheridan's Ride," by Read; "The Boy Fight," "The Bells," by Poe; "The Beautiful Snow," by Watson; "Jeptha's Daughter," by Willis; and "The Mother and her Dead Child," by Muir. We could name many others, but you will find all of the above interesting to while away your time.

CONSTANT READER, Baltimore, Md.—"A bets B that the State of New York did not give forty thousand democratic majority, and B bets that the democrats carried the State by over forty thousand. Who wins?"..... B wins, as the democrats had a majority of 49,869, we understand, for the office of Secretary of State, which tested the question. The figures we have from a reliable source, but the official returns have not yet been made.

J. L. E.—1. Jim Cusick, the noted second and trainer, never fought a regular prize fight for money. About 25 years ago, we believe, he defeated a man named "Buffer" Harrison at Weehawken, N. J. 2. Johnny Newell, trainer and second of Collyer in his late fight with Kelly, beat Patsy Burns in 16 rounds 45 minutes, July 27, 1865.

SLIM JIM, New Orleans.—1. Add. Ryman is a very good stump "speechist," but not the best in the country. 2. Hughey Dougherty is better than the two you mention. 3. Bobby Newcomb is a clever song and dance performer, but not better nor as good as Billy Emerson. 4. Johnny Thompson makes song and dance a specialty.

A. W. H., Philadelphia.—The answer to your cribbage question is simple enough, and is, that you may not count the same card twice in the same combination. A good cribbage player would soon show you why three deuces, one ace and one tray do not count thirty; but it would take too much space in type to explain it.

NIGHT HAWK, Philadelphia, Pa.—1. Coburn never had a residence in Philadelphia. He has visited there frequently. 2. We have no knowledge of his ever having belonged to the Northern Liberty Fire Company. 3. We believe he gave lessons there. 4. Bob Travers was born in this country.

J. W. B., Pittsburgh.—Heenan had the best of it, his opponent being unable to help himself at the close, when Heenan was knocking right and left at the seconds and others who had broken into the ring.

HAYNES, Greensburg, Ind.—The largest democratic majority for a State officer in this State at the last election was cast for Secretary of State, viz., 49,869. See answer to Constant Reader, Baltimore.

J. P., Elmira, N. Y.—"1. What are the rates charged for admission into the New York Skating Parks? 2. Are ladies generally admitted free?"......1. $5 for gentlemen. 2. No; they are fixed $3.

J. R. B., Providence, R. I.—The highest hand that can be held at cribbage is 29, viz., three fives and a Jack in hand, with a five turned up of the same suit as the Jack. These count 16 by fifteens, 12 for double pair royal, and one for his "nob."

H. M. F., Fort Abercrombie, D. T.—Twelve feet should have been cleared, and to do this the starting line should be toed, and the terminus heeled, that is the distance should be measured from toe to heel, instead of heel to heel.

A SUBSCRIBER, St. Louis.—Bob Way covered 12 feet 8¼ inches, standing jump, level, at Chicago, Ill., July 11th, this year. Baker jumped 12 feet 6 inches, same time and place. E. D. Davis was the judge and measured the distance.

C. A. B., Brooklyn.—He should have seen that the distance was correct, before starting; or, if starting, he should have gone the hundred miles, and then stopped, without regard to the stopping place marked on his time table.

J. P. H., St. Louis.—1. The gentleman is not "the greatest actor in the world;" in certain characters he excels, but in others he is inferior to several we could name. 2. As a reader and elocutionist, we prefer Murdoch.

E. AND S., Worcester, Mass.—At forty-fives the ace of hearts is always a trump. If it is led, and a party has no trumps, he must play a heart if he has one.

ST. JAMES.—One mile in 4 minutes 17¼ seconds by Lang, in a dead heat with Richards, Manchester, Eng., is the quickest on record.

D. B.—1. The party who orders it up has the privilege of going alone; not he who is ordered to take it up. 2. We do not answer questions by mail.

READER, St. Louis, Mo.—Look at the money quotations in the morning papers. If it is quoted at 1.40, then a gold dollar is worth one dollar and forty cents in currency.

FELLER.—1. Frank Drew is playing in England. 2. Rouse's Combination is noticed almost every week in our Dramatic Summary.

NIMROD.—Billy Pastor says that he is willing at any time to sing against any comic vocalist in America, except his brother Tony, for stamps or for fun.

H. C. A., New Haven.—We have not heard of Thiodon's Diorama for several months. It has no doubt been laid up for awhile.

YORKER.—Reds do not take precedence of blacks of the same denomination. The hands must be decided by the next highest cards to the aces.

J. P., Chicago.—Having failed to accomplish the hundred mile feat while on his travels, all bets on that point are so decided.

J. K. Y., Philadelphia.—It is fair to bet on a sure thing provided that fraud has not been resorted to in order to induce parties to wager their money on the other side.

C. RILEY.—The fight between Morrissey and Thompson took place at Mare Island, Cal., August, 1852. It lasted 16 minutes, during which 11 rounds were contested.

K. MCGINNISS, Detroit, Mich.—Capt. Barclay walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours; Lambert, at Stewart's gymnasium, Boston, is credited with doing the same, commencing July 28th, 1857.

R. MANNERS, Detroit, Mich.—We have no record of any man having accomplished sixty miles a day for six consecutive days on this continent.

A. AND B., St. Louis.—There is no rule applicable to the point in dispute, but our impression is that the ace of trumps cannot be called on; any other ace may be called on, however.

FITZ, Charleston.—Forrest played an engagement in your city in January, 1841. We have no record of his playing there previous to that.

J. W. A., Binghamton.—We have never had the courage to attempt the counting of the teams that pass the Astor House in a given time.

MILE POST, Boston, Mass.—1. The greatest distance walked in 24 hours was 102 miles; some people doubt, however, that this was fairly done. 2. To the Southern Aid Society.

DRAMATIQUE.—Mary Gannon was a member of the American Museum company in this city in 1841. She was then known as "*la petite* Elssler."

SCRIBBLINGS, Louisville.—Your remarks seem to corroborate what our correspondent stated, instead of correcting him.

SPORT, Allegan, Mich.—It is not likely that it will be published in book form.

ALF. BURNETT.—The "Guide" will be published in about three weeks.

TALENT, Bennington.—Edwin Holmes is now with M. B. Leavitt's Minstrels traveling through the eastern country.

P. H. F., Chicago.—The last we heard of him he was in the interior of California.

GUNS, Brooklyn.—The dealer only pays double on a natural at vingt un.

NED, Elmira.—You must toe the mark and heel the other mark to jump the distance specified.

A BLUE JACKET, Washington, D. C.—We do not consider it a "square thing."

C. W. M., Hollidaysburg.—B having permitted him to draw his diamond, and play a heart, A must play his heart.

O. K., Albany.—Our opinion is that the withdrawal of A makes the wager a draw; unless it was specified 'pay or play.'

J. R. M., Fort Gibson, C. W.—One mile 17 yards, in 1 minute 39 seconds, by Gladiateur, Newmarket, Eng., May, 1865.

E. L. P., Cleveland, O.—Yankee Sullivan, Rock Point, Kent County, Md., Feb. 7, 1849.

SUBSCRIBER, Pulaski, Pa.—John Millen is not in the business now.

W. P. A., Tortugas Island.—A is entitled to score a point for is Jack turned up.

UNKNOWN, Baltimore.—We will reserve your challenge until our deposit reaches us.

CREAM CITY.—We already have a correspondent in your city.

W. C. E., Altoona, Pa.—He does not.

C. E. W., Fairmount, Ill.—All right.

W. H. JONES, Milwaukee, Wis.—They did.

J. L. H., Waltham.—"A and B are playing seven-up against C and D, each side having five towards game. A begs and is given one; A saves his Jack on the first trick, and claims game; C and D have high and low. Which wins?"......C and D win, their high and low counting before Jack.

A. B. C. D., Washington, D. C.—We presume no fair man would take advantage of another's error in deciding a bet. The party deciding erroneously should have the privilege of rectifying his mistake, and the money should be given to the man who is fairly entitled to it.

STEAMBOAT, Seneca Lake.—1. B's Jack cannot be scored until after high and low, whether it is played before those cards or not; such being the case, C and D go out first, the latter having played high. 2. We make no charge for answering questions. The money you sent will entitle you to a weekly CLIPPER until the dollar runs out.

T. C.—The average relay of horses accompanying Weston, in his trip from Portland to Chicago, 1,226 miles, was every forty miles. It is proposed to test the endurance of horse and man by a similar undertaking, wherein a celebrated thoroughbred horse and a man are to traverse the same distance, during the summer of 1868, which will settle the now disputed question.

H. F. D., Kalamazoo.—"In a game of casino, it comes down to the last play: each man has one card in hand, and a 7, 8, ace and king on the board. The non-dealer puts the ace and 7 and 8 together, calls them 8, piles the 8 spot on and takes them. The dealer takes the king with the one in hand. Is he entitled to a sweep?"......Yes.

DUTCH, Brooklyn.—In the case in question, where neither man has yet thrown, and a tie occurs, the parties should throw again or draw. When a man has made a throw, however, and another party wagers he can beat it, and fails to do so, the man so failing to beat the other throw, loses.

J. H. W., Huntsville, Ala.—"A is striking, and B is first baseman. A bats a ball to short stop, and runs for first base; short stop throws the ball to B, but does not throw it straight, so B has to get off of his base to catch it; he catches the ball and touches A, but B is not on his base. Is he (A) out?"......Yes.

J. S. W., Jefferson City, Mo.—"A and B are playing a game of casino. There is on the board a four and a five. A holds in his hand a six and ace; he plays his ace on the five and calls six. Can B take the four off the board and make it ten?"......Yes.

J. S. S.—1. Fashion's best four mile time was 7:32½ on the Union Course, L. I. 2. The best running time here for one mile with proper weight, was 1:44 by Legal Tender; best trotting time 2:17¼ in harness by Dexter.

STEELE PEN, Washington.—1. As to where you can get Weston's photograph see advertisement elsewhere. 2. Blackbird belongs to Col. McDaniels, of Seacaucus, N. J.; he has run several times this season.

IKE, Chicago.—The London department has the repute of being the best. In this country it lies between New York and Philadelphia.

LOVER, Owego.—1. A biography of the lady has never appeared in the CLIPPER. We cannot give you her present whereabouts. 2. Mr. French is at 122 Nassau street.

TIM, Waltham.—The outsider having given B to understand that he accepted the wager, and B having won the game, the outsider should pay up like a gentleman.

BLUE DUN, New Bedford.—There is no work of the kind in print. A treatise on the subject may be found in "Hoyle's Games."

P. M., North Adams.—The fastest three year old trotting time for a mile was made by blk. f. Cora, 2:36.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Norwalk.—Dan Mace did perform the feat in question on the Fashion Course, L. I.

CONKLIN.—Ben Caunt took Charley Freeman, the American Giant, to England, and they arrived there in March, 1842.

WILLIAMS.—Ben Caunt, the English Champion, arrived in New York in December, 1841.

S. H. B.—The "American Hoyle" says the highest card is entitled to the deal.

B. H.—See answer to another correspondent. He is still with us, but is incapacitated from writing.

DOUBLE RUN.—At cribbage, he who scores a game as won that he has not won, forfeits it.

CASTEN, Providence.—The article could not have referred to you, but to another who was passing himself off as a correspondent.

SALAMANDER, New Orleans.—There is no recognised champion gymnast.

J. K., Hoboken.—1. Mares can run in the Derby. 2. All horses or mares that run in the Derby must be three years old.

SUBSCRIBER, Hartford.—We cannot inform you of a remedy. Ask some veterinary surgeon.

G. DALTON, Binghamton, N. Y.—Tom Hyer died in New York, June 26, 1864, aged 45 years.

CONSTANT READER, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Jem Mace stand 5 feet 8½ inches and weighs 10st. 10lbs.

MCKEE R. AND K. MCG., Detroit, Mich.—See answer to R. Manners.

R. A. G., Pulaski.—1. It is too early to venture an opinion. 2. We send to single subscribers.

W. H. P., Washington.—Mr. Burr Grover, not Leonard Grover, is the present lessee of Wall's Opera House in your city.

R. R., Dayton.—The Menken has never played in your present new opera house, but appeared in your city several years ago.

L. MASSIER, Hamilton, O.—1. He was not. 2. Yes, but he was innocent of the charge.

P. INGERSOLL, Chicago, Ill.—Lang and Richards' 4:17¼ is the fastest on record.

SPORT, Philadelphia, Pa.—Nine and one-quarter seconds, by George Seward, in England.

G. C. M.—Collyer stands 5 feet 5½ inches in height; Aaron, 5 feet 5 inches.

IBID.—Marie Boniface is at the Athenæum, Detroit, Mich.

C. E. J., Pittsburgh.—Will appear in our next.

G. B., Belfast.—The show of cards decides the bet, and B wins.

A. B.—Joe Coburn is 5 feet 9 inches in height.

D. P., Providence.—Will not be published in book form.

JAMES QUEEN, Wheeling, Va.—For each insertion, 75 cents.

NOVICE, Washington.—See last week's City Summary.

H. J. J.—Dexter's best wagon time was 2:24.

BASE BALL, Pottsville, Pa.—The runs count.

MAYOR RACE.—To-day, Tuesday, Dec. 3d, a race for the Mayoralty is going on, there being three contestants on the track, viz: John T. Hoffman, the present incumbent; William Darling, and Fernando Wood, who want to get the other man out and themselves in. Each man is backed up by some political party, and each has strong hopes of getting "it." It is our *opinion* that if the Hoffman men were all to vote for Wood, Fernando would have a sure thing of it, and so it would be if the Wooden men would cast their suffrages for Hoffman—in that case, John would "be it;" we have also made a pretty close calculation as to Darling's chances; if either one of the other candidates would declare in favor of Willie Darling, and instruct their supporters to vote solidly for Darling, we should have no hesitation in predicting the election of William; or if *half* of the Wood men and *half* of the Hoffman men were to vote for Darling, even then his chances would be secured for the succession. We have also made a rough calculation based upon the supposed assistance Philadelphia is to give us at *this* election. Now if she can roll up ten thousand free and independent voters for Wood he will be the next mayor; if, on the other hand, Darling can so pull the wires as to bring twenty thousand strangers to his support, the chances would be in *his* favor. Hoffman, we *think*, can ride in with the aid of a small number of visitors from abroad. Each of the three candidates is addicted to certain principles, we are told, but what they are we have not been able to learn; it don't matter much any way; except in the gold bearing securities, interest now-a-days goes a greater ways than principal. Whoever wins the race will have to pay well for it, for the jockeys don't work for nothing, either on the political or trotting track. We *believe* that the contest lies in reality between Darling, Wood and Hoffman, and we also believe that *one* of these three will be elected; but we don't want any of our readers to wager their money on *our* opinion; we merely throw out these hints for what they are worth.

AID FOR THE SOLDIER.—"The Gettysburg Asylum Association," is a body of gentlemen duly incorporated and empowered by an Act of the Pennsylvania Legislature, to build and maintain a capacious Soldiers' Home, wherein the maimed veterans of every State and nationality, who may be unable, from injuries contracted in the service, to support themselves, and who have no friends rich enough to incur their permanent burden, may hereafter find refuge and an honorable maintenance for the balance of their lives. This association is now appealing to the public for help in its good work, and is offering the most splendid and substantial inducements ever placed before our people. In the show windows of Messrs. Brown & Spalding, of Broadway, the great jewellers, there are diamond trinkets certified to be of the purest water, and of a value reaching to $300,000, which are part of the articles to be distributed. Besides the diamonds we have the yacht "Henrietta," in which James Gordon Bennett, Jr., won the ocean race to Cowes last winter. Then there are purses of every size, containing sums which vary from five dollars up to one single purse in which there will be placed two hundred thousand dollars. There is a farm of many hundred acres, sewing machines, and all other kinds of useful and valuable prizes, all of which will be numbered and fairly given away, as the corresponding numbers may be evolved from the wheel of fortune on the day set down for the closing of this attractive, patriotic and benevolent undertaking. The early success of the "Gettysburg Asylum Association" will give shelter and much needed support to hundreds of disabled and needy veterans.

DOWN ON HENRY.—Orthodox clergymen, who, we are told, preach peace and good will to man, are boring Henry Ward Beecher, both publicly and privately, with remonstrances against the representation of "Norwood" on the stage, protesting that they are shocked, scandalized, and all that sort of nonsense. How many of these clergymen have been guilty of *reading* that same work while it was in course of publication in one of the weekly papers? Probably thousands of them! Why then object to its representation on the stage? If it is orthodox and proper to *read* such a story, why is it not fit to be acted? Verily, our pious brethren are among those, spoken of in the scriptures, who strain at a gnat and swallow an elephant. A little charity, if you please, beloved brethren.

A CRAWLING FEAT.—An individual locomoted himself 2¼ miles in 2 hours and 6 minutes, in the northern part of this State, on the 23d ult., for a wager of $10. He didn't perform the feat on his feet, but made it a game of all fours.

ARRESTED FOR TAKING A WALK.—On Sunday, the 24th ult., two lads had a foot race at Providence, R. I., for which they were arrested on the charge of violating the Sabbath. Most too much goodness in Providence.

NOT TRUE.—There is no truth in the report that Kit Burns intends to get up a canine contest for the edification of Charles Dickens during his visit to this city. Kit has too much respect for Mr. Bergh and his Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to do anything of the kind. Will our religious contemporaries please take notice. Boston *may* get up some such demonstration, but we are not even positive of that.

THE "NEW YORK WEEKLY" is acknowledged to be one of the best story and sketch papers in the world. "Sol Slocum; or, The Maid or Juniata," by Emerson Bennett, which has just been commenced in the *Weekly*, we have no doubt will add thousands to its already great circulation. Read the advertisement in another column.

MUCH GAME.—Mr. David Kennedy, a Toronto sportsman, is credited with having shot the extraordinary number of 665 ducks, two geese, and one deer in nine days, at Baptiste Creek, within the past three weeks. Of these he shot 104 on the first day, and 101 on the third day of his sport.

THE BROOKLYN YACHTMAN'S GUARDS embark on their first annual target excursion to East New York on Tuesday, Dec. 3.

HAMBLIN'S LAST CALL ON BUTTS.

Will the Professor Cover the $250 Now in Our Hands?

In response to Professor A. A. Butts' card, published in our last issue, we have received the appended communication from the New Yorker, which is to the point, and should satisfy the [illegible] fails to come to terms now, the strong man of Auburn. [illegible] public will consider that he is fearful of losing the reputation he has in some manner won, by a trial with the novice. As too much space has been already devoted to this subject, we must close our columns against it if Butts' response is not accompanied by a deposit sufficient to cover that of Hamblin now lying in our hands. Read Hamblin's final proposition:—

NEW YORK, Nov. 29th, 1867.

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir.*—I see by your last issue that Mr. Ambrose Butts is willing to make a match at lifting against the gentleman whose interests I represent, but seems unwilling to arrange anything definitely until I name my man, giving as the reason for this objection, that I have the world to choose from. With all due respect to Mr. Butts, I must say that I cannot see the necessity of my naming my principal until some forfeit is up as an earnest of good faith. My $250 is already in your hands. Let Mr. Butts cover that amount, and I will immediately gratify his curiosity. The merest tyro in matters of this kind would recognize the folly of my naming my man before any decisive step had been taken toward the completion of the match, thereby leaving it entirely open to Mr. Butts, or in fact, any one else interested in the matter, to find out the gentleman whom I propose, ascertain by some means his power and endurance, and then quickly back out without saying anything further about it. I do not propose to select any person for the match in question "from the world," save the *one man* whom I have now in view. The moment the $250, now in your hands, is covered, he will be with me at your office, to meet Mr. Butts, and sign his name to the articles of agreement. As this newspaper controversy is most unpleasant to me, I hope Mr. Butts will see the justice of my proposition and send on his deposit. Till then, I remain yours truly, THOS. HAMBLIN.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

JOSEPH PFAU, THE GREAT RUSSIAN ATHLETE.

This remarkable young gymnast, whose extraordinary performances on the flying trapeze have created such a sensation, is not yet twenty-one years old, having been born at St. Petersburg, Russia, on the 17th of August, 1847. His father was a prominent artist in the Emperor's Circus, and Joseph, at the early age of five years, commenced his apprenticeship at the arduous profession into which he may be said to have been born. His early training was the same that is usually bestowed upon the children of the arena. From the first he displayed remarkable aptitude for his calling, and soon acquired considerable proficiency, both as an equestrian and a gymnast. Indeed, he is now a superior rider, although it is as a gymnast that he has gained his great celebrity. While yet but a child he visited the principal cities of continental Europe, and in 1860 made his first appearance at the *Cirque* Napoleon, in Paris, in the performance which has since rendered his name famous in both hemispheres. The flying trapeze is an art which was invented by Leotard, the most celebrated of French gymnasts, and is justly deemed the *ne plus ultra* of gymnastic achievements. The delight of the Parisians at seeing this wonderful performance executed, in the most artistic manner, by a mere child of thirteen, was unbounded, and the precocious youngster fulfilled an engagement of twelve consecutive months at the *Cirque* Napoleon and the *Cirque de l'Imperatrice*, both of which establishments are under the same management, the first being open during the winter season only, and the other through the summer. At the expiration of his engagement with Dejan, the proprietor of the Paris circuses, he visited Italy, but returned to the French capital within the twelvemonth, and since has played an engagement of several months in that city regularly every year, up to the time of his departure for America, filling up his time in the principal cities of Italy, Spain, Germany, Russia and Great Britain. In 1863 he made his first appearance in London, at the Cremorne Gardens, and at once created a decided sensation, his success continuing without abatement until his previous engagements in Paris compelled him to withdraw. In Europe there were several artists laying claim to eminence in the act of the flying trapeze, but the two who ranked far above all others were Pfau and Leotard, and between these the question of superiority was a matter of doubt with the best judges in regard to such matters. It is certain that no equal to Pfau has ever appeared in this country in his peculiar line, the extraordinary difficulty of his feats being no less remarkable than the grace and apparent ease with which his most tremendous flights are accomplished, and the absolute precision with which he times his exchanges and somersaults. His form is a model of healthy and symmetrical muscular developement, and his manner singularly easy and unassuming. Pfau was engaged for the New York Circus by Mr. Lent's agent in Paris, and promises to prove one of the most successful stars ever brought before an American audience. He made his first appearance in this country on the 11th of November of the present year.

BILLIARDS.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

Everything quiet on the banks of the St. Lawrence. "We hear no more the avalanche," and the idea of claiming forfeit from McDevitt has been abandoned, temporarily at least. Dion is still pegging away at the balls and doing wonders therewith, as the figures below indicate. Here, in Gotham, the forthcoming trial of skill is a constant theme, being second in interest to the elections only, in billiard circles. But there is no betting of any consequence. McDevitt's supporters will take nothing less than 100 to 40, and Dion's are loth to offer more than 100 to 50, and are not anxious to invest at that figure. "Ill news travels fast," and from Chicago has come the warning that McDevitt is a good deal "off color," and playing badly—so much so that Tom Foley, ex-champion of Illinois, is a match for him in practice, and Phil Tieman, who is falling into the sere and yellow leaf, and does not pretend to play billiards at all, has also taken him into camp. Dion, on the other hand, is playing magnificently—indeed he has never, in practising for a match, done himself more credit. It would seem, therefore, that the only question with regard to the match hinges upon how much Dion is afraid of McDevitt; and that he would rather encounter "the man who plays with the hairy end of a brush" than McDevitt, is a fact so well known and so often demonstrated, that no one but the champion himself would wish to deny it.

Since our last we have received accounts of two practice games played by the Dions, in one of which the average of the champion was 31, and in the other 60. The following is the score of the first game, played on the 20th ult:—

CYRILLE DION.—22, 2, 34, 4, 4, 0, 0, 1, 13, 38, 43, 1, 16, 9, 67, 11, 5, 31, 0, 94, 3, 0, 26, 2, 0, 143, 0, 0, 3, 0, 0, 198, 19, 66, 4, 10, 32 x 600—1,501. Average, 24¼. Pocket off count on 5th, 7th, 17th, 18th, 27th, 29th hands. Safety 34th. Kissed out of count 10th, 15th, 23d, 31st.

JOSEPH DION.—0, 35, 0, 14, 37, 21, 3, 4, 36, 51, 0, 37, 0, 5, 198, 5, 12, 14, 54, 5, 0, 0, 2, 0, 378, 17, 2, 11, 8, 10, 10, 33, 3, 0, 22, 96—1,120. Average, 31. Pocket off count 1st, 3d, 10th, 20th, 23d, 32d hands. Safety 7th, 29th, 33d, 34th.

Of the second game, played on the 22d, we can only give the doublets and treble figures:

JOSEPH DION—66, 11, 35, 19, 305, 289, 168, 344, 209; total, 1,500. Average, 60.

CYRILLE DION—33, 14, 38, 22, 118, 84, 422, 36; odds of 600 added, 1,362. Average, 30¼.

On the 2d inst. the Dions were to have competed for a purse made up by a number of their Montreal friends. As we go to press we presume the game is in progress, and in our next we shall give a "true and particular account" of it.

WICKS AND ISIDORE GAYRAUD TO PLAY FOR $100.—A match was last week made between William Wicks, the amateur, of Brooklyn, and Isidore Gayraud, now of this city, to play the best in three French games of 150 points up, for $100. Wicks is to receive, as in the match recently played by these men at Reeves' rooms, the odds of 23 points. The first game is to be played on the 3d inst. and the second on the 4th. Should there be a tie, the odd game will be played on the night following. McDevitt and Wizeman's rooms, 185 Sixth avenue, have been selected as the scene of the contests.

THE MATCH BETWEEN EDWARD DANIELS AND CYRILLE DION.—The match between these young players, the former champion in fact of Massachusetts, and the other the champion in name of the Canadas, is to be played at Bumstead Hall, Boston, on the 18th inst., or seven days after John McDevitt and Joseph Dion are to come together. The game will be caroms, 1,000 points up, pushing shots barred, on a full sized four-pocket Standard American table.

AN OLD FRIEND.—Professor William Lake, the hale and hearty veteran of the billiard world, and who is now well nigh on to eighty years of age, called upon a few of his friends in Gotham last week. He represents that he is about establishing a National Bank in Tarrytown, N. Y., with the net receipts of his billiard room in that very flourishing village.

"TIME."—In Hartford, Conn., they are playing billiards on time. One cent per minute is the tax. Cheap enough—at all events, much cheaper than paying at the rate of twenty-five cents a game.

THREE THOUSAND POINTS AT THE FRENCH GAME.—Isidore Gayraud and Pierre Carme terminated their ten days' contest at the French game on Saturday, 30th ult. Carme won, as a matter of course, the games (300 points each) being played on a diminutive carom table.

BILLIARDS IN BALTIMORE.—A match game of billiards was played at the State Billiard Temple, on the evening of the 22d ult., between young Maurice Daly, of Baltimore, formerly of New York, and Chas. Morton, of New York, for $250. The game was won by Daly in 42 innings, who made the fine average of 23¾, making the following runs, 130, 100, 86, 69, 63. Morton scored 875 points, making an average of 21¼. Largest runs, 110, 108, 83, 79, 68. The game was 1,000 points up, American caroms, on a carom table, crotch barred.

THE RING.

PROTRACTED BUT ONE-SIDED BATTLE

FOR THE

Light Weight Championship and $1,000 a side,

BETWEEN

SAM COLLYER, OF BALTIMORE, MD.,

AND

BILLY KELLY, OF NEW YORK.

Fought at Strickland, Pa., Nov. 27.

Collyer the Winner in 111 Rounds, 1 hour 50 min.

After numerous efforts to put a stop to it, the important and eagerly looked for battle between Sam Collyer and Billy Kelly for $2,000 and the honors attaching to the light-weight Championship was brought to a satisfactory termination at Strickland, Chester County, Pa., on the afternoon of the 27th ult. Subjoined is a special report of the engagement:

THE MEN.

SAM COLLYER (right name, Walter Jamieson) is of Scotch descent, although having been ushered into existence at Bologne, France, in 1842. In height he stands 5 ft. 5½ in. in his stockings, and when in trim for battle lowers the beam at 128 lbs. His parents removed from the sausage district while Sam was but an infant, and his childhood was passed in Britain until he had attained his thirteenth year, when the family emigrated to the Land of Washington, settling in Williamsburgh, L. I. Like all the hardy sons of Auld Scotia, Sam was exceedingly fond of athletic pastimes, especially boxing, and while yet in his teens took an active part in a number of sparring exhibitions in Williamsburgh, the qualities which he then gave evidence of possessing causing him to be looked upon as a very likely young fellow. Being imbued with a strong love for his adopted country, he joined the general rush to arms witnessed throughout the loyal North are the echoes of the shot which inaugurated the rebellion had died away. Enlisting as one of the rank and file of the 139th regiment of N. Y. S. V., where he was known by his family name, adopting the *nomme de plume* of Sam Collyer while at Port Royal, S. C. By his faithful performance of duty, soldierly bearing, courage amid the smoke and flame of battle, and devotion to the cause, Collyer attracted the attention and won the esteem of both officers and men, and speedily elevated himself to the rank of Orderly Sergeant, a position he filled to the satisfaction of those above and below him, which aint an easy thing to do, as anybody who has "seen sarvice" must admit.

After the war was ended Collyer took up his residence in the Monumental City, from whence he was backed for his maiden encounter in the squared circle, with a young fellow named Mike Carr, *alias* John English, formerly of New York, where he had a turn-up with Johnny Grady in the "bloody sixth." They fought near Baltimore, March 16th, 1866, Sam polishing his rival off in just 14 rounds and 24 minutes. He scored his second victory over Bace Bolster, called Horatio for short, near Alexandria, Va., for $300 a side, May 8th, 1866, 49 rounds being fought in 55 minutes. Between these matches Sam tried to get on with Jim Kerrigan, and articles were drawn up, signed, sealed and delivered, and a forfeit of $25 placed in our hands by either party. Through some misunderstanding, however, Jim's second instalment failed to connect and so he was obliged to forfeit. The next and greatest victory of the series with which Sam is credited was achieved over the renowned Barney Aaron, who thought he had a very soft thing and was sorely tripped up. The battle took place at Pohick Landing, on the Virginia shore of the Potomac, June 20th, 1866, and was for $500 a side, and the Light Weight Championship, which Barney had held in quiet so long a time that it was thought he would be allowed to fall into the sere and yellow leaf with his blushing honors thick upon him. The fight lasted 2 hours and 25 minutes, and both men were dreadfully punished, Aaron being effectually blinded.

The Yorkers not willing to see the championship remain in Baltimore, which claimed Sam as its representative, looked about for some one else to pit against the meteor who had so suddenly burst upon their vision, and finally hit upon Johnny McGlade, and they were matched, after considerable dilly-dallying, to fight at 128lbs for $2,000. The fight was decided in favor of Collyer, near Goldsboro', Pa., Jan. 15, 1867, after battling 47 rounds in 55 minutes—a one-sided affair. Aaron, still smarting under his defeat, now issued a challenge for another trial, and after much quibbling in regard to *locale*, a match was finally made, and they fought for $1,000 and the title of L. W. C., at Acquia Creek, Va., June 13th, present year, when Aaron regained his lost laurels at the end of the 67th round, after they had been at it, under a blazing sun, for one hour and fifty-five minutes. Sam endeavored to get on another match with Barney, but the latter stated that he had been fighting up hill, giving away pounds and years long enough, and he was resolved not to do it any more; at the same time he expressed his willingness to fight any man breathing at 118lbs or 120lbs. Finding no prospect of a match, as he couldn't get to that weight, Collyer accepted Billy Kelly's challenge, and the present match was made.

Being in pretty fair condition when the match was made, Sam continued to fulfil engagements at various music halls as a clog-gist and club swinger for some time thereafter, and finally located himself at a farm house a short distance from Towsontown, Md., with Johnny Newell, the pedestrian and boxer, to supervise his training. He brought himself within the limit by easy work, and was as fine as a star on the day, his flesh being as firm and hard as adamant, apparently.

BILLY KELLY was added to the probationers here below at the village of Crome, Limerick, Ireland, in the month of February, 1845, which makes him now in his twenty-second year. He reaches an altitude of 5 ft. 6 in., minus his patent leathers, and when out of training is quite fleshy, pulling down the scale at 154lbs, with his harness on. His father was a hard working man, and died when the subject of our sketch was very young. Like the majority of his countrymen, Billy inherited a keen relish for fistic controversies, and his *penchant* therefor was manifested in more than one rough turn-up with young fellows who attempted to lord it over him, but found they had reckoned without their host, for Kelly generally gave as good as he got, and gained considerable notoriety in the 20th ward as a game, determined boxer. He is by trade a brass moulder, and worked steadily thereat until he went into training for his present encounter. Beside these rough-and-tumbles, he tried his powers with a couple of young rounders, named Connolly and Lawlor, in the roped arena. Both were off-hand, and stubbornly disputed battles, although they never got into print, being more for the settlement of grudges than anything else, and fought on the quiet.

His next appearance in the magic arena, and his first fight of any importance was with Teddy McAuliffe, another "rough alley" from the upper deestricks, and originated in a little *emeute* which occurred a few days prior amid the classic shades of Weehawken. Considerable animosity was engendered thereby, and in order to see a little sport a couple of staunch supporters of the rival light-weights offered to match them against each other, which they were agreeable to, and only too glad of the chance to show in the ring and get hunk for fancied or real wrongs, and so the match was speedily arranged. They met at Jamaica, L. I., August 28th, 1866, for $300 a side, and after fighting 55 stubborn rounds in the space of 92 minutes, the affair terminated in a general *melee*, an assault being committed upon the referee, Jimmy Elliott. It eventually ended in a draw. The qualities displayed by Billy in this battle stamped him as a thorough-going, out-and-out fighter, who, although not making much pretensions to science, would stand right up and take any quantity of punishment without a whimper. The boys made so much of Kelly after this that his ideas of his capabilities became rather too elevated, and he was very anxious to have a go with somebody else, having fight on the brain with a vengeance. He shortly afterward issued a challenge to Collyer, but Aaron got the lead of him, and so he was compelled reluctantly to abide his time. This challenge, and his ignoring of Jimmy Fox's *defi*, increased the animus for some time existing between the Kelly party and the faction behind Johnny Grady, of the 22d Ward, and every time they "met by chance" the old subject would be broached, and frequently led to hot words. It's a long lane that has no turning, and so it was in this case, for a couple of firm friends of the parties met at a house on avenue 8 one evening and capped the climax by matching them to fight an off-hand mill for $100 a side. They fought near Bull's Ferry, N. J., May 7th, last, 120 rounds being contested in three hours and eighteen minutes, a portion of the time in the midst of a heavy rain, which drenched the men and rendered the ground very slippery—the crowd broke into the ring and brought the battle to a close in a similar manner to the last, a free fight ensuing, and the stakes being afterwards drawn by mutual consent. Both men astonished themselves and every one else by the powers of endurance exhibited, and it vastly increased the confidence Kelly's friends reposed in him, and they were now ready to back him against any man of his weight in the country. After Collyer's second meeting with the Star of the East, Billy once more threw down the gauntlet to the gallant Samuel, and as the latter couldn't get on again with Barney, the *defi* was accepted, and the present match arranged. He trained at Rockey Moore's, the "Inwood," near McComb's Dam, having first the services of Butt Riley, and afterwards of James Cusick and John Grindell, the two latter remaining with him up to the day of fighting. An immense amount of hard work was requisite in order to reduce his avoirdupois to the prescribed limit, which Kelly didn't take to very kindly, but Cusick kept him down to it. Before leaving for Baltimore he weighed 124½lbs, but his flesh still appeared somewhat soft. He took several exhibitions in the metropolis and Brooklyn, every cent of which, outside of that used to defray his training expenses, went into the main stakes, showing that his heart and soul were in the match.

THE JOURNEY TO BALTIMORE.

The New York party, comprising Kelly, his trainers, James Cusick and John Grindell, Barney Aaron, Jim Colbert, the stakeholder, his backers and our reporter, started for Baltimore by the 7.30 train on Sunday night. Next morning it was rumored that Collyer had been arrested by the authorities in Baltimore, and put under $5,000 bonds to keep the peace in the State of Maryland. This proved to be correct, but English, the principal backer and business representative of Collyer, assured Kelly's party that the fight would positively take place at the time and place appointed, which was at a place called Briars, at the mouth of the Potomac, about ninety miles from Baltimore, and that a steamer had been chartered for $600 to convey the principals and the public to the place, the tickets being charged $5 each. There was a verbal arrangement that the profits of the excursion should be equally divided between Collyer and Kelly, but English, on the part of Collyer, very dishonorably refused to carry out the agreement, and declared that Kelly should only have a third, and even for that there was only his own word. From this party, we found, on application, we could neither receive information respecting the arrangements made for the fight, or common civility, and think that Collyer has entrusted his interests into the worst possible hands, for the unpopularity of English, in Baltimore, has alienated the majority of Sam's former friends and backers from him in this match. Kelly and his seconds took up their quarters at Mr. Carroll's, in Frederick street, who used every exertion in his power to secure their comfort. The New York division, increased in numbers by arrivals during the day, fluctuating between John E. Charles' popular sporting resort, the Clipper Shades, in West Fayette street, (to whom by-the-by, we are under obligations for his courteous attention and kindness while in Baltimore), Carroll's hostelrie, and Whitten's Bank Restaurant in South Calvert street. The time of departure was announced for 8 o'clock, P. M., but hour after hour passed, and no signs of the arrival of the steamer at the Frederick street dock were observable. At a late hour the Collyer party, through English, notified Kelly's friends that the steamer said to be chartered had not arrived from its trip down the river, and that the journey was necessarily delayed. It was therefore agreed that all parties should be on hand at 7 A. M. prompt, next morning, to make a start, and every one took advantage of the postponement to secure a good night's rest.

ARREST OF CUSICK.

Next morning, on the meeting of the representatives of the men, it was found that the steamer had not made its appearance, and further delay ensued. During the forenoon, the authorities visited Carroll's to arrest Kelly, but he made his escape along the roofs of the adjoining houses to a place of safety. James Cusick, his trainer, was, however, arrested by the United States Marshal, and taken before a justice of the peace on a charge of contemplating engaging in or promoting a prize fight. Cusick asked the Marshal if he would swear that he was not instigated by the friends of Collyer in making the arrest, but that official, smiling significantly, declined to do so. Cusick was called upon to give bond in $2,000 to keep the peace of the State of Maryland, and a Mr. Clark, a resident of Baltimore, went bail for him. Cusick was sorely annoyed at this occurrence, and meeting English in Baltimore street shortly afterwards, he charged him with having been the means of procuring his arrest. This English bitterly denied, and a personal collision between the parties was imminent, in which serious injury might have been done, but a friend of English's forced him away. The morning passed on without any signs of a boat, and when 12 o'clock M. arrived, Kelly and his representatives served a written claim on the stakeholder for the stakes, on the ground that Collyer had neglected complying with the conditions of the match in furnishing a boat to convey the combatants to the place named. That such claim had some foundation cannot be doubted, but the stakeholder, who appeared undetermined and anxious to please both parties, after some hours consideration, ordered the men to meet at Newark, in the State of Delaware, near the boundary-line of that State and Maryland, the following morning, between the hours of 6 A. M. and 12 M., and fight. This decision, ordered about 3 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, was mutually agreeable to both parties, the Baltimore authorities having notified the crowd of strangers that gathered in front of Kelly's quarters that they would not be allowed to remain in the city another day. The principals and their friends, together with a large number of the genus "Roughs," (and the Baltimore representatives of that order confessedly surpass in all the essential characteristics of the class of those of any other city), took the Philadelphia 6.40 P. M. train, and the conductor [illegible] acted judiciously in not being too particular as to the parties holding tickets, for a more dangerous crowd of passengers have seldom traveled on that line. Many of the excursionists—including Collyer and his party—got off at Elkton, being afraid that the limited accommodations at Newark, the appointed place, would not be sufficient for such a crowd. This proved to be the case, for when the train stopped at Newark depot, a full mile from the village, fully five hundred people got out. A few were fortunate enough to secure beds; but the vast majority were obliged to do the best they could under the circumstance, and, as was anticipated, they "made night hideous" with their reckless rowdyism and profanity of language. In company with Kelly, Cusick, Barney Aaron and a few of the former's backers and friends, we went forward by the train to Wilmington, twelve miles further on, so as to make certain of comfortable accommodations at that place. We were fortunate enough to secure the latter at the Indian Queen Hotel, where Coburn and his trainers stayed previous to his memorable fight with McCoole four years ago. Next morning about 9 o'clock, Kelly, Cusick and a gentleman from this city, started for Newark in a coach, the others proceeding by rail. On arriving at Newark depot we learned that Mr. Herbert, the sheriff of Newcastle county, in which Newark is situated, had declared his intention of stopping the fight. He had tried to arrest Collyer during the morning, and had entered the waiting room at the depot, where Collyer was quietly seated at the stove, and asked "which was Collyer?" Some one, with great presence of mind, replied that "he was in the telegraph office," and on Mr. Sheriff entering that room, Collyer "made tracks" to a place of safety.

The ring, a double one, was pitched about three-quarters of a mile down the line, on a fine piece of open clearing, surrounded by cedars. The sun shone warm and brilliantly, the sky was clear and blue overhead, and a finer day could not have been desired. As Tom Sayers said at Farnborough, on precisely such a morning, "If a man can't fight on such a day, he cannot fight at all." When Sheriff Herbert found that Kelly had not come by rail (for immediately on the arrival of the train he had run through the cars for the purpose of arresting him), he started off for the place where the ring was pitched, attended by his *posse* of one man. His presence awed the crowd, for although personally a slight built, pale, but determined-looking gentleman, he was the acknowledged representative of the majesty of the law, and although one or two of the Baltimoreans suggested the policy of seizing him and binding him to a tree till the fight was over, none of them were willing to "bell the cat," and better and more peaceable counsels prevailed. It was determined to go on with the fight, as the hour of 12 M. was fast approaching, and just as the time for being in the ring expired, the approach of Kelly was announced. A rush to the ring side, to secure a good position, ensued, and Kelly threw his cap into the ring, and stepped under the ropes. As he did so, the Sheriff jumped in also, and Kelly beat a quick retreat. The Sheriff took off his hat, and addressed the assembled crowd as follows: "I have a few words to say to you, men, before you commence this bad work. I am here to do my duty, and am determined to do it, if I die for it. Fighting is prohibited by the laws of the State of Delaware, and I am determined to execute these laws whatever may be the consequences to myself. If you persist in going on, I may be powerless to prevent you, but rest assured that the consequences will reach you afterwards." As he spoke, Collyer crept under the ropes at the opposite side of the ring, but as the Sheriff made towards him, he quickly retreated. A consultation of the men's backers with the stakeholder then ensued, and that official was undecided whether to order the men to fight at another place, or to meet at the CLIPPER Office on a future day, and hear his decision. Some one, a resident in the place, then suggested that the boundary line of the States of Delaware, Maryland and Pennsylvania was only distant a mile and a half, and as it was impossible to fight in the former State, and Collyer was under bonds not to violate the peace of Maryland, Pennsylvania was the only State then left. The stakeholder at last decided that the men should go into Pennsylvania and fight, and a movement at once was made to the designated spot. Those who fortunately had conveyances started off by the turnpike, while the pedestrians, and they constituted the majority of the crowd, took what was called a nearer cut across the hills. After two hours' weary tramp across the mountainous country, over rough fences, hedges and streams, the spot was at last reached, fully five miles, instead of the stated mile and a half, from the place where the ring had first been pitched. The appearance of the rough-looking crowd created great astonishment among the residents of the neat looking white-washed farmhouses and cottages passed on the road, and numerous were the inquiries made as to the meaning of the irruption into their peaceful neighborhood. When told it was a prize fight, old farmers harnessed their primitive-looking vehicles, young ones saddled their horses, and all started off for the place anxious to witness the exciting spectacle. The spot was near a few scattered farmhouses which form the hamlet of McClellanville, and is the point at which the three States of Delaware, Pennsylvania and Maryland join. The ring was quickly formed and about five hundred persons gathered around it; many of those previously on hand at the first ring having given up the pursuit when it was broken up. Thanks to the exertions of Barney Aaron, the press reporters were enabled to get a capital position in the inner ring, and could discharge their duties with much greater comfort than is customary for them to do on such occasions. All being ready, the stakeholder ordered the seconds to bring their men into the ring, and at 2.20 P. M., Kelly shied his castor over the ropes, and stepped within them amid loud cheers from his party. Collyer was not long behind him, and he also was received with applause, but still it was clear that Kelly had the majority with him, a fact which may be attributed to the unpopularity of Collyer's chief backer in Baltimore, the man English. No time was lost in selecting a referee, Mr. Thomas Mead, of St. Louis, officiating in that capacity, while Jim Coburn was named as Kelly's umpire and a Mr. Hurdle for Collyer. The latter's seconds were Johnny Roach and Johnny Newell, the trainer of Jimmy Hamill, the champion oarsman; Barney Aaron and James Cusick esquired Kelly. Collyer's colors were a puce and white silk; Kelly's a purple with white border. Roche and Cusick tossed for choice of corners, the former winning and selecting the southwest corner, which gave Kelly the benefit of the sun in his eyes. There was no speculation, and not a single dollar was bet on the fight at the ring side. Barney Aaron objected to the spikes in Collyer's boots, as being beyond the standard length, and the referee ordered them to be filed down to the proper size. Collyer appeared in white drawers, and Kelly in red ones. At last all was in readiness, and Kelly having declined Collyer's offer to bet on the result, on the ground that he had no money, and the referee calling time, the customary shaking of hands among the principals and seconds was done, and the latter quitting the ring, at 58 minutes past 2 o'clock the men toed the scratch to commence

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The contrast between the two men was very striking, as they stood at the scratch carefully watching each other's movements. Kelly, although slightly taller than his opponent, is of a much slighter and more elegant frame. His skin is fair, white as a woman's, and, although the muscles were fairly developed, it looked soft, and he did not appear to us to be in the best possible condition for a protracted battle. His position was easy and artistic, savoring more of the sparring school than the roped ring. Collyer, in contrast with his antagonist, looked much the heavier man; his compact, iron built frame, totally devoid of superfluous flesh, but covered with muscle and sinews; his firmly set loins, strong legs, wide chest and massive shoulders, gave him the appearance of a pocket Hercules. His complexion is sallow, and his countenance, as he stands facing his opponent, wears an expression of grave, stern determination. He keeps his right hand low down, his left well advanced, and stands ready for either assault or defence, as occasion demands. After some little feinting on both sides, each watching a chance, both countered at the same moment with their left hands on the forehead, and then clinched, when after a short struggle both went down together, Collyer under. Loud cheers from the Kelly party, and a claim made on his behalf for first blood, but it was not allowed.

2. Both came up prompt to time and got to work directly. Kelly got in on the ribs, but caught a hot one on the cheek, which he repaid with a nose-ender. Collyer got in on the ribs, when they clinched, and after some fibbing, in which Kelly had the best of it, Collyer was thrown, Kelly falling on him. Tremendous cheers from the Kellyites and an appeal for first blood was again made by his seconds, but the referee, after crossing the ring to examine Collyer's face, declared against it.

3. Quick in response to the call of time, the men met at the scratch. Kelly planted his left fair on Collyer's cheek, but received a stinger on the ribs. Some sharp in-fighting, in which both were busy, but Collyer did most execution; a clinch, in which Kelly was thrown, with Collyer falling on him.

4. Kelly got home his left on the ribs, but caught a rattler on the mouth, when they clinched, and after some sharp hitting both went down together.

5. Kelly led off heavily on the chest, Collyer countering on the side of the head. They clinched, and after a brief struggle both went down, Kelly underneath.

6. Kelly first to commence, but was short, as was Collyer; they clinched, and after mutual fibbing, both went to grass, Kelly underneath.

7. Kelly dashed in and planted his left heavily on the ribs, nearly sending him down; recovering himself, Collyer clinched and Kelly threw him cleverly. Loud cheering from the Kellyites.

8. Kelly led and missed, and Sam got lightly on the mouth, when they clinched and Kelly went down underneath.

9. Kelly dashed in, ducked as Sam let fly, and the latter fell over him.

10. Kelly led and missed, and Sam, seizing him by the neck,

gave him several heavy upper-cuts until Kelly dropped on his knees.

11. Kelly rushed in, clinched and threw Sam, both going down together. They had now been fighting 18 minutes.

12. Both prompt to time, neither showing much damage. Sam got in on Kelly's cheek, receiving on the ribs, when they clinched and both went down.

13. Sam got in a nasty left hander on Kelly's frontispiece, while the latter visited the ribs. Sam was very busy with both hands on the in-fighting, in which he is far superior to his opponent, and they clinched; both went to grass, Kelly underneath.

14. Sam rushed vigorously to work, got on heavily on the throat, and followed it up with a rattling upper-cut on Kelly's left eye, the latter retaliating on the body. A heavy one, two on the mouth and nose staggered Kelly, and in the clinch Sam dashed his opponent to the ground.

15. Both countered prettily on the face, and in the in-fighting Sam was very busy, sending Kelly to grass at the ropes.

16. Sam, from this point, commenced taking a strong and decided lead, and Kelly resorted to the clinching and dropping game to avoid punishment. He was clearly out-fought at every point, but came up as prompt and game as ever. He led off with a straight left hander on the cheek, staggering Sam, but the latter recovering, rushed in, got in one on the forehead and Kelly dropped.

17. Kelly led off on the body and then clinched, and they went down side by side without another blow being exchanged.

18. After a little sparring, Kelly dashed in and got his left home on the face, and then dropped, Sam falling over him.

19. Kelly led off, Sam fighting cautiously on the defensive; the latter countered heavily on the nose, turning on the claret profusely; a clinch at the ropes, when both went down, bringing one of the stakes with them.

20. Kelly led, but missed, and Sam rushed in, and smart exchanges ensued, Sam getting the best of it. Kelly dropped on his knees and looked up, expecting Sam to strike him when down, but he was too clever to be caught in a foul, and walked away.

21. Sam led off, but was out of distance, and Kelly planted a little one on the cheek. They then clinched, and both went down. 22 minutes had now expired.

22. After a little feinting, Collyer delivered a heavy one, two on Kelly's ear, who returned on the ribs, and then dropped.

23. Kelly led off, but was heavily countered by Sam, who got his man in chancery, and fibbed him sharply before he went down.

24. Sam commenced operations, but was neatly stopped; he, however, would not be denied, and boring in, heavy exchanges were delivered, Sam doing most execution, drawing blood from Kelly's nose, and they went down side by side.

25. Sam comes up as fresh as ever, and, beyond a flushed cheek, shows no signs of punishment, while Kelly's left eye is swollen, and his nose and mouth out of shapely proportions, but as game as ever. Kelly led off, but was short, and as Collyer lunged out he jumped away out of reach. Kelly tried again and got on Sam's left eye, drawing blood from above the eyebrow. A clinch followed, and both went down.

26. Kelly rushed in and clinched, and Collyer got home repeatedly on the face until Kelly dropped.

27. Kelly led off, but was heavily countered on the eye and mouth, and he dropped to avoid punishment.

28. Kelly led off but was short, and Sam missing, Kelly went down.

29. Kelly's face showed signs of Sam's handiwork, and his left eye was much swollen. Light exchanges and Kelly dropped.

30. Kelly led off but missed, and Sam took advantage of the opening to deliver a very heavy left-hander fair on the mouth, and Kelly went to grass.

31. They had now been fighting 33 minutes, the rounds being very short, and little real execution done. Kelly planted his left on Sam's body, and clinching, went down immediately.

32. Kelly dashed in his left heavily on Sam's right eye and got away; coming together again, smart exchanges followed and both went down.

33. Thirty-five minutes had now expired. Sam rushed in but missed, and Kelly went down.

34. Kelly sent in a heavy shot on Collyer's eye, and avoiding the return, dropped.

35. Kelly led off on Sam's cheek, but was heavily countered on the nose and mouth, and in the struggle Sam wrenched Billy down.

36. Kelly's nose and mouth showed signs of Sam's visitations in the last round; he got heavily on Sam's mouth cutting the lip through: Sam rushed in to close quarters, but Kelly ducking, avoided a viciously meant right-hander, and both went down.

37. Blood flowed freely from the cut lip of Sam, the result of Kelly's handiwork in the last round. A few light exchanges, and after a very short round, Kelly dropped on his knees.

38. Kelly got his left home on the body, but was countered heavily on the ribs, and sent down.

39. Exchanges in Collyer's favor, and Kelly dropped.

40. Both prompt to time, and led off together; Kelly dropped and Sam hit him in falling! A claim of foul was made by Kelly's second, but not allowed.

41. Kelly tried his usual game of rushing in and clinching, but Sam caught him and gave him three heavy, chopping shots on the face before he could get down.

42. Kelly led off but was short, and Sam got home his left heavily. Kelly clinched, but Sam was busy with both hands, and Billy at last dropped to escape punishment. Jumping up, Kelly renewed the round, but Sam sent him to grass.

43. Some little sparring, and Sam rushed in, but Kelly dropped without a blow being struck.

44. Forty-five minutes had now passed, and both came up as prompt as ever, Collyer as fresh as at the first, and Kelly game as ever but evidently weakening. Sam rushed in and planted his left heavily on the nose, turning on the ruby, and following it up, Kelly dropped.

45. Kelly led off on the body, and Sam laughingly dashed in, and Kelly dropped. Sam said, "Why, Billy, I don't know whether you're fighting or not."

46. Both were out of distance in their deliveries, and Kelly went down.

47. Collyer dashed in and delivered a heavy left-hander on Kelly's mouth, and followed it up with another on the chest; Kelly countered lightly on the mouth, but hit open-handed, for which Barney Aaron cautioned him, and he then dropped on his knees.

48. Kelly's phiz was much disfigured, but he was as game and undaunted as ever, although he was clearly outfought at every point. They clinched, and Sam forced Kelly down and walked away to his corner; Kelly looking up and laughing.

49. Sam got home on the left eye, which was rapidly closing, and Kelly dropped.

50. Sam led off on the face, and rushing to close quarters, Kelly got down.

51. Sam forced the fighting, and got in on the damaged mouth; Kelly clinched and both went down together.

52. Sam dashed in his left, jumped away without a return, and Kelly dropped.

53 and 54. Sam got in on the face, and Kelly went down.

55. Kelly was fast weakening, and dropped on Sam, planting a hit on his damaged eye.

56. Sam again visited Kelly's face, and Kelly clinched and dropped without striking a blow.

57. All the fighting was now done in Kelly's corner, as the latter would not toe the mark. Kelly rushed in, but Sam met him with a heavy left-hander fair on the nose, and following Kelly up sent him to grass in his (Collyer's) own corner, carefully stepping over him as he lay on the ground.

58. Kelly rushed in and clinched, and then dropped with a blow. No claim, however, was made, as Sam's umpire was instructed not to claim on a foul, however often repeated, as Collyer was determined to win on his merits.

59. Sam went to work at once, got in heavily on Kelly's bad eye, and the latter dropped.

60. Sam busy with both hands, and Kelly, who did not strike a blow, went down.

61. Sam dashed in, and Kelly dropped.

62. Collyer got his left home on the mouth and Kelly on the body, and then dropped on his knees. He evidently found that he had no chance of winning except by a foul; hence the constant dropping game he pursued.

63 to 66. Sam forced the fighting, but Kelly would not stand up, and kept dropping on his knees.

67. Sam as fresh as ever, and finding he had the game in his own hands, went actively to work. He visited the old spot on Kelly's face, and although the latter returned on the ribs, his blows lacked power, and did no damage.

68. Kelly rushed in, clinched and dropped. Rising again, he renewed the round, but only to drop again as Sam came to him. The latter asked him: "Billy, why don't you fight?"

69. Kelly rushed in and then clinched Collyer, and both went down without a blow.

70. Kelly received a terrific shot over the bad eye and down he went.

71 to 73. Sam busy with both hands, and Kelly, as usual, on his knees.

74. The constant dropping of Kelly seemed to unloose Sam, for as soon as they met he delivered a terrific right-hander on Kelly's face, and sent him down like a shot.

75. Kelly led off, but missing, Sam countered with a tremendous heavy right-hander on the nose and Kelly went to grass.

76. Sam planted heavily on the mouth, and followed it up with another on the same spot, and Kelly was sent down.

77. Sam was as fresh as ever, and delivered his left and right, sending Kelly down without hitting a blow.

78. Kelly clinched, and getting on the crook, threw him prettily and fell upon him. Cheers from the New Yorkers followed this slight change in affairs, but the most sanguine did not entertain any hope of ultimate victory, as Collyer had such a decided superiority in every respect.

79 to 81. Sam hit Kelly down without receiving a blow, and walked leisurely to his corner.

82 to 85. Kelly down without striking a blow, but no claim was allowed to be made on Sam's behalf.

86. Sam heavily on the mark, and again on the ribs with a terrific right-hander, Kelly going down. He had no earthly chance of winning, but, although his seconds wished him to give in, the gallant fellow positively refused.

87 to 100. These were similar in character to the above, Kelly acting as a receiver general, hardly ever getting in a blow, and frequently dropping without one being exchanged. Many of the spectators left, as all interest in the fight had departed.

101. They had now been fighting one hour and thirty-eight minutes. Kelly dropped without a blow.

102. Sam got in on the body and mouth heavily, and Kelly down.

103 to 108. Similar to the above.

109. Both prompt to time, for although Kelly was getting weak, he came up as game as ever. Sam hit him heavily on the mark, again on the left eye and Kelly was sent down.

110. Sam again visited Kelly's mouth and left eye, and then closing threw him heavily.

111. Sam rushed in as if anxious to bring matters to a crisis before darkness set in, hit Kelly hard on the mouth with his dangerous right and knocked him off his feet. The sponge was now thrown up by Kelly's seconds, and Collyer declared the victor, after a fight of one hour and fifty-eight minutes. Collyer rushed over to Kelly's corner and embraced him, shedding tears over his late foe. Kelly was much mortified at his defeat.

REMARKS.

Although the fight was a protracted one, it can scarcely be termed a first class mill. Kelly has undoubtedly been overrated by his friends, who, forming their estimate of his abilities as a pugilist by his contests with McAuliffe and Grady, thought that in him they had a first class light-weight boxer. That he possesses gameness and courage of the highest character there is no doubt, but he is deficient in the essential qualities of hard hitting and cool judgment. He is a good wrestler, although in this respect he is inferior to Collyer, who possesses sinews of steel, capable of extraordinary straining and endurance. Kelly's ambition led him to fly at too high game in challenging Sam Collyer, although he may take a very prominent position among second class weights. It is to be remarked, however, that he was not in tip-top condition; a fact which some attribute to his unwillingness to submit to the strict and severe routine of training absolutely necessary to attain perfect physical condition. He is, however, a civil, obliging, young fellow, and his friends who backed him on this occasion did so to give him a chance of testing him against a known good one. Of Collyer, it is unnecessary to say much, as his qualities as a pugilist are well known. A more honorable, straightforward boxer never entered the ring. He is a capital wrestler, a clever infighter, always busy with both hands at close quarters, and ever willing to receive so that he may give at the same time. His coolness is a conspicuous quality, and although not a scientific fighter, he is a most dangerous antagonist, and can only be defeated by one who combines science, judgment, gameness, and powers of hard hitting in no ordinary degree; one in fact who fights as much with his head as his hands. In this fight Sam Collyer has added to his laurels, not so much by his victory, as by the fair, honest manner in which it was obtained, for he positively refused to acquire it by a foul, and directed his umpire on no account to claim it on any such ground. Had he done so, the referee must have decided in his favor at an early period of the fight, for Kelly went down repeatedly without a blow. After the fight he went around and raised a liberal collection for his beaten opponent. Except a split lip and flushed cheek, he had not a mark on him to show that he had been fighting. He returned to Baltimore with his friends the same evening. Kelly, with his seconds, went to Wilmington and returned to New York the ensuing day.

We understand that an unknown in Boston can be matched against Collyer for $1,000 a side upwards, to fight at 128lbs. As Collyer is now on the full tide of success, perhaps he may accept this offer. If so, a forfeit sent to this office will be immediately covered and the match made.

INTERRUPTED FIGHT IN OHIO,

BETWEEN

BARNEY DUFFY AND MICHAEL RYAN, OF CLEVELAND.

77 ROUNDS FOUGHT IN 1 HOUR 20 MINUTES.

A match, which has been kept very quiet, was brought off at Berea, O., a short distance from the Forest City, on the 25th ult., between Barney Duffy and Michael Ryan, the police putting an end to the fistic controversy after they had been at it nearly an hour and a half. This was the first appearance of either man in the roped circle, although Duffy had beaten Conners in a glove fight at Cleveland some time previously. Those entrusted with the secret took their departure in carriages from Cleveland shortly past midnight on the 24th ult., arriving at their destination early in the morning. Several hours were cut to waste at Berea in wrangling over the place of fighting, until everybody in the town knew what the strangers had come there for, and the result was, the sending of a telegram by the Mayor to the Sheriff of the county calling for assistance to prevent the fight. Had the ground been selected before, as it should have been, all this would have been avoided, and the men enabled to bring the battle to a satisfactory close. Finally, a suitable locality was chosen near the village, the ring quickly erected, and the men sent for. Duffy was the first to chuck in his Derby, and as he leaped over the ropes was greeted by the spectators in a manner which showed he wasn't without friends. Ryan came soon after, and was the recipient of a similar flattering ovation at the hands, or rather mouths, of his adherents. Duffy was attended by Barney Bowen and Johnny Scanlon, while Charley Gallagher and Jimmy Halleren looked after the welfare of Ryan. The usual amount of quibbling terminated, much to the relief of everybody, in the selection of James Farisee to fill the honorable but frequently unpleasant office of referee. All being in apple-pie order, the ring was cleared, the men and seconds shook hands and then commenced

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. They sparred cautiously for a few moments, when Ryan essayed with his left, catching Duffy a heavy shot on the body, and was countered severely on the most prominent feature of his phisiog, which drew first blood for Barney, amid the shouts of his partisans. They then clinched, and after a few merry exchanges at half arm distance, both came to grief together, Barney on top. Time, 30 seconds, and betting even, a considerable amount being staked.

2. Caution was the word again, finished by Duffy planting his right on his opponent's ear, and then closing with him. Rapid exchanges ensued at close quarters, and in the struggle for the fall, Ryan had the best of it. Time, 38 seconds.

3. The severe struggle in the previous round caused them to come up puffing and, neither very anxious to get to work, they indulged in a walk round for about a minute, Barney finally attempting to find a landing for his left, but it was neatly put aside, and they closed at once, each getting in some heavy blows on the ribs, Ryan being undermost in the fall. Time, 1 minute, 38 seconds.

4. Ryan was laughing all over when they toed the mark, while Duffy looked as though he was bent on mischief. More sparring for an opening, and, as before, each rattling away on the body when they did get together, Ryan being under in the fall.

5. The faces of both are as yet intact, but their bodies show marks of punishment. Duffy seems cautious, and manifests a preference for his own corner. Three minutes were spent in sparring and feinting, when they again rushed together, and Ryan fell. Time 3 minutes 30 seconds.

6. Both evinced a more "business-like" disposition, and after short sparring each got home on the face, closing with a clinch, and Duffy going down. Time, 1 minute 10 seconds.

7. They rushed to a close at once, and without exchanging a blow fell side by side. Time, 13 seconds.

8 and 9. These rounds were as near alike as could be, opened by sparring, and after a few trifling exchanges the men clinched and Ryan was down. The superior reach of the latter was evident to all, and to none more than his antagonist. Duffy seemed to choose close fighting, in which, by his weight, he almost invariably forced Ryan down. Time in both, 2 minutes 20 seconds.

10. Ryan came up smiling and good-naturedly calling to Duffy to meet him half way. The latter seemed rather coy, however, and Ryan pressed him into his own corner, where, after a few sharp blows they clinched and Ryan went under.

11 to 13. These were short, occupying less than ten minutes, and all ending with Ryan down. In the 11th there was a fierce struggle over the ropes in Duffy's corner. In the 13th Ryan got in heavily upon the nose, causing the blood to flow freely.

14 to 20. These were all sharply fought, the average being not more than fifteen seconds. As before, Ryan went down at the close of each round, without, however, receiving any severe punishment. He succeeded in getting home a number of telling blows upon Duffy's face, which began to show signs of rough treatment. Twilight seemed to be gathering over his right eye, and the right cheek was also considerably swollen. One hundred and seventy-five on Ryan with no takers. The 20th was the hardest yet fought, Ryan getting in two crushing blows upon the face, and Duffy returning the compliment by gently knocking him down with a blow upon the neck.

21 to 27. These were exceedingly short, all being fought in three minutes. Ryan continued to go down with unfailing punctuality, although it was evidently far more for policy's sake than from any weakness on his part. He continued to make the face of Duffy his point of attack, and nearly every round succeeded in getting home upon it. The shutters were now almost entirely closed over Duffy's right eye, and his face was bleeding freely, while Ryan, save a scratch upon the nose and one ear, was unhurt. Loud claims of foul were frequently made by the friends of both parties, but not allowed by the referee.

28 to 37. These were all but a repetition of the preceding ones, Ryan never failing to go down. It was evident that Duffy was more willing to "stand up to it" than his antagonist, though he received much greater punishment thereby than if he had adopted the policy of Ryan. The latter avoided also many raps from Duffy's knuckles by dodging, leaving him to beat furiously against the air. Neither of the contestants showed himself, by any means, a "heavy hitter."

38 to 46. The same old story; rounds very short, ranging from ten to twenty seconds, and invariably closed with Ryan down. The latter continued to "pepper" away effectively at Duffy's face. His right eye was in total darkness, and the other rapidly going into mourning. His friends were still confident, however, depending upon his staying qualities, while the friends of Ryan seemed to have not the least doubt of the ability of the latter to hold out longer than his opponent.

47 to 60. These were all sharp and quick, several occupying but from five to ten seconds. In the 47th Duffy went down, but all the others were terminated in the same manner, Ryan going to grass with the regularity of clock work. He still showed but few marks, while Duffy's face presented a terrible spectacle.

61 to 77 and last. With a few slight variations were a repetition of those preceding. Ryan still went down, but seemed fresh and vigorous, several times walking unassisted to h's corner. Large odds were freely offered on him, but elicited no response from the crowd. It seemed to all that his chances for winning the fight were far better than those of his antagonist, for the latter could not long endure the punishment his face was receiving. Excitement ran high, and the eagerness of the crowd knew no bounds. The seventy-seven rounds were fought in one hour and twenty minutes, Ryan finishing the last by knocking down Duffy, when, at this juncture, the cry of "the police!" was raised, and looking around a posse of about a dozen blue-coats were seen making for the ring, under command of Captain Frazer, they having come up on a special car in response to a telegram from the Mayor of Berea. A ludicrous scene ensued, the spectators, principals and seconds scattering in every direction except that in which were seen the unwelcome visitors, coming on a dead run, with locusts brandished in the air. Ryan managed to make his escape by the skin of his teeth, clad only in his fighting dress, as did also all the spectators. Duffy was less fortunate, the punishment he had received weakening him to such an extent that he wasn't able to maintain sufficiently rapid locomotion, and so he fell into the clutches of the Philistines, who conducted him in triumph to the police headquarters in the Forest City, and he was provided with a bed chamber in the stone palace, from which he was released next morning on his own recognizance.

Duffy is 39 years old, stands 5 ft. 5¾ in., and, in condition, weighs about 120 lbs. Ryan is fifteen years his junior, three inches taller, and five pounds heavier. Duffy informs us that he will make a match to fight Ryan again in two months from signing articles, for from $300 to $500. He is to be found at Barney Boan's at any time. Will Charley agree to another tussle?

TURN UP BETWEEN MIKE CARR AND BOB CORCORAN.—While awaiting the arrival of Billy Kelly at Newark, Del., on the 27th ult., the boys were scattered around enjoying themselves as best they could, Mike Carr and Bob Corcoran among the number. Some one in the party called out to Carr that it was lucky for him that Billy Edwards wasn't there or he (Carr) would get warmed. Mike responded by producing a couple of ragged Confed fifty dollar notes and remarking, "Not for a hundred dollars." Corcoran said he would wager fifty dollars that Edwards could polish him off in short order. This naturally enough brought on an exchange of decidedly uncomplimentary remarks; the upshot of which was that they resorted to nature's weapons for a settlement of the difficulty. The boys formed a ring around the disputants, and doffing their superfluous gear, Bob and Mike had it then and there, not according to the rules nor yet exactly a rough-and-tumble, as they let go and commenced over again by mutual consent as soon as they came to *terra firma* in a horizontal posish. Bob proved himself much the more scientific of the twain, hitting Mike whenever he wanted, but his blows lacked the necessary steam to do mischief, and Carr, who was much the stronger, would probably have weathered it longest hadn't Butt Riley separated them after they had been fighting about half an hour. It created considerable stir, and was hot while it lasted, affording an acceptable prelude to the big match which all had traveled so far to see.

☞ WE have letters for Sam Davis, Sam Collyer, Billy Clark, Michael Trainor and Patsy Sheppard.

☞ Accounts of Jas. Sandford and Bill Tovee's sparring exhibitions is deferred until next week.

THE GREAT LIGHT WEIGHT MATCH

BETWEEN

YOUNG BARNEY AARON AND JAS. COLLINS' UNKNOWN

FOR $2,500 A SIDE—$1,000 ALREADY UP.

The unusual flutter occasioned in sporting circles throughout the metropolis and vicinity by the proposed match for the large sum of $5,000 between Young Barney Aaron and an Unknown to be named by Jim Collins, was demonstrated by the extensive gatherings of the clans at the "Gem" on Saturday evening, Nov. 30th, to witness the interesting ceremony of drawing up permanent articles in lieu of those drafted on the 19th ult., and the posting of $400 a side additional to the $100 put up to bind the match. Barney was there in person, and Dan Noble represented the Unknown, with the evergreen Toppy Maguire as adviser. The only difficulty experienced in arriving at a satisfactory arrangement was in fixing the day of battle, Barney mentioning the first week in April, and Dan wanting it a couple of months earlier. More than an hour was consumed in discussing this point, each trying to pinch the other, and indulging in mutual recriminations, until it seemed as though the affair would fall through altogether. Finally, Noble agreed to fight on the 15th of March, and that not being accepted, offered to toss for choice, but Aaron remained firm as the rock of ages, asserting that he had naught to say in the matter himself but must be guided solely by the wishes of his backers, who wouldn't allow him to enter the ring before the showery month. Finding that the match couldn't be made unless they acceded to Barney's wishes, and determined that the match shouldn't fall through upon such a trivial excuse, the Unknown party agreed to make it the 1st of April. The remaining points were settled without trouble, Dan giving Barney everything else, that he might be allowed the naming of the battle-ground, to which the Boweryite agreed, when each posted his $400, and attached their signatures to the following

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT entered into this, the 19th of November, 1867, between James Collins' unknown and Barney Aaron. The said Unknown agrees to fight the said Barney Aaron a fair stand up fight, at one hundred and twenty pounds weight, according to the New Rules of the English Prize Ring, by which the said parties agree to be bound. The said fight to be for the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars a side ($2,500); the said fight to take place on Wednesday, the 1st of April, 1868. In pursuance of this agreement the sum of one hundred a side is now staked in the hands of James Colbert; the second deposit to be made on the 30th day of November, 1867, at James Colbert's Gem Saloon, between the hours of 8 and 10 o'clock, P. M., when it shall be increased to five hundred a side, when arrangements shall be made for further deposits. Either party failing to appear at the appointed time named in those articles shall forfeit the money now staked. The third deposit of five hundred a side to be put up at Peter Mitchell's on the 14th December, 1867; the fourth deposit of five hundred a side to be put up at John Leonard's on the 28th December, 1867; the fifth deposit of five hundred a side to be put up at Jim Colbert's on the 11th day of January, 1868; the sixth and last deposit of five hundred a side to be put up at Rockey Moore's Inwood House, on Sunday, the 26th of January, 1868. All deposits to be put up between the hours of 8 and 10 P. M., excepting the last deposit, which shall be put up between the hours of one and four o'clock, P. M. The Unknown to have the choice of ground.

The backer of the Unknown to let Aaron know the place of fighting ten days before the fight takes place.

The ropes and stakes to be borne equally, share and share alike. The men to be in the Ring between the hours of 8 and 10 A. M., or the man absent to forfeit the battle money. The stakes not to be given up until fairly won or lost by a fight unless by mutual consent.

James Colbert is chosen final stakeholder. The men to weigh between the hours of 3 and 5 P. M., on the 31st March, 1868. In case of magisterial interference the referee can appoint the place of meeting, or it may be left to the stakeholder to name the next place of meeting.

In pursuance of this agreement we hereunto attach our names.

Witness, M. H. MOORE, BARNEY AARON,
JAMES COLBERT. JAMES COLLINS.

Everybody is in fever heat to know who the coming man may be, Patsy Sheppard being the one most fancied, while others, who profess to know a thing or two, mysteriously hint that it will turn out to be a man who has never yet trod the free soil. Until his backers see fit to divulge the all-important secret, however, the public can do nothing but conjecture, and must await patiently the *denouement*. Barney is very confident of his ability to get away with any body at that weight—and that idea is shared by the majority of the fraternity—and offered to increase the stakes to $5,000 a side, or make a bet of $2,500 that he won the fight, which the party of the second part didn't care about doing, although expressing the utmost confidence in the powers of their champion. Time will tell.

THE COBURN-McCOOLE MATCH.

MOVEMENTS OF THE MEN.

Although the excitement caused by this match has somewhat subsided in this vicinity, now that the public are assured it will go on, in the Western country it is kept at fever heat by the presence of the rivals for the highest honors of the ring. Coburn had a benefit in the Mound City on the evening of the 26th ult., when he was tendered such an ovation as was never witnessed in St. Louis before. He made a very good impression and many warm friends during his short sojourn. McCool was present on the occasion. He was in Cincinnati at latest advices, where he was to take a benefit at Mozart Hall, on Saturday evening, 30th inst., Ryall being announced to wind up with him. He will return to this city in a short time. McCool contemplates starting on a tour through the Southern country soon, and will take a few exhibitions at the leading cities in that section. As we have received a number of inquiries concerning the antecedents of the two men, we propose in our next issue to give a sketch of their lives and performances:

TROUBLE OVER THE HARRIS-CHANDLER FIGHT.—Not a little excitement existed among the San Francisco fancy at last advices, in consequence of the summoning of a number of citizens of that place to appear before the Grand Jury of Contra Costa County, at Martinez, as witnesses, on November 6th. Although it was not known positively, it was the universal impression that the fight between Chandler and Harris was the secret of this suspicious proceeding. According to the laws of the State, everybody present is liable to imprisonment in the penitentiary, and can be indicted at any time within a year after the event.

BILL DAVIS RETIRES FROM THE RING.—Charley Gallagher, after all his seeming anxiety to get on another match with Wm. M. Davis, failed to come up with the necessary currency to make good his challenge at the time and place specified by himself. Davis writes us a letter, berating Chawles rather severely, and announcing his resolution (which he was only induced to break before, in order to accommodate Gallagher on such soft terms) not to enter the ring again, as he has become established in a good business, which requires all his attention. Let it be recorded, and nobody waste time, ink and paper, in issuing useless challenges to the ex-recorder in future.

PARKINSON REPLIES TO KELLY.—In response to Kelly's offer to fight Parkinson again for from $1 to $100 in the same ring with Collyer and Kelly, Billy writes to say that he thinks a century too small a sum to fight for, but he is willing to give his quondam opponent another chance if he will make a match for from $200 to $1,000, any time. Money always ready at Thos. Williams', Pottsville, Pa. How's that, Kelly?

A MATCH AND YET NOT A MATCH.—One evening last week, a match was made between Harry Hicken and George Cheer, to fight at catch weight in two weeks, for a purse, but fell through because Cheer didn't fancy the idea.

DEAD.—Paddy Slack, not the "original" Staten Island Paddy, but the Jem Colbert of California, died lately in San Francisco.

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JEM COLBERT........................Proprietor
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THE TURF.

Jerome Park, May 25, 1867.
E. F. BAKER, ESQ.—DEAR SIR: We take pleasure in stating that your HOOF LINIMENT has cured the running horse Fleetwing of quarter cracks. He ran two and three quarter miles yesterday, and three miles again to-day, carrying one hundred and twenty-eight pounds, without starting his feet to crack in the least, and we now consider it a PERFECT CURE.
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HOW THEY DO TROTTING IN THE QUAKER CITY.

MR. QUEEN.—At Point Breeze Park we had an exhibition of speed by the celebrated horses Brown George and running mate, and Kingston and running mate. When the assemblage saw that the fine black, that was in harness with George, was the same that pulled Ethan Allen in his great time (on Long Island,) of 2:15, they expected a good race, but such were disappointed at the fizzle. Of course they made good time for the season, three heats being trotted, the time, respectively, of each heat being: 1st, by Brown George and running mate in 2:30; 2d, by Kingston and running mate in 2:25; 3d, by Brown George and running mate in 2:25½. At the end of this heat it was 4.35 P. M., with plenty of daylight to have another heat, and with every prospect of finishing the race; but the pools were selling at the rate of $5 to $3, or $10 to $6 on Kingston, (about the majority of the Philadelphia pools being of these small amounts at all of our races; do not you think we deserve the name we have, of being a one horse town)? When the crowd, or in other terms the few who are always posted, buying the favorite at all races, saw there was a chance of George winning, they went to the drivers, or owners, or whoever may have the horses in charge, and made a compromise; that is the word given by one of the judges, but in reality the game was that the men who had the "big money" in the pools would have been out, and they would, as they have on former occasions, create considerable fuss if the little Kanuck had won the race, and outsiders who buy the pools at odds would rake a few dollars on this chance. The men made it a draw by making a new race and declaring *all pools and all bets off*. I do think if the drivers so value their reputation, as I was told on the track, yesterday would have made a discount on them—if sporting men would look at facts and not at greenbacks. I write this to you to let you see how we are drifting towards the vortex of that degrading feeling, that places the mind in such a condition as to close the heart to all honor or honesty, if the end can be accomplished. I being only a visitor, and noticing so very few reports of races from this Park in your paper, thought, as you give an attentive ear to all correspondents, you would look at one from whom the scratch of a pen was never given except in
JUSTICE.

DOGOLISTIC DISPUTE.—After the waste of much paper, ink and breath in ineffectual attempts to get on a match with each other, Harry Jennings and Jack Brown, of Boston, Mass., fought a nineteen pound match for $100 on the night of the 26th ult., at a well-known sporting house in the Hub. The battle was stubbornly disputed for the space of forty-eight minutes, when Brown's animile refused to scratch in his turn. Now that these rivals have come together, we may look for more sport in the Modern Athens.

SKATING.

SOMETHING ABOUT SKATING PONDS AND SKATERS.

The lovers of the healthful pastime of skating will hail with pleasure the approach of winter with its skating ponds, where those who are adepts in the graceful art hold high carnival. Skating in this country is getting to be as much of a national sport as base ball, and there are very few cities in the North that do not boast of their skating rinks or parks, and some count them by the half-dozen. Soon we will have carnivals at night, when the ponds will be brilliantly illuminated by colored lights,—with the forms of the gay masqueraders flitting in the mazy whirl; skating matches in the day-time, when the experts will test their merits for prizes; and anon base ball and cricket, when the ball-tossers will renew their summer campaign on ice. It would be almost an impossibility to find a young person of either sex who has ever enjoyed a taste of the invigorating excitement of skating, who does not delight in the exhilarating enjoyment afforded by the sport. Children of a larger growth, too, still find great pleasure in gliding over the crystal surface of the skating pond. Winter has many pleasures for the young, but skating is the grandest of them all. In the olden time, when skating, although generally known, was but little practiced, our ancestors were satisfied with sleighing and riding down hill. But sleighing is a luxury in the large cities of this country, and the great mass of humanity who abide in town cannot indulge in a sleigh ride. Only the favored sons and daughters of fortune revel in the delights attending a ride behind a 2:40 nag, attached to a Portland cutter, with your heart's delight, be she wife or sweetheart, snugly ensconced in a Buffalo robe of comfortable dimensions, and then an hour's rest at some cosy roadside inn, with a landlord who knows how to keep a hotel, and can cook you a hot supper while Anna Maria and yourself are toasting your shins and saying nice things to each other beside the bright sitting-room fire. But to return to our mutton. We were saying that sleighing is a luxury that none but those who are "nicely fixed" can enjoy, and were about to expatiate on the difference between sleighing and skating, when the memory of old times came floating past our vision, and carried us back to the times when we were much younger than we are now; when the boys and girls in the country town where we held forth as the shining light, used to go to dances in the old box sleighs, all bundled in together in the bottom, with straw to set on and buffalo robes to cover us. Ah! those were the halcyon days of youth, when ——. But, what about skating? "Jes so," as old "Solon Shingle" used to say. As we were saying, none but the wealthy can afford to pay $25 an hour for a sleigh ride; but who so poor that they cannot procure a pair of skates? Before the "cruel war," skates could be bought as low as 75 cents; but things have changed since Father Abraham deceased, and now $1.50 is the lowest price at which an adult biped can be shod with iron. Of course, more expensive articles can be procured by those desiring them, and $30 is sometimes spent for one pair, made to order, and fashioned in a fancy mold. For ordinary wear, $6 to $10 will fit you out nicely.

The various ponds in New York and Brooklyn will be ready in a few days to receive their patrons, providing, of course, that the cold weather of the past few days holds good. New York and Brooklyn take the lead in skating ponds, as they do in everything else connected with out-door sports. Foremost among the skating resorts in the metropolis are the

CENTRAL PARK PONDS.

These are four in number, and consist of the large lake at 110th street; the large pond at 72d street and 8th avenue; the 6th avenue Pond, at 59th street, and the Conservatory Pond, at 70th street and 5th avenue, formerly used by the New York Skating Club. These ponds, being free and well kept, do not lack for patrons, and there the great mass of our metropolitan population congregate when the "ball is up." The Commissioners of the Park, and particularly the Superintendent, Mr. Ryan, deserve great credit for the care and attention they bestow on the ice. It is kept in as good condition as at any of the private ponds, and the constant attendance of the Park police prevents anything occurring to offend the most fastidious. Ladies flock to these ponds in great numbers, and even little children, and the commodious sitting-room of the house at the Seventy-second street pond is constantly filled by those of the fair sex who visit the Park to skate or witness the carnival. On all the ponds in the Park, comfortable houses have been erected in anticipation of Jack Frost's early approach. Connected with these buildings are refreshment and skate rooms, retiring rooms for ladies, with attendants of their own sex to supply their every wish. Skating at the Park ponds does not generally commence before the middle of December, while on the private ponds, where the members are few, two or three inches, and sometimes even an inch of ice will suffice. On the Park lakes the ball is never put up until there is four or five inches. This is rendered necessary on account of the great rush of skaters to the free ponds of the Park, who would soon use up thin ice, and endanger the lives of hundreds of skaters.

New York boasts of several first-class private ponds. Foremost among those is

MACMILLAN'S FIFTH AVENUE POND.

This is located on Fifth avenue, between Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth streets, and when finished will be the largest and best appointed private pond on the island. The buildings will be substantial and commodious, and include reception, refreshment and skate rooms, provided with every convenience for the accommodation of visitors. Mr. MacMillan is well known as an expert skater, and last season managed the Fifth avenue pond in a successful manner. He has associated with him in his enterprise a gentleman by the name of Post, who has had considerable experience in the management of skating rinks in the West. As this pond is fully half-a-mile nearer the centre of the city than the Park ponds, it will save considerable time to skaters in the way of travel, and this is quite an item.

MITCHELL'S FIFTH AVENUE POND.

This well known pond is situated on Fifth avenue, between Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth streets. Extensive improvements have been made by the enterprising proprietor to accommodate his patrons. The entrance has been changed from Fifty-eighth to Fifty-ninth street, and a new building, 50 by 25, and a music stand have been added since last season. The New York Skating Club have their head-quarters at this pond, and as all the crack skaters in New York are enrolled on its list of members. This fact will serve to make Mitchell's pond the most attractive in the city.

OATMAN'S SKATING POND.

The pioneer in skating ponds, and one of the most successful ice caterers in this country—Major Oscar F. Oatman—has returned to his old quarters at the corner of 58th and 59th streets in this city, where he held forth season before last. His new buildings have been erected, and nothing has been left undone which will in any way conduce to the comfort of the skating community. This pond will be run in connection with Oatman's new enterprise in Brooklyn, and season tickets to one will admit to both.

THE BROOKLYN PONDS.

Brooklyn is not a whit behind the metropolis either in skating ponds or the love of the sport. In fact, the mania prevails to a greater extent, when we take into consideration the difference in the population. There are more private ponds than in New York, and to these the young folks resort in great numbers. Socially there is more fun on the Brooklyn ponds than in this city. Heretofore our neighbors had to rely on private enterprise for skating, but this season, with the opening of Prospect Park, it is very likely that the pond in that place will be thrown open to the public. Of private ponds there are five or six, the most prominent of which we intend to notice briefly.

THE UNION POND,

where the principal base ball matches were played last season, is the best known and most largely patronized, and takes rank as one of the best managed ponds in the country. The proprietor, Mr. Cammeyer, has erected new platforms and other conveniences for the accommodation of his patrons. The Union is easily reached from New York, being but fifteen minutes walk from the South 7th and Grand street ferries.

THE CAPITOLINE POND

is located between Nostrand and Marcy avenues, Bedford, and is also well known for its base ball matches. It is the largest private pond in the country, being 500 feet long by 400 in width. The approaches to the pond are in better shape than they were last year, Nostrand avenue having been graded and otherwise improved. Additions have been made to the accommodations of last year, and the skating public may rest assured that everything will be done for their comfort.

OATMAN'S POND.

Oatman's new pond is centrally situated between Fourth avenue and Powers street and Bergen and Wykoff streets. The skating basin will be 550 by 200 feet, and is already full of Ridgewood water. The Major is pushing his buildings to a rapid completion, and when finished they will be second to none in point of size and completeness.

THE SATELLITE POND,

in the Eastern District, is too near the Union pond to be a great success. Still, the Satellite has its patrons, and everyting considered, is very well appointed. Base ball and cricket matches were quite numerous on this pond last season, and it is very likely we shall witness a repetition of them this winter.

THE WASHINGTON POND

is located in South Brooklyn, and is much resorted to by the denizens of that part of the town. It is commodious and well managed, and though last on the list of Brooklyn ponds, is by no means the least.

We had intended to notice the ponds and rinks in Philadelphia, Chicago, Albany, and the principal cities of the East and West, but will reserve further comment for another article.

PROPOSED CHAMPIONSHIP SKATING MATCH.

FRANK SWIFT MAKES ANOTHER PROPOSITION TO GOODRICH.

The recent negotiations between E. T. Goodrich, who became the recognized champion skater of the United States by virtue of the medal and purse won at the Pittsburgh tournament last season, and "Frank Swift," of this city, having ended in smoke, the former being unwilling to skate in this city or Brooklyn, and the latter pleading pressure of business, which would not allow of his going to the places mentioned by the champion, Swift sends us the following business-like document, the terms of which will, we think, suit Goodrich. If made, the matches will create much interest among those addicted to the slippery pastime. Here it is:—

NEW YORK, Dec. 3d, 1867.

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir*:—As I understand Mr. E. T. Goodrich's principal reason for not accepting my previous challenges to skate a match in New York was in consequence of its being my home and his being a stranger here, and as I am anxious to meet him, I issue the following challenge, which I am confident will be fair for both of us, and unless he wishes to avoid making a match altogether, he will certainly accept.

I hereby challenge Mr. E. T. Goodrich to skate me a series of matches, the best three in five to win, for $2,000 and the championship of America; the matches to be skated, in any of the following cities—Brooklyn, Albany, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Chicago, Milwaukee, Alleghany City, St. Louis, Cleveland, Providence or Philadelphia, or, in fact, *any city* where good ice and competent judges may be had. No two matches to take place in the same city. The matches to be conducted under the "New York Club Rules governing skating contests," each to select one judge, and they to select a third as referee. My $1,000 is now up, and can be covered, at 129 Broadway, any time before the 25th of December, 1867. Yours, respectfully, "FRANK SWIFT."

WANTS A FIGHT.—Phil Ingersoll, of Chicago, Ill., wishes it understood that his slut Spot is open to fight any slut in Chicago at 24, 25, or 26lbs. for from $50 a side upwards. Or he will make a match to fight the Pet Mogg off the chain for from $5 upwards. Who'll close?

OLD BILL FLETCHER, of Philadelphia, who has just resumed business there, has quite a menagerie of diminutive canines and other quadrupeds. Connoisseurs in this direction should not fail to call at his museum, 121 North Eleventh street.

PEDESTRIANISM.

WESTON COMPLETES HIS LONG WALK.

ENTHUSIASTIC DEMONSTRATION ON HIS ARRIVAL AT CHICAGO.

HE FAILS TO MAKE THE 100 MILES.

The great pedestrian journey of the age, from Portland, Me., to Chicago, Ill., has been completed, Weston arriving at his destination on time, at 10 o'clock A. M., on the morning of the 28th ult. We left him last week at Waterloo, Ind., where he arrived in good spirits on Saturday, Nov. 23d, having made but a short distance that day in order that he might be better prepared for the final attempt to make one hundred miles in a day, which he was to commence on the following Monday. At 12.30 the start was made in the midst of a rain storm, a pilot with a huge lantern preceding the party, and Weston, who wore a rubber coat and overalls, being attended by a man with a lamp on either side.

After winding through a few streets in the village, followed by a crowd of spectators, the guide conducted the procession through Kendallville, Brimfield and Wawaka, to Lingonier, thirty-five miles distant. A worse road for such an attempt could not have been found upon the whole route. The hills were slippery, and the level places carpeted with corduroy. Nearly nine long hours were spent in splurging through the mud and over corduroy roads, shrouded in the darkness of midnight. A large delegation of special police escorted Weston on to the hotel.

The City Marshal led the van out of town after a halt of twenty minutes. The excitement regarding the issue of his last effort was intense, and augmented with every hour. The enthusiasm that was witnessed everywhere along the route reminded one of the scenes at Troy, Buffalo and Cleveland. It appeared that everybody, young and old, turned out to greet him and wish him God speed. At Goshen he was welcomed by an immense throng, headed by a fine brass band, which accompanied the party from the meeting point to Elkhart, a distance of twelve miles, where a similar scene took place. Weston proceeded to the Clifton House, and upon repeated calls appeared upon the balcony and acknowledged the compliment by bowing to the swaying, surging mass of excited humanity below, many of whom had travelled many miles to see him. Weston was in excellent spirits, and conversed cheerily with the ladies and gentlemen who crowded the halls and dining-room. After dinner the tramp was resumed, darkness gradually stealing on as they took up the line of march.

Bonfires were lighted along the road, and the whole heavens were illuminated with burning barrels and boxes at the next town, Mishawauka. At that place a brass band wheeled into line behind the special police force, and struck up a lively air, but Weston's rapid strides soon took the wind out of their horns. They blowed and ran, and ran and blowed, vainly hoping their discordant music would do some good. If any ridiculous circumstance tending to excite the risibility of the pedestrian served a good purpose, that band earned the first premium. Long before the tune was finished they were able to blow without instruments. It was impossible for them to play in the crowd. While one man vainly endeavored to get the horn to his lips, another suffered injury by having the mouth-piece crammed in his ear. Finally, they abandoned the project, separated, and started in pursuit of the pedestrian, leaving the poor bass drummer rolling in the sand, firmly secured by a cord about his neck, which was attached to the drum.

If possible, the enthusiasm at South Bend exceeded that at the last-named place. The firmament was lurid with the blaze of bonfires, and fifty special policemen kept the crowd at a respectful distance from the little hero, who appeared to be tiring rapidly. He had now traversed about 87 miles over slippery clay roads, through rain, sand, and slush, leaving about fourteen miles yet to go, and three hours to do it in. Weston came to a halt here, pleading that he didn't have the strength to finish his task, and the further prosecution of it would be but self-inflicted punishment. His friends urged him to continue, but he refused to do so, as his feet and ankles were much swollen and very painful. Had the weather been favorable he would have accomplished the journey with comparative ease, and he is said to have labored more in traversing 86 miles than he would have done in going 100 in pleasant weather over good roads. Here he remained over night, and the next morning, rose, greatly refreshed, and again proceeded on his weary way, a repetition of the scenes of the prior day being enacted until his arrival at Laporte, Ind., at 6:15 P. M., where he met with another big reception, and after partaking of a hearty supper retired to bed early, and at 5 o'clock on the morning of the 27th ult., took his departure again, followed for some distance by a number of men, women and children. He walked along at a rapid pace, having fully recovered from the fatigue of the previous day's tramp, and halted for the night at a point a few miles distant from the Garden City after night had set in. The most extensive preparations had been made to accord him a grand reception when he should reach Chicago, and it is a long time since so much excitement was witnessed thereaway. There was an unprecedented demand for vehicles by persons bent on escorting him to the city limits, and the day preceding his arrival scarcely a carriage, buggy, sulky, light wagon or, in fact, anything to which an equine quadruped could be harnessed, could be obtained for love or money. He was met some distance from the metropolis of the West by a tremendous and rather mixed cavalcade of mules, horses, donkeys, etc., who received him very enthusiastically, and by the sudden rush to see him might have caused a repetition of the unfortunate accident at Pawtucket, R. I., had not a squad of some fifty blue coats protected him from the eager and thoughtless crowd, marching ahead, abreast and in rear of Weston—and they were compelled to do some tall walking to keep up with their charge. He reached his destination at ten o'clock on the morning of the 28th, and took up his quarters at the Sherman House, the proprietors thereof having shrewdly proffered him the liberty of that first-class establishment. He appeared at Crosby's Opera House at the matinee in the afternoon, and attracted as much attention as the performance itself, no doubt increasing the receipts materially. He has been feted and lionized like a French count since his arrival, and will, perhaps, remain in Chicago for some time. It is expected that he will again attempt the one hundred mile feat at the Driving Park some time soon.

AMATEUR WALK AGAINST TIME.—At a well known resort of turfmen, not far from the Mansion Stables, Forty-second street and Second avenue, the other evening, the late walk of Weston from Maine to Illinois became the topic of conversation, and in the course of the discussion, the relative abilities of those present were canvassed, resulting in the wagering of $100 between Thomas C. and Mr. Bates, that the latter couldn't walk four miles in an hour. Mr. B. is a man, fair, fat and over forty, not much accustomed to pedal locomotion, and hence the bet. Retiring early that evening, the amateur rival of Weston rigged himself in a brief jacket, English walking shoes, and a small switch to keep his hands from swelling, and about seven o'clock the following morning, started at a twenty-eight inch pace. He arrived at his destination in just fifty minutes, which, considering the obstacles he had to overcome in the way of vehicles, etc., wasn't at all bad for one of his years and avoirdupois. None of the balance of the party feeling inclined to step out with our hero, he was permitted to keep the time himself, which evinces the confidence reposed in him by his friends. The affair has occasioned considerable stir among the nabobs of the West End, and the match may be the forerunner of others like unto it. Mr. B. afterwards offered to attempt to do the same distance again in fifty minutes, but nobody took him up.

SPORT IN OHIO.—A race took place at Hamilton, O., on the 24th ult., between Deerfoot, Geo. Shed and a novice named Wray, an item hunter on the *Telegraph*, distance one-third of a mile, for $135. Deerfoot won after a good race in 2:31.

A FRENCHMAN CARRIES A "DUTCHMAN" FOR TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.—Two cabinet makers, one a Frenchman the other a German, made a wager for twenty-five dollars that the one could not carry the other *a la pig back* from the corner of 12th street and Avenue B, to the City Hall without resting on the way. They started on their journey on Thanksgiving morning at 3 o'clock precisely, and arrived at the City Hall front door just ten minutes past four (an hour and ten minutes) for the journey, the Frenchman winning the money "by the skin of his teeth," as he nearly fainted from exhaustion, and was blind for nearly five minutes afterwards. The Frenchman's weight was 140lbs., and the man he carried weighed 166lbs.

FOOT RACE AT HARLEM.—On the 25th ult., a one mile foot race was on the docket at Harlem, between Hen Mooney and Jim Hart, fleet footed humans of that section of the Manhattan Isle.—Mooney jumped away with the lead, which he maintained until entering the homestretch, when Hart, who had been saving himself, put on the steam, and going by his opponent like a rocket, crossed the mark a winner in 5:11, two seconds ahead of Mooney. A century a side is said to have been staked on the issue.

BALL PLAY.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.—The annual session of the association will be held in Philadelphia Dec 11. At the last meeting, Col. Moore, Hicks, Hayhurst, and the other Philadelphia delegates, made promises of what the clubs of that city would do in case the association would meet there. A dinner at the Continental and other civilities were mentioned as likely to result from this compliance with their desires. The matter was pretty well managed by the colonel and his brother delegates, and they finally got what they asked for. The time for the meeting is drawing nigh, and we have yet to hear the first note of preparation for the event. The New York clubs failed to provide a suitable reception for out of town delegates last season, but we look for better things from Philadelphia.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—The weather was somewhat unfavorable for ball playing on this holiday, and as a consequence the fraternity were considerably put out. Only two or three matches were played, and those of minor importance.

NOTICE TO STATE ASSOCIATIONS AND CLUBS.—A circular has been issued by Mr. A. H. Rogers, Secretary of the National Association, giving notice to State Associations and club delegates that the President, Secretary and Treasurer of the Association will be present at the Continental Hotel, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 10 and 11, from 8 to 10 A. M., to receive credentials, dues, and transact other necessary business, before the Association meets. If this is carried out it will greatly facilitate the business of the Association.

CREIGHTON VS. OLD POINT.—The Creighton Club of Norfolk, Va., defeated the Old Point Club on Thursday, 29th inst., by 40 to 25. The result of this game makes the Creightons champions of Virginia.

PIGEON MATCH AT PATERSON, N. J.—A match for $100 came off at Paterson on the 25th ult., between Richard Harold, of that place, and Samuel Castle, of Newark, 10 birds each, 1¼oz. shot, 80 yards boundary and 21 yards rise. Castle won, killing 7 out of 9, while Harold only brought down 5 out of the same number. At the same place on the 26th ult., a match for $50 each was shot between Joseph Buster and William Hyser, at 15 birds each. 1oz. shot, 21 yards rise, and 80 yards boundary. Buster killed 9 out of 10, and won the match, as his opponent only killed 3 out of 10. William Taylor handled for both the above winners. The following day, the same parties shot another match for $50 a side, 1oz. shot, 21 yards rise and 80 boundary. Buster again came off the winner killing 9 out of 13 birds.

JIMMY HAMILL LIGHT GUARDS.—This is the title adopted by an organization of youthful admirers of our honest little aquatic champion, belonging around 3d avenue and 32d street, of which Bartley Donohue is captain. They turned out about thirty-eight strong on Thanksgiving Day, and proceeded to Mott Haven, where they did very good shooting, riddling a unique target in a manner worthy of older heads.

THE SEVEN STEPS;

OR,

What I Saw at a London Penny "Gaff."

It was a short distance, and I soon found myself in the thick of the throng pressing about the "gaff," or penny theatre, waiting for the doors to be opened. The mob was an uncommonly large one, by reason, as I presently discovered, of its being a benefit night in behalf of Mr. Roshius Fitzherbert, the principal tragedian. Besides singing and dancing, there was a new piece out—"The Seven Steps to Tyburn"—and Mr. R. Fitzherbert was announced to play the part of the leading character. Big boys and little were crowding on both sides and behind me, and by dint of elbowing and pushing in turn, I succeeded in gaining entrance, and obtained a tolerably good seat in a select and expensive part of the house by the payment of three pence extra. The orchestra, consisting of a harper and fiddler, were just finishing the overture, and in a few moments the stage curtain drew up on the first scene of "The Seven Steps to Tyburn."

In the first and second steps, it is difficult to make much of the hero of the piece; indeed, as regards the first stage, he can scarcely be said to take a "step" at all, being a mere babe in arms. However, as every one knows, whatever direction they may take the seven "steps," or "stages," or "phases" or "ages," of human existence, must date from the muling and puking period, and so long as the delineator does his best to meet any difficulty such an immutable ordination may bring upon him, nothing can be said about it.

The gifted playwright encountered this difficulty and provided for it with a neatness and adroitness that is not the least among the remarkable features with which the drama abounds. The father of the hero is by trade a costermonger, and by name Harry Wildeye. His wife is Ellen Wildeye, (daughter of a reduced gentleman, who, smitten by Harry's manly appearance, as he delivered his wares at her father's house, gave ear to his passionate vows of everlasting adoration and became his bride,) and their offspring in arms is christened Frank. The rising of the curtain shows the home of Harry Wildeye, clean as scrubbing brush could make it, but scantily furnished, its sole contents being a bottomless chair, two inches of candle stuck in a ginger-beer bottle, and an empty bread tray. It was night, and the besotted wretch had just returned from his tavern orgies. Harry Wildeye is an irreclaimable drunkard, and in dumb show (there was no speaking allowed at the Shoreditch "gaff,") he took care to make the audience understand, beyond the possibility of mistake, as to his condition, by staggering and reeling across and across the stage, and applying a gin bottle he carries with him to his lips, and keeping it there long enough to imbibe at least a pint of the intoxicating spirit. His wife, with dishevelled hair and a hectic flush on her cheek, evidently at the very last stage of a galloping consumption, was at the farther end of the room, with her infant (the future Stepper) in her arms, kneeling at a rusty grate, in vain attempting to kindle a fire to warm her shivering babe, with no more promising material than two old shoes (she is barefoot) and a stay busk—the busk of the very stays which at that very moment encircled her agonized bosom, as an artfully dislocated button of her gown ody unmistakably reveals.

So intent was she on her occupation, that, despite the noise her tipsy husband made in staggering to and fro, she failed to hear him; she remained, indeed, innocent of his hateful presence while he sang "Jolly Nose," and, being vociferously encored, sung it again. Having politely bowed his acknowledgment of the compliment conferred on him, he deliberately crossed over to where his wife was, and by way of reminding her that he had come home, approached her from behind, and drew her for a short time about the stage by her disheveled hair, she screaming the while, and hugging her babe in a way that was heart-rending to behold. Presently, however, he flung her from him, and turned all his pockets inside out to show that he had no money, and then he slapped the gin bottle significantly, that she might understand what it was he wanted a little money for. Having struck this posture—empty pockets, extended and solicitous left hand, and gin bottle grasped in right, exactly as promised on the bills outside—he retained it, while his unfortunate wife, still kneeling, first clasped her hands despairingly, and then plunging one of them into the pocket of her gown, withdrew therefrom a handful of pawnbroker's tickets, and placing them in the empty bread tray, which happened to be lying handy, and suddenly raising her face and regarding him like Ajax defying the lightning, held out the lot and offered it to him as a significant reply to his inhuman demand. This was her attitude, as promised on the bills, and having struck it, she stuck to it, thereby completing the picture. The effect was tremendous, and for quite a minute the gaff resounded with stamping and kicking of feet, and whistlings, and shouts of "bravo" and "hencore."

Exhilarated by such unmistakable signs of popular approval, the drunkard proceeds to fresh acts of barbarity. He dragged his wife three times round the stage by her hair, and then once more furiously renewed his demands for pecuniary assistance, stamping his foot and holding out his hand. By way of answer, she shook her head until her hair obscured her vision, and showed him her empty pockets. Laughing derisively, he kicked her four times heavily with his hob-nailed boots, and then, plucking a pawn ticket from a bread tray, dashed it contemptuously in her face, at the same time shaking her gown sleeve between his finger and thumb, thereby plainly enough indicating how she might raise a trifle if she were so minded. Then, with a wild, despairing cry, she resorted to the bread tray, and selected therefrom two other tickets, on which were respectively inscribed (in rather larger characters than is commonly met on such documents), "Flannel petticoat, ninepence;" "Stuff petticoat and small things, fifteen pence;" thus graphically intimating to him and the audience that, willing as she might be to oblige him, as in wifely duty she was bounden, womanly pride, as well as the dictates of common decency, made it imperative on her to decline his suggestion.

Although much exasperated by her refusal, he neither pulled her hair nor kicked her this time, but vented his rage by turning from her and facing the company, rolling his eyeballs and grinding his teeth, while he brooded further schemes for her persecution. Suddenly he smote himself violently on the forehead with his open palm, and clicked his finger and thumb, as much as to say—"I've got it!" and then turning to his wife, he pointed the way to the street, and took to walking up and down the stage, with the mincing air of a young lady waiting for somebody.

The action was simple, even to unintelligibility, to the audience at large, but the outraged, down trodden wife appeared to discover something in the ruffian's gestures at once curiously exasperating and strengthening. With a cry of indignation and scorn, she suddenly regained her legs, and stood before the monster as erect as a police inspector, and after regarding him with flashing eyes for fully a minute, she delivered fairly on the bridge of his nose a sounding right-handed hit from the shoulder, and down he went like a log, while she stood over him, and taking from her bosom a scroll of paper, and unrolling it like a charity boy's Christmas piece, displayed it to the audience, neatly inscribed with the words—"Woman's Virtue is her Brightest Jewel."

This was another decided hit, and the applause that greeted it, if anything, exceeded that which was called forth by the exhibition of the pawn tickets in the empty bread tray, and continued until the drunkard put an end to it by suddenly starting up and flooring his wife by a single blow of the gin bottle. The applause that followed this feat was not uproarious, but a deep murmur went through the house that plainly showed that this touch of real life, melancholy though it was, was recognized and appreciated by the beholders.

There appeared to be a long stride between the first and second steps—a stride of several years' length—for the curtain rising showed poor Mrs. Wildeye (the drunkard's wife) in widow's weeds, sitting in a wretched garret, stitching shirts; while Frank Wildeye (the Stepper, and late the infant,) a tallish boy, pale and emaciated as chalk and burnt cork could make him, reclined at the widow's feet, and did his humble best to assist her by threading the needles as fast as she exhausted them, which was at the rate of five or six per minute. Despite her misfortunes, the widow had contrived to preserve her furniture, as seen in the opening act, even to the bread tray, which now, however, was not quite empty, inasmuch as it contained a solitary crust, about the size of two fingers.

After working away at a rate that certainly would have secured her, had she been able to maintain it, several shillings a day, even at the fixed slop prices of seven farthings a shirt, the widow suddenly paused, seeming, for the first time, to have observed the pale and famished appearance of her offspring. Frantically catching up the crust with one hand and her offspring with the other, she pressed him to eat. With tears and gesticulations he refuses; soliciting her with a manner of dumb entreaty to eat the crust herself; and then ensued a poking to and fro of the crust from the offspring's mouth to the mother's, making a scene that might have melted the heart of a blackamoor. At last, with a wild cry of delight, the mother succeeded in forcing the crust between the offspring's lips, and while he tearfully munched it to the slow music of the harp and violin, the mother carrolled the pathetic ballad "Poor Dog Tray," with a strength of voice happily significant of the fact that seven years' poverty and privation had not affected her already disordered lungs.

The scene was a triumphant success. Compassion moved the audience as though it were but a single body, with a great melting heart in it, and instantly there ensued a clinking and a chinking, and copper money, flung from pit, boxes and gallery, pattered on to the stage, and rolled this way and that. This, as I knew, was the ordinary way in which the patrons of the gaff expressed their approval of a favorite actor, but in this case it was evident that at least a portion of them were actuated by feelings superior to mere admiration. Wholes and halves of penny loaves, apples, oranges, and a bit of seed cake, large enough to make considerable noise as it struck the boards, were generously contributed to the relief of the starving family. Nor was the family slow to garner the gifts so liberally showered. Without pausing in her song, Mrs. Wildeye bowed her acknowledgments left and right, (which, together with the action necessary to dodging the most bulky of the contributions, kept her pretty constantly on the move,) and scraped the half-pence together with her feet, while Frank, eking out his crust so that it might last as long as his mother's song lasted, arose from his recumbent posture, and went about the stage with a business air, picking up the money, and having counted and pocketed it, he went and reclined by the bottomless chair again, to which Mrs. Wildeye, "Poor Dog Tray" concluded, presently staggered and sunk down on it. The cause of her staggering was presently made painfully apparent.

In cases of consumption, as is well known, and as was vividly illustrated on the present occasion, appearances are treacherous; she had finished the ballad with a quaver of a hearty and robust woman, but now she rapidly sank, and hurriedly blessing her offspring, expired.

The widow's demise was the signal for Frank Wildeye to enter seriously into the business of the drama. For a while he was overwhelmed by the suddenness of his bereavement, and wept and pulled his hair as though he held a grudge against it; but after about two minutes he recovered, and began to think about how his mother was to be buried. In dumb show he dug a grave, and lowered her into it, and filled it in, and planted flowers all over it; and then he wrung his hands and shook his head, signifying that, much as he desired it, he did not see how anything of the kind could possibly be done. At last a sudden idea seemed to strike him—an idea of so brilliant a nature as to quite dazzle him, and induce him to turn his head from it, and put up both his hands, as though the idea was coming it altogether too strong for him. By degrees, however, he seemed to grow used to it, and to be able to stare it boldly in the face. The idea in question seemed to have settled on the shirts his mother had been making, for, hurrying to where they lay, he pounced on them, gathered them in a bundle, and waving his cap, darted out and disappeared.

In about three-quarters of a minute he returned empty-handed, and accompanied by an undertaker with a coffin on his back. What the bright idea was, and what he had done with the slop shirts, was now equally apparent—he had sold them to buy his mother's coffin! Indeed, any lingering doubts as to this being the state of the case were speedily dissipated; for, scarcely had he undertaker set down his burden, when in walked two policemen and a gentleman, unmistakably a Jew slop-seller, from his countenance and the tape measure about his neck. In vain Frank Wildeye seized the bottomless chair, and dared the owner of the misappropriated property, or the minions of the law, to approach so much as another inch; they rushed at him in a body, and doing no more damage than flooring the Jew by a blow of the chair-back, the heroic boy was secured, and led away heavily hand-cuffed; being allowed, through the kind permission of the police, to pause at every third step and take a lingering and affectionate look at his dead parent. This was the second step.

Up went the curtain for the third step, showing a cellar in St. Giles', and five thieves carousing round a tub, smoking short pipes, drinking pots of beer, and playing dominoes. That they were supposed to be thieves, I learnt from the two young women in front, who had bought a play-bill, and were reading from it. They were lanky, low looking ruffians, with oily, turned under side locks, and shabby clothes, buttoned up tight to the chin, giving rise to the suspicion that trade was not so flourishing as to admit of the luxury of a shirt. It gave me considerable satisfaction to see them such blackguardly looking fellows; they were only thieves, but they were fifty times worse than I was—that was evident at a glance.

Frank Wildeye was one of the five. The term of imprisonment adjudged him for stealing the Jew's shirts must have been a longish one; and reasoning from his exceedingly corrupt manners, he must have derived the fullest advantage it was possible for evil communication to confer during the whole period. His pipe was the shortest, his side locks the oiliest and the most determined in their under-hookedness, and, swelling the chorus to "Nix my Dolly, Pals," as rendered by the oldest thief in the company, his voice was heard loudest and heartiest over all others, and he drank most beer. Presently a thief rapped the tub, and the landlord of the tavern appearing, more beer was ordered, and promptly brought. Cash on delivery, however, appeared to be the straight forward system on which mine host conducted his business, and while he clapped down the pots with one hand he held out his other for payment. At this every thief slapped all his pockets, and, looking at his neighbor, shook his head and laughed. Frank Wildeye did so, and followed the movement by facetiously offering the landlord a bit of chalk. The landlord, however, did not seem to see the joke, and furiously flinging the chalk from him, made as if he were about to take up the beer he had brought, when instantly four strong left hands seized his arm, and four vengeful right hands dived simultaneously into so many pockets in search of clasp knives. Matters having arrived at this serious pitch, Frank Wildeye, who had stood aloof from this last mentioned demonstration, laughingly interfered, and made certain signs to the landlord that so far satisfied him that he laughed, and they all laughed, and clapped Frank Wildeye on the back, and then the game of dominoes was resumed, the landlord joining, and Frank Wildeye quitting the stage.

In about as short a time as it would have taken him to have walked a hundred yards in a straight direction, Frank returned, bursting in at the door breathless, and with a face flushed with pride and excitement, and approaching the tub, flung down upon it a fat looking purse, that made a jingle like the dropping of a locksmith's tool basket, whereat his brother thieves laughed loud and long; and the eldest one, by way of expressing his intense admiration for Frank's behavior, immediately rose, and, approaching the footlight, performed a hornpipe, much in vogue in certain circles at that period, and known as the "cellar flap." Meanwhile, Frank and the rest had returned to their beer and dominoes, and were quietly enjoying themselves; all excepting the landlord, who, though he affected to laugh on the production of the purse, when the thieves were looking at him, no sooner found himself unobserved than, darting a look of implacable hatred at Frank, and shaking his fist at him, he hurriedly retired from the apartment.

Scarcely, however, had the hornpipe and the applause consequent thereon, subsided, when once more the cellar door was heard to fly open with a crash, and looking in that direction, the beholder was astonished to see two policemen with drawn staves, (singularly enough the same two who had previously arrested him on the shirt charge,) accompanied by the traitorous landlord, who, smarting possibly under the sneer conveyed to him by Frank Wildeye in that bit of chalk, had conceived the foul design of denouncing him for the recent robbery of the purse. Then came a fight, in which knives were drawn, and Frank, producing a pistol, fired it pointblank at the treacherous landlord's head; and doubtless it would have blown his perfidious brains out had not one of the officers opportunely struck up the weapon with his staff, on which the courageous young thief, resolved not to be entirely baffled, hurled the pistol with all his might at the landlord's head, from which the audience had the gratification of seeing a copious stream of what was very like blood instantly issue as the landlord lay extended along the gound. The audience was clearly of opinion that it served the landlord right, and so expressed itself in the most rapturous terms. Frank, however, though fiery and resolute, was of a soft and gentle nature; and, eyeing the prostrate and apparently murdered man for some seconds with an appalled look and hands upraised, he presently sank on his knees, and, withdrawing from his bosom a long ringlet of hair, which was instantly recognised as his mother's, he pressed it to his eyes, to his lips, to his heart, and appeared to be making some fervent vow; after which he replaced the hair, and passively and in meek resignation held out his hands for the handcuffs, and was led away to slow music.

The curtain rising on the fourth step disclosed either that the landlord was not dead, or that the law had taken a merciful view of the case, and for the joint crimes of robbery and murder condemned Frank to no more serious punishment than transportation. There he was, a convict at work at the stone quarries. He had fetters and chains on his legs, his oily locks shorn, and his skeleton suit of serge was one-half orange and the other half vermillion; seated on a whisp of straw, he was engaged in smashing a rock with a smallish brad hammer. Several other convicts, attired as Frank, were squatting here and there, similarly occupied; but, for no apparent reason, they presently rose from their labor and walked off, leaving Frank alone. Finding this to be the case, the young man laid down the brad hammer, and, advancing wearily to the footlights, (pausing, however, on the way to readjust the bits of rags bound about his ankles to keep the iron from further galling him,) and withdrawing from his vermillion bosom the tress of hair he had exhibited at the close of his third step, he once more went through the ceremony of pressing it to the various parts of his body; and, kneeling down and shaking his head and turning up his eyes over it, and then dashing away a tear, he put the hair back, and, staggering to the whisp of straw, sat down on it, and went to sleep immediately.

Then ensued a scene of thrilling interest. No sooner had he composed himself for a comfortable nap, than there arose from the shadow of the rock it was his business to smash, a ghostly figure—the spirit of his mother! Laying a hand on the young man's shoulder, he awoke; and, making a gesture of amazement, was for rushing to and embracing her, thinking that she was in the flesh—a pardonable error, seeing that she presented precisely the same appearance, even to her clean cotton gown and her side-combs, as when last seen stitching slop-shirts. She, however, at once undeceived him by raising her finger, as only a ghost can raise a finger, and then pointed it graveward, as only a ghost can point a finger graveward. A correct understanding having thus been arrived at, the harp and violin played their solemnest, while Frank, with mouth ajar and staring eyes, concentrated his attention towards the ghost, who proceeded to execute certain mysterious dumb motions. It pointed in the direction the convicts had taken when they struck work and strolled off the stage, and then it pointed in a contrary direction, which a convenient direction-post declared to lead "to the Governor's house." Then the ghost once more pointed after the convicts, and made motion with its hands of sharpening a knife on a steel, and then she pointed the way the sign-board pointed, and made the motions of plunging a knife into a heart. Then the ghost placed its finger on its lips, as though enjoining prudence, or secresy, or silence, or something else; and, sinking into the earth, vanished.

A young man possessed of no more than ordinary intelligence would have been at a loss to make out what the ghost meant; not so Frank. He saw through the whole business instantly—it was a plot against the life of the Governor his mother's spirit had given him notice of! The convicts meditated revolt and murder, and his mother, watchful over his interests still, had disclosed the fact to him as a means by which he might regain his liberty! There could be no mistake that this was the state of the case, for at that very moment—and Frank held up his finger that the audience might listen and satisfy itself—there was to be heard in the distance such a sharpening of knives against steels as though a great public dinner was taking place in the neighborhood. Hearing the approach of footsteps, Frank betook himself to smashing his rock as though nothing at all was the matter; and presently, sauntering up from "the way to the Governor's house," came the Governor himself, in a Newmarket coat and a cocked hat, smoking a segar and carrying a large dog whip in his hand. He made straight up to Frank Wildeye, and being of opinion that he had not smashed rock enough (although there was considerable more than a salt-cellar full lying pounded round the base of the bulk), laid into him with the dog whip without mercy. Frank, however, had a purpose to achieve, and as a preliminary step towards conciliating the Governor, went on with his work all the while the Governor was laying on to him without so much as winking. This seemed somewhat to astonish the Governor, who paused and regarded him as though he would be glad of an explanation.

In a few signs Frank Wildeye gave it. He motioned the Governor to listen, and as the process of knife-sharpening was still continuing, he heard it, and gave such a violent start of apprehension that his cocked hat fell off. When Frank gave him to understand that the knives were being sharpened for him, he began to shake at the knees and his teeth to chatter, so that the segar shared the fate of the cocked hat, and the Governor became a very abject picture indeed.

Frank Wildeye did his best to cheer him, and gesticulated his willingness to shed his last drop of blood in his behalf. The Governor was comforted. He seized Frank's hand, and on it pledged his eternal gratitude, and then ran to his residence, signifying that he would be back in a twinkling. If anything, he was back in less than a twinkling, bearing in his hands three guns, two pistols and a sabre; and barely had he time to divide them with Frank, and to spring behind the rock Frank was engaged in smashing, than a wild hoorayiug and a rush of feet was heard, and on poured the five convicts, freed from their manacles, and each brandishing a gleaming carving knife. Arrived at the finger-post that pointed to the Governor's house, they paused, and gathering in a ring, crossed their blades, and dumbly took oath to do the job before them without flinching, and with another wild hooray were rushing onward again, when flash, bang! flash, bang! bang! from the rocks, and four convicts out of the five were stretched upon the ground, and the fifth brought to a state of complete bewilderment, rushing to the left and to the right, carving knife in hand. Sabre in hand, Frank sprang out on this one, and then ensued a furious combat, which ended in the bloody-minded convict biting the dust. The Governor was not ungrateful. He took from his trowsers' pocket a heavy purse, and from his waistcoat a free pardon, and handed them to the young man, who, affected to tears, turned away, and withdrawing once more his mother's ringlet from his bosom, pressed himself all over with it, as before. He could not, however, content himself without performing an act of generosity, which was nothing less than soliciting the Governor to spare the life of the fifth convict, who still lay biting the dust, and scowling about him as though not at all liking it. The Governor refused. Frank persuaded. The Governor wavered. Frank implored. The Governor yielded, and taking from his waistcoat pocket another free pardon, threw it to the ruffian, who snatched it up with a howl of triumph, which set finished the fourth step, and down went the curtain.

There was somewhat of a disturbance at this stage of the drama. The audience was very partial to sword combats—fierce, long-contested combats. That between Frank and the fifth convict was neither long-contested nor, on account of the inequality of the weapons, particularly spirited. The audience was dissatisfied. It whistled and kicked at the paneling, and cried, "Combat! combat!" till the noise was deafening, and the manager, in his shirt sleeves, and with an angry countenance, came on the stage and demanded what the row was about.

"Combat! combat!" was the reply that greeted him from all parts of the house. He waved them to silence. He was a broad-shouldered man, with thick, heavy arms. "Look here," said he, "you know me pretty well by this time, don't you? Very well, then. Look here, you've had all the combat you're going to have, and them as don't like it can hook it as soon as they like. There won't be no more performance till you hold your thunderin' row; so them that wants to see the rest of it had better keep the others quiet, or else turn 'em out, which ever they like. It won't be good for 'em if I have to come and turn 'em out." This settled the difficulty. The cry of "Combat!" ceased, and in a few minutes the curtain rose once more.

Step five opened with Frank in London, once more a clean and respectable young man, in search of a job of work. With a bright and hopeful countenance he makes known his intent to the audience, tucking up his sleeves, and going through the motions of sawing, hammering and digging—ay, and of crossing-sweeping, rather than again be dishonest, a sentiment which the audience very heartily applaud. By good luck, by comes a master carpenter, with his basket of tools on his shoulder, and to him Frank applies for a job. The carpenter makes several inquiries, but finally engages him, giving him his card, that he may know where to come to. Frank Wildeye is delighted—so much so that he cannot refrain from singing, in allusion, perhaps, to the burly master carpenter, the song of "The Fine Old English Gentleman," right through at the footlights.

But, alas! poor Frank's promising nest of eggs are destined to be addled. Adverse influences are at work against him. While he is still blithely carolling his song, the carpenter once more crosses at the back of the stage, and is stopped and spoken to by—the very scoundrel whose life and liberty Frank Wildeye begged of the Governor of New South Wales. The scoundrel is well dressed, and wears a curly-brimmed hat and an eye-glass, and dandies an elaborate walking cane. He whispers the carpenter a little while, and points to Frank with a shrug of the shoulders, and the master carpenter touches his cap, expressive of his thanks for the information the swell has given him. Swell walks off, and carpenter, approaching Frank Wildeye, by a snap of his finger and thumb, and a scornful curl of his lip, repudiates the engagement entered into so shortly before, and, with an impatient gesture, demands back his card of address. Poor Frank is thunderstruck, and, with clasped hands, beseeches the carpenter to make known his reasons for this sudden change; and the carpenter replies by laughing mockingly, and holding his head askew, raising his hand above it, giving the hand a jerk, as though tightening something about his throat, and making a choking sound, such as might be made by a man in the early stages of strangulation.

Frank Wildeye at once sees the true state of the case—the carpenter has discovered that he is a felon, who narrowly escaped the gallows, and on that account spurns him. In vain Frank begs and implores, and goes down on his knees to the carpenter; he is relentless, and, spurning the pleader with the toe of his boot, walks off. For a while, Frank is overwhelmed by despair, but presently plucks up resolution, and drying his eyes on the ends of the clean cotton handkerchief his bundle is tied in, departs with hope renewed, in search of work.

While he is going, in comes the well dressed scoundrel with the curly-brimmed hat and the eye-glass, from the other side, and regarding the retreating form with the deadliest malice, shakes his fist at it, and laughs a bitter and diabolical laugh, which indicates as plain as spoken language his glee at the success of his fiendish plans, and his determination, from some mysterious and unexplained circumstance, to pursue and persecute Frank Wildeye to the death.

In something less than two minutes, Frank returned, footsore and haggard, and with his bundle considerably diminished in size, which signs make it manifest to the audience that he has tramped in search of work through every county in England, until his scanty purse is exhausted, and he has been brought to selling things out of the bundle to keep life and soul together. All in vain, however—he is still an out-o'-work and an outcast, shunned by the world. He sits down on a bank, and covering his eyes with his hands, weeps. Suddenly a hollow and mocking laugh smites his ears, and looking up, there is Blue Lias, the well dressed scoundrel, standing before him. With an instinctive cry of horror, Frank shrinks from the tempter, and catches up his little bundle. Blue Lias is not at all offended at this insinuation against his probity, and, good-humoredly slapping Frank on the shoulder, takes a seat beside him; then he withdraws from his pocket a capacious brandy flask, and after some persuasion, Frank is induced to take a swig out of it, the result of which is that his spirits are raised very considerably, and he laughs too, and accepts a cigar from Blue Lias elegant case, and takes some more brandy, and makes himself comfortable.

Then, when he is well primed, Blue Lias whispers in his ear. Frank Wildeye starts as though some insect had bitten him, and holds up his hands deprecatingly. The tempter shows him a handful of loose gold and silver, and whispers again. With a reckless laugh, Frank Wildeye springs to his feet, and, clasping hands with Blue Lias, the two go off together.

The opening scene of the sixth step was a night scene, and, masked with crape. Frank Wildeye and Blue Lias are seen breaking into a dwelling house, or rather into a bedroom in a dwelling house, for when, with their united exertions, and the free use of centre-bits and "jemmies," the door yields with a loud crash, the opening reveals an old gentleman calmly asleep on a sofa-bedstead. To make quite sure that he is asleep, Blue Lias flashes the fierce light of a bull's eye lantern several times across the old gentleman's eyes, and then the two proceed to ransack the strong box they drag from beneath the bedstead. Bags of silver and gold, candlesticks and great rolls of bank notes and parchment deeds, reward their search, when suddenly the old gentleman rouses, and proceeds to jerk the bell-rope at his bed-head, the result of which is a loud clanging sound at some other part of the premises. With a ferocious gesture, Blue Lias springs at the old gentleman's throat, and raises a life-preserver to knock his brains out, but Frank Wildeye, who, though a thief, is no murderer, rushes to the rescue, and catches Blue Lias' hand just in time. With a howl of rage, Blue Lias turns on Frank, and knocks him down insensible with the life-preserver, and then, snatching from Frank's pocket his clasp-knife, (presumably with his name and address upon it,) plunges it into the old man's heart, and leaving it sticking there, escapes out of the window, thus bringing the sixth step to a close in a highly satisfactory manner.

Step seventh and last, and we have the wretched young man chained hand and foot, and securely padlocked to the wall of the condemned cell in Newgate. It is clear what has happened; he has been convicted on the false evidence furnished by his knife in the heart of the victim, and he is cast for death, and awaiting execution. Evidently he is deeply penitent, so much so that the two-pound loaf and the gallon pitcher of water supplied him by the prison authorities remain untouched by his side, and he sits with his face on his drawn up knees, audibly sobbing. Suddenly he hears a well-remembered mocking laugh, and hastily raising his head, there sees at his dungeon grate the hated face of Blue Lias, who, in the extremity of his hate and deadly spite, has come to taunt his wretched victim.

Owing, however, to the prohibition of the use of speech, his means of doing so are limited, and all he can do is to make faces—winking, thrusting out his tongue, and laying his forefinger along the side of his nose, in the most exasperating manner. This last act goads Frank Wildeye to madness, and he rattles his chains and grinds his teeth at a tremendous rate. Blue Lias, however, is not destined to lord it to the end of the chapter. Suddenly, from among the straw in the dungeon, arises a white and ghostly form—the ghost of Frank's mother. She eyes the monster at the grate menacingly, and instantly he gives vent to a shriek, his forefinger drops from the side of his nose, his guilty jaw falls ajar, and his knees tremble so that you may hear them bumping against the dungeon door. The ghostly figure raises its hand, and first pointing up and then pointing down, with a louder shriek than the first, down fell the taunter with a crash that bespoke him dead, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Then the ghostly form came over to where its unlucky son was sitting, and regarded him pityingly, and took his hand in its and stroked his hair. With the violence of his emotion, Frank Wildeye's chains rattled, at which sound the tender ghost shuddered and wept, and taking the chains in its hand, raised them that the captive might for a time be released of their weight. All this time the harp and the fiddle were playing music sad and soft, and the motherly ghost leaned over Frank, caressing him, while Frank's bosom heaved with a force that might be easily perceived by the people in the back row of the gallery. Then, taking from its bosom a similar scroll to that she exhibited when in the flesh, in the first step, she unrolled it, and there was plain to all who could read it, (I couldn't, but the two young women in front read it aloud, and I heard them,) "A Mother's Love is Everlasting." Then, hearing a noise at the lock of the dungeon door, she hastily rolled up and replaced the scroll, and kissing her son on both cheeks and on the forehead, vanished the way she came; and Jack Ketch, (with the fatal noose in his hand,) and the Chaplain and Sheriffs coming in next moment to take the culprit off to the gallows, the play was brought to an end.

The Technicalities of the Turf.

The "Fat Contributor" gives the following definitions of the jargon of the turf:—

A "hurdle race" is where a man has *heard all* about how it is to come out, and, therefore, knows just how to bet. If the horse stumbles and breaks his rider's neck, the rider is liable to be discharged.

"Handicap."—When a rider is thrown and his cap saves him from a broken head, that is a *handy cap*. It is expected that the Handy Opera House will cap the climax of Opera Houses. That is another variety of *Handy cap*.

A "steeple chase" is a race to church on Sunday morning.

A "sweep-stake" is where a thief picks the stakeholder's pocket and makes a clean *sweep* of the *stakes*.

"No entrance charge,' applies to dead-heads and boys who climb the fence.

The letters "g. c." signify gin cocktail; "b. h.," beer hall; "blk m.," bilk the manager; "b. c.," bunch of celery; "ch. f.," charge it to Ferguson.

"Nursery stakes" are tender, cut thin and well done for the nursery. No other kind of *steaks* receive any consideration from the children.

A "selling race" is where everybody is sold who attends—foot-races at the "Rink," for example.

"Premium of $500 for all ages, with allowance to beaten horses." This premium remains the same through *all Ages*. The allowance to beaten horses is a small pension allowed to unfortunate equines that are unmercifully *beaten* by their masters.

A phrase like the following is incomprehensible to many:—"Mr. Wm. Parrot enters b. c. Jimmy by Moonlight, out of dam by imp. Lightning." It means that Wm. Parrot enters a banking concern with a "jimmy" by moonlight, out of his d— impecuniosity, by lightning!

KNURR AND SPELL CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.

We have received the subjoined acceptance of the challenge published in our columns several weeks since. Read:—

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 27, 1867.

EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER:—SIR.—In reply to the gentleman in Cleveland, O., who is authorized by E. Lamb to make a match at Knurr and Spell for from $100 to $300, I beg to say that I will play the said E. Lamb at the game mentioned for from $300 to $500, wood heads and wood knurrs, 30 lises; to play within one month of the first deposit; editor of the CLIPPER to be the stakeholder. If the gentleman in Cleveland, O., or Mr. E. Lamb will address a communication to me at Thomas Senior's, 34 Strawberry st., Philadelphia, we can soon settle all preliminaries, and then go to work in earnest. This is intended as business, so come up sharp. JOB PEARSON.

JOHNSON vs. TILTON.—A pigeon popping match was decided at Hackensack, N. J., on the 26th ult., for a small stake, between Messrs. Johnson and Tilton, at forty birds each, 21 yards rise, 80 boundary. Johnson won by a tally of 32 to 28. We understand that a fresh match has been made between these men to shoot at 20 singles, for $200 a side, on the 19th inst.

BALL PLAY.

THE SEASON'S AVERAGES.

NATIONAL CLUB, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

The National Club opened the season of 1867, on the 27th of April, in a game with the Nautical Club* of the Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., the score standing 35 to 11. Their next game was with a picked nine of the American Cricket Club,* whom they defeated by a score of 70 to 10, on the 17th of May. They played their first game with an Association club on the 3d of June, when they defeated the Interior club by a score of 91 to 8. They followed up this handsome victory by disposing of the Jefferson club, of Washington, on the 12th of June, by 57 to 27; and on the 19th, defeated the Olympics by 46 to 7. July 2, they met the Continentals, and were successful by the totals of 74 to 26; and on the 9th added another trophy to their ball-case, by worsting the Unions—the figures standing 41 to 16.

A trip to the West and Southwest had been arranged for July, and immediately after their game with the Unions they started. On the 13th of July they played the Capital Club, of Columbus, Ohio, and were successful by the score of 90 to 10. They next journeyed to Cincinnati, and engaged in a contest with the noted Cincinnati Club, defeating them by 53 to 10. The next day they met the Buckeye boys, and succeeded in bucking them to the tune of 88 to 12. On the 17th, they were the guests of the Louisville Club, and although the Kentuckians treated them well, the Nationals went back on them on the ball field, and won the game by 82 to 21. Indianapolis was the next stopping place, and in a game with the Western Club,* of that place, July 19, they scored 106 to their opponents' 26. On the 22d and 23d they were in St. Louis, and defeated the two best clubs of the capital of Missouri, the Unions and Empires; the former by 113 to 26, and the latter 53 to 26. The metropolis of the West was reached on the 25th, and here they met their first and only defeat. Sick and tired out by long travel and hard work, they tripped up where they least expected to. Their first game was with the Forest City club,* of Rockford, Ill., and holding their adversaries rather cheap, and with the other causes alluded to above combined, the game slipped through their fingers before they fairly knew it, and they were defeated by the small score of 29 to 23. Of course, this result after the previous brilliant victories, caused quite a flutter in Chicago, and the Nationals were the subject of much comment by the local press. A day's rest had a recuperating effect on the players, and they determined in their next game to wipe out the Forest City *fiasco*, and wipe it out they did with a vengeance. As this game was with the Champions of the West—the famous Excelsior club, of Chicago*—the knowing ones booked them for another defeat. Of the many friends the Nationals had made in the cities they had visited, quite a number accompanied them to Chicago, and as the odds in betting were against them, these gentlemen invested on their favorites. The eventful 27th of July came, and fully 10,000 people gathered to witness the contest. As is well known the Excelsiors were nowhere, and were wiped out by a score of 49 to 4. Again the local press opened on the Nationals, and they were accused of throwing the Forest City game to get on bets on the next match. A sharp card from Col. Jones, the President of the Nationals, caused the editors to take water and apologize. On the 29th of July they played the last game of the trip, with the Atlantic club,* of Chicago, defeating them by a score of 78 to 17.

On the 14th of August they played the return game of their match with the Jefferson Club of Washington—52 to 19; Aug. 19th and 24th they played two games with the Capitol Club—the first 48 to 14, and the second—43 to 11, winning both. On the 26th of August they played the first of a home and home series with the Mutual Club, of New York, and were defeated—40 to 16. Then followed their first game with the Empire Club, and the return with the Interior, in both of which they were successful—the former by 37 to 17, and the letter by 80 to 14. On the 4th of September, the Union Club, of Lansingburgh, N. Y.—the famous "Haymakers"—visited Washington to play the first game of a series with the Nationals. After a close and exciting contest, victory rested with the Nationals, the score standing 31 to 28. Sept. 12th and 13th, the return games with the Union and Empire Clubs were played, in both of which the Nationals were successful—the Unions by the close score of 24 to 22, and the Empires by 39 to 6. On the 18th, they achieved a brilliant victory over the Pastime Club,* of Richmond, Va., by the one-sided score of 111 to 9, and the following day followed this up by a handsome victory over the champions of New Jersey, the Irvington Club, defeating them by 33 to 22. On the 20th and 21st, they defeated the crack clubs of Baltimore—the Maryland (35 to 8) and Pastime (57 to 17). Oct. 8th, 12th and 17th, they played three games with nines selected from Washington clubs,* and won all of them—44 to 12, 36 to 22, and 16 to 14. Oct. 9th, they won the second game with the Maryland club—53 to 12; and on the 16th the return with the Olympic Club—33 to 7. On the 19th of October the Nationals left Washington on a ten days' trip North to meet the best clubs of New York and Philadelphia. On the 21st they played the return game of their match with the Union Club, of Lansingburgh, N. Y. The Nationals had everything their own way up to the end of the eighth innings, when the score stood 15 to 7 in their favor. At this point the game took one of those sudden turns which sometimes occur to turn apparent victory into defeat. The Unions made 9 runs in the ninth innings, and "choking" (that's the Western phrase) their opponents, won the game by 16 to 15. Rain prevented the game with the Nationals, of Albany, the next day, and on the 23d they encountered the Mutuals, of New York. With all their experience, they had never before met anything like the slow pitching of Martin, and they succumbed to his "twisters" by the score of 37 to 29. After resting a day, they visited Irvington, N. J., on the 25th, and again encountered defeat by a score of 29 to 23. On the 26th, the Excelsior Clubs, of Brooklyn, won a trophy from them, this being their fourth defeat. They stopped in Philadelphia on their way home, to play the Quaker City and Keystone Clubs, but it rained both days, and on the 29th they left for home. Nov. 9th, the Commonwealth Club, of Philadelphia, visited Washington, and in a game with the Nationals the latter scored 30 to 6. Nov. 13th, they played their last game of the season. They met the celebrated Athletic Club,* of Philadelphia, at the tournament of the Agricultural Society, and scored 12 to 35.

It will be seen by this record that the National Club played 41 first nine matches, but 30 of which number count as association games. In these games they made a total of 2,057 runs to 714. The games marked with an asterisk (*) are not counted in with the averages, seven being with clubs not belonging to the National Association, three picked nine games, and one (Athletic) being played for a prize and not for a ball. In their 30 games with association clubs they won 25 and lost 5. They scored a total of 1,477 runs in the games against 538, an average of 49 to a game and 7 over, and 5 runs to an innings and 172 over; their opponents' average being 14 to a game and 18 over, and 2 runs to an innings and 16 over. The highest number of runs made in a game was 113 and the lowest, 11; the highest and lowest against them being 40 and 6 respectively.

The following exhaustive and elaborate analysis of the season's play gives the averages and other minutiæ of the players who took part in six games and over:—

Players.	Rank	Position.	No. Games	Outs: No. of	Outs: Average	Outs: Decimal	Runs: No. of	Runs: Average	Runs: Decimal	Scores: Clean	Scores: Blank	Bases: Out On	Bases: Run Out	Struck Out	Out On: Fly	Out On: Foul	Left on Bases	Wild Throws	Pas'd Balls	Muffs not otherwise scored	Fly Balls: Caught	Fly Balls: Missed	Foul Balls: Caught	Foul Balls: Missed	Home Runs	Called: Balls	Called: Strikes	Bases on Call'd Balls
Fox	1	Third Base	21	49	1.19	1.90	126	6	6	4	0	16	2	0	17	5	15	19	0	12	31	10	2	1	19	0	2	2
Wright	2	Second Base	29	64	2.6	2.20	182	6.8	6.13	2	0	26	2	1	28	7	17	26	28	15	48	9	5	2	11	73	1	0
Studley	3	Right Field	22	51	2.7	2.31	134	6.2	6.09	2	1	22	0	0	25	3	14	1	0	6	12	5	0	0	8	0	2	0
Berthrong	4	Catcher	28	70	2.14	2.50	161	5.21	5.75	4	0	32	0	0	27	11	18	10	102	7	42	8	41	16	2	0	11	10
Hodges	5	Center Field	17	50	2.16	2.94	85	5	5	0	0	19	0	0	25	6	11	7	0	6	5	6	1	1	1	0	1	2
Smith	6	Right Field	19	56	2.18	2.94	117	6.3	6.15	0	1	22	0	2	26	6	15	11	0	16	11	19	3	1	0	0	0	5
Fletcher	7	Left Field	30	85	2.25	2.83	169	5.19	5.63	2	1	35	0	1	38	17	12	5	0	20	24	5	4	0	7	87	3	2
Parker	8	First Base	27	83	3.1	3.3	143	5.8	5.29	1	2	56	1	4	12	18	22	11	0	22	22	14	0	0	6	0	3	11
Norton	9	Short Stop	17	48	3.14	3.82	76	4.8	4.47	0	1	21	0	0	23	4	8	13	8	7	19	1	13	1	5	0	2	2
Williams	10	Pitcher	18	65	3.11	3.61	98	5.8	5.44	1	0	29	0	0	31	5	7	14	0	5	6	5	0	0	1	255	0	4
Brainard	11	Pitcher	6	15	2.3	2.50	16	2.4	2.66	0	0	5	0	0	6	4	2	0	0	2	4	1	0	0	0	54	5	0
Gibney	12	Center Field	6	20	3.2	3.33	14	2.2	2.33	0	0	9	0	0	9	2	5	0	0	2	2	3	0	0	0	0	1	1
McLean	13	Right Field	7	33	4.5	4.71	39	5.4	5.57	0	0	10	1	1	15	6	4	2	0	6	5	3	4	0	1	0	0	0

RECAPITULATION.

Totals.	Games: Played	Games: Won	Innings Played	Outs	Runs	Average Runs: Game	Average Runs: Inning	Scores: Clean	Scores: Blank	Bases: Left On	Bases: Out On	Bases: Run Out	Home Runs	Struck Out	Wild Throws	Passed Balls	Muffs not otherwise Scored	Fly Balls: Caught	Fly Balls: Missed	Foul Balls: Caught	Foul Balls: Missed	Out On: Fly	Out On: Foul	Called: Balls	Called: Strikes	Bases on Called Balls	Blank Innings	Single Games: Blank Inn'gs: Largest No.	Single Games: Blank Inn'gs: Witho't	Single Games: No. Runs: Largest	Single Games: No. Runs: Small'st	Single Innings: Largest No. Runs	Single Innings: Times Double Figures Scored	Double Plays
National	30	25	262	756	1477	49.7	5.172	16	6	150	334	6	47	12	119	138	128	271	77	96	22	293	111	436	31	47	22	¶5	16	‡113	‖11	**22	46	17
Opponents	30	5	252	756	538	14.18	2.16	3	36	147	343	9	6	37	207	283	523	293	204	111	31	271	96	614	43	38	80	†6	3	§49	*6	††15	6	10

¶ Union of Lansingburgh. † Maryland of Baltimore. ‡ Union of St. Louis. § Mutual of New York. ‖ Excelsior of Brooklyn. * Empire of Washington. ** Buckeye of Cincinnati. †† Irvington of Irvington, N. J.

CENTRAL CITY CLUB, OF SYRACUSE.

This club, the champions of Western and Central New York, closed play for the season of 1867 on the 26th of October. They opened the season on the 15th of June, in a game with the Plow Boy Club, of Syracuse, whom they defeated by a score of 33 to 6 in five innings. Their next game was with the Cazenovia Club, of Syracuse, and they were again successful, 36 to 27. July 27th, the Auburn Club visited Syracuse to play the first game of a series with the Central City. The game was exciting, and well contested, and the Central City were booked to win at long odds, but the "boys with the Auburn hair" were too much for the Syracuseans, and they succumbed to the tune of 41 to 32. On the 10th of August they took a trip to Auburn, to play the return game of the match. They went in all their strength, determined to bring home the trophy, but it was not to be did. The Auburnites, fighting on their own ground and surrounded by their fellow townsmen, who encouraged them by their shouts, were again victors, this time by increased odds—55 to 38. Defeated, but not vanquished, the ball tossers of the City of Salt determined to give the Auburn lads another shake up. Accordingly they challenged them to play a new series. The *defi* was accepted, and on the 17th of August they again met on the grounds of the Auburn Club. This time Fortune "went back" on the Auburn boys, and the visitors returned home with the ball, the game ending on the eighth innings, with a score of 44 to 18. Sighing for new laurels, and finding ball playing rather dull at home, the Central Citizens took a trip to Utica on the 22d of August, to play the Utica Club, of that place. They were handsomely entertained by the "pent up Utica" chaps, who took them in and did for them by the totals of 35 to 27. This was the third and last defeat of the season. From this time out there was one continual triumph for the champions. September 8th they defeated the Marcellus Club of Syracuse, by 47 to 13. September 30 they went to Binghampton, where they met and defeated the Binghampton club, by 30 to 16. On October 1, they were at Owego, where they played the Amateur club, of that place, 54 to 24; Oct. 2d, at Erie, Penn., they defeated a Picked Nine by a score of 54 to 12; Oct. 3d, at Buffalo, they met the Niagara club of that place, and played for the championship of Central and Western New York and a gold ball—being successful by the totals of 39 to 27. Rochester was next visited, where they encountered the Excelsior club, the crack club of the Flour City—score, 45 to 32. Returning home as conquering heroes, they received all the honors from their friends and admirers. After a short rest they were once again on deck. The Hamilton College club visited Syracuse on the 7th of October, anxious to take the starch out of the champions, but they went home sadder, if not wiser men—the Syracuseans "salting" them in a handsome manner by 38 to 25, in seven innings. Oct. 15th, the return game with the Utica club was played at Syracuse—score, 28 to 19. The celebrated Knickerbocker club, of Albany, visited Syracuse on Oct. 19th, to play for the championship and the gold ball. Of course they didn't get it, only to scoring 17 to 34. The deciding game of the match with the Utica club came off at Oneida on the 22d of October, the score standing 30 to 12. On the 25th of October the Binghampton club visited Syracuse to play the return game, and were again defeated, this time by 51 to 14. The Central City club played 17 first nine games, of which they won 14 and lost 3. In these games they scored a total of 650 runs to 397, giving an average of 37 runs to a game and 11 over.

The following table gives the averages of those who engaged in five or more games:—

	Games.	Outs.	Average.	Runs.	Average.	Clean Score.	Blank Score.
Sandford	14	28	2-0	74	5-4	3	0
Pastor	15	47	3-2	72	4-12	0	0
Adams	8	24	3-0	38	4-6	1	0
Yale	16	31	1-15	69	4-5	2	0
Dodge	16	50	3-2	67	4-3	0	0
Boswell	16	59	3-11	67	4-3	0	0
Campbell	5	9	1-4	22	4-2	0	0
Cruttenden	17	38	3-0	69	4-1	1	1
Johnson	16	49	3-1	61	3-13	0	0
Telford	10	37	3-0	38	3-8	1	0
Loomis	6	27	3-3	20	3-2	0	0

THE QUAKER CITY vs. WAWASSETT.

The Quaker City Club, of Philadelphia, visited Wilmington, Del., on Thanksgiving Day, to wind up the season with the Wawassetts, the champion club of Delaware. They were met at the depot by a delegation from the Wawassetts, and escorted to their headquarters, where a hasty oyster luncheon was "hurried down," after which they repaired to the ground, where a large concourse of spectators was assembled. The game commenced at 2:30, and was a brilliant one throughout. The Quakers led at the bat, making seven runs the first innings, to *one* by the Wawassett, which lead they increased steadily to the end of the seventh innings by the finest batting displayed this season. Chapman led the score, making some of the finest *line hits* in his experience as a player. Pratt's home run in the 5th was grand. Malone, Donohue, and in fact, one and all, surprised themselves at the bat. Pratt's pitching was the best he has done this season, and almost impossible to hit. The Wawassetts played up to their standard fielding, but could not master Pratt's pitching. Both clubs were out in force, except Potter, of the Quakers, and Albertson, of the Wawassett. After the game the Quakers were entertained by their hosts and their lady friends, a handsome dinner being provided for them. Toasts were drunk, songs were sung, and after a good time generally, the boys left for home by the 10 o'clock train, much pleased with their visit. Altogether, it was a brilliant closing up of the season. The Quaker City Club have played in over thirty association games, winning all but seven. Their averages will soon appear. The following is the score of the game at Wilmington:—

QUAKER CITY.	H.L.	R.
Pratt, p	2	5
Flowers, c	5	7
Heubel, 1st b	3	8
Chapman, l f	0	10
Malone, 2d b	2	8
Howell, 3d b	2	7
Deshong, c f	3	6
Donohue, s s	2	8
Brown, r f	2	6
Total		65

WAWASSETT.	H.L.	R.
James, s s	2	2
Mullin, 1st b	3	1
Windle, 2d b	2	4
Hawkins, c f	4	1
Cochran, c	4	0
Perkins, p	1	0
Morrison, l f	1	0
Wiggenworth, 3d b	2	0
Katis, r f	2	1
Total		9

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	
Quaker City	7	14	8	5	9	13	9	—65
Wawassett	1	2	4	0	1	0	1	— 9

Passed balls—Flowers, 6; Cochran, 15. Home runs—Malone, Chapman, Pratt, 3. Umpire—Chas. McCabe, Diamond State B. B. C. Time of game—Two hours and fifty minutes. Scorers—Quaker City, John Nolan; Wawassett, Chas. Peets.

BASE BALL IN THE FAR WEST.

A match at base ball was played during the "ides" of November between the Lightfoot, of Dakotah Territory, and the Live Oaks, of Utah, at Fort Bridger, U. T. A correspondent says that the Live Oaks adopted their name from the famous junior club of Albany, N. Y., who, they were informed, had beaten every club they had played with. The game resulted in favor of the Live Oaks by a total of 43 runs against 19, as will be seen by the appended score:—

LIVE OAKS.	H.L.	R.
Browne, r f	2	7
Maher, c	5	6
Smith, c f	4	5
Hamilton, s s	4	5
Palmer, p	6	3
Laller, 3d b	5	4
Morgan, 2d b	4	2
Kreiser, l f	6	5
Peralt, 1st b	2	7
Total		43

LIGHTFEET.	H.L.	R.
Waters, 2d b	5	1
Mizner, s s	7	1
Morrow, p	4	2
Gill, r f	2	1
Wood, l f	4	10
Greely, c	2	1
Jacobs, 1st b	3	2
Courtland, c f	5	0
Carter, 3d b	3	1
Total		19

THE BAT IN WASHINGTON.—The ball tossers of the Capital indulged in their favorite pastime to a considerable extent on Thanksgiving Day, after they had discussed their roast fowl. The Pastimes, of Baltimore, visited the city and played a one sided match with the Union Club, the latter verifying the adage that "in union there is strength," by scoring 77 to 37. The players adjourned to Harvey's afterward and did justice to a bountiful spread......The second nine of the Union Club had a tussle with a nine of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, terminating in favor of the mutes by a score of 20 to 19......The ink slingers and quill wrastlers of the Surgeon General's Office chose sides with Drs. J. J. Woodward and Geo. A. Otis, as Captains, and had a friendly scrimmage on the grounds of the United States Club, which, after a three hours game, resulted in victory crowning the exertion of the Woodwardites. W. S. Olive severely sprained his ankle while running the bases on the last innings, after having made eight runs and two outs. Score, 40 to 33.

QUAKER CITY vs. KEYSTONE.—On Monday, Nov. 18th, the Keystone and Quaker City Clubs, of Philadelphia, met to play the return game of the present series. The Quakers were short one or two players, and the Keystone short by the absence of three of their nine. After the end of the 4th innings, the score standing 66 to 6 in favor of the Quakers, the Keystone threw up the game, forfeiting the ball, and leaving a home and home game to go over to next season.

OLYMPIC vs. MARYLAND.—The former, of Washington, D. C., visited Baltimore on Thanksgiving, and tried the mettle of the Maryland Club, the latter being waxed to the tune of 34 to 14 in six innings.

AMERICAN NEWS CO'S TARGET EXCURSION.

The employees of this extensive and well-known establishment formed themselves into a company and went on their first annual target excursion on Thanksgiving day, to Morrisania, Westchester Co., N. Y., and for the nonce changed their occupation from delivering bulletins by the bundle to issuing bullets by the barrel, in shooting for prizes that, in the aggregate, amounted to over one thousand dollars, the larger half of which was generously donated by the News Company. They commenced their march at about 7 A. M., to the music of a full band, proceeded to the Peck Slip boat, landed at Harlem Bridge, and marched from thence to Clarke's shooting ground, and at once begun target practice for the prizes. After discharging all their powder and ball, they re-formed, marched by a circuitous route to Morrisania proper, passing by the residence of one of our *corps*, giving a marching salute, from thence to Louis Coombs' hostelrie, where the prizes were distributed, as follows:—

1st prize—Beautiful gold watch, valued at $250—John Kershaw.

2d prize—Beautiful silver watch, valued at $50—W. A. Plum.

3d prize—Beautiful silver watch, valued at $50—John Wall.

4th prize—$20 gold piece—Jos. Aldritt.

5th prize—Massive silver tea sett, valued at $250—Captain Brown, Messrs. Mars, Riley, and others.

6th prize—$75 check—Lieutenants Chapman, Smith, and others.

7th prize—$100 in gold—G. Vaumis and others.

As the arrangements were very properly made that all hands should get a prize, each of the remainder received $5 and upwards, and as each recipient's name was announced, three cheers were added to the prize, besides the most cordial sort of congratulations. After the distribution of prizes, all hands, including invited guests, marched to the dining room, and discussed a most substantial dinner, which elicited the highest kind of oral compliments in every sense of the term. Their hearty appetites having been appeased, three cheers were given for Mr. Farrelly, coupled with the American News Co., of which firm he is a member, to which he responded in a most appropriate speech, showing how he reciprocated the hearty feelings manifested by their employees, to whose pleasure he and their (the firm had so largely contributed by *his* presence and *their* generosity. Other toasts and cheers were given, when "fall in" was the word and to a lively tune they departed on their return to the city, each all, and every one in the most jubilant mood, and pleased with their celebration of Thanksgiving Day, everything having been conducted in the most gentlemanly and orderly manner. They contributed materially to the celebration of the day by the Morrisanians, and "good times come again" was manifested by the smiles on every face.

"HE IS BREAKING DOWN."—How often one hears this said of a man who seems wasting away without any specific ailment. Invite him, if you are his friend, to build himself up with that admirable vegetable corroborant, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS. In every bottle of *it* there is an instalment of the elements of vitality he needs. Bid him try it.

SPORTS ABROAD.

A ONE SIDED ENGAGEMENT
BETWEEN
ARTHUR CHAMBERS AND HARRY KIMBERLY, FOR £50.

The match between Chambers and Kimberly, at 8st 6lb, for £25 a side, which, owing to the reputation of the men as game fighters, has been regarded with considerable interest t'other side of the pond, was decided in the Manchester district on the 13th ult. Chambers is a stiff built young fellow, has seen twenty summers, and stands 5ft. 4½in. high. His first appearance in the magic arena was on October 1, 1864, when he vanquished Arthur Webber, at Mode Wheel, for £4 a side, after boxing twenty rounds, occupying 35 min. Arthur's friends being disposed to try him at higher game, matched him against Ned Evans, of Ardwick, for £25 a side, at 9st 6lb, when Chambers was again victorious at the end of the forty-fourth round (time, 1 hour 20 min.), at Flouch, near Hazle Head Bridge, November 8, 1865. He next faced Young Prior, at 8st 6lb, for £25 a side, when his star was again in the ascendant, after contesting thirteen rounds (time, 20 min.), at Flouch, on February 6, 1866. His next encounter was with Jem Brady, at 8st 4lb, for £25 a side, on August 7, 1866, at Newburgh, near Southport, but the police interfered, after twenty-eight rounds had been fought in 1 hour 20 min. They met again the following day at Barton Moss, when Chambers sustained his first defeat, after a severe combat of sixty-three rounds, occupying 3 hours 15 min. He next met Dick Goodwin (*alias* Spring-heeled Dick,) at 8st 4lb, for £25 a side. They met at Acton, Cheshire, on February 19 last, when, after a game struggle of 2 hours 20 min., 105 rounds, they agreed to draw. Arthur now took a trip to the metropolis, and joined Billy Shaw's stud, which led to his fighting Young Finch (Shaw's Novice) for a £15 purse, at catch-weight, on May 21 of this year, when, after fighting 1 hour 40 min., sixty-two rounds, it was agreed to divide the money, Chambers receiving £11 and Finch £4. He hoisted his flag, (a neat silk wipe of white ground and mauve spots), at Bill Lang's, Manchester, where he was trained by Bill himself. Kimberley is by trade a wire-drawer, and first saw the light in June, 1839, at Bromsgrove, Worcestershire, and stands 5ft 6½in. His first essay within the cords was about four years ago, when he defeated Tom Bradford, for a "fiver," in 40 min., at Birmingham; his next customer was Jack Jarvis, whom he compelled to cry a go in April, 1865, after fighting three-quarters of an hour, at Fonner lane, near Birmingham, for a fiver. The clever manner in which he beat Jarvis gained him a host of friends, who matched him against Tom Bate, then of Manchester, at 8st 6lb, for £25 a side. The fight took place at Whitmore, on Aug. 22d, 1865, when, after a most resolute battle of 2 hours 17 min., ninety-eight rounds, Kimberley was declared the victor. He has remained idle ever since, until the present engagement, for which he took his canters from Jack Rooke's, Manchester, under the careful eye of Tom West, of Bristol. He sported a bandanna of white ground and peach figures.

Pursuant to articles, the weighing was gone through on Monday at the Locomotive Inn, at 1.40, Kimberley being ½lb., and Arthur 2½lbs. under the stipulated impost. There was a large company present, but not a blow was struck in the way of speculation—the Brum's friends not being inclined to lay odds, and the Chambersites standing out for 6 and 7 to 4, which was not forthcoming. During the evening our reporter paid a flying visit to the principal sporting houses, the coming fight, of course, being the leading theme of conversation. The betting was limited to 5 and 6 to 4 on Harry. The selection of the *locale* for the mill was left in the hands of Harry Allen (the stakeholder), and all were ordered to go by the 5.50 parliamentary, on the Sheffield Railway, on Tuesday morning. After a quick and pleasant ride, "All out!" was called at Woodhead, at the entrance of the tunnel. A movement was made to a favorite spot, and the ring was partly formed, when a *rural* made his appearance, which necessitated an adjournment to the adjoining county of Derbyshire, where the cords of discord were quickly put ship-shape on the same spot where Rawlins and Fletcher fought a short time ago, the ground being very lumpy and uneven. Kimberley advanced and shied in his castor, upon which he received an ovation, and Arthur soon followed suit. The latter was esquired by Joe Long and Bill Ferguson, whilst a celebrated London bruiser (specially retained) and a veteran trainer waited upon Kimberley, a well-known pugacting as referee. The Brum won the toss for corners, but there was little or no advantage in the choice. After completing their toilets, Kimberley walked over to Arthur with a roll of "crispers," and offered to lay £25 to £20, to which Arthur replied that his exchequer was not very flourishing, but he would take £3 10s. to £2, which resulted in a bet of £3 to £2. The betting now became brisk at 6 to 4 on Kimberley. All the arrangements being completed, the combatants exchanged the usual friendly (?) grip at twenty minutes past eight, and in the presence of a company unusually select commenced

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Chambers, who is a sturdy, well developed lad, appeared in the acme of condition, and brimful of confidence. Kimberley is of slender build, but although his movements showed a thorough knowledge of the "art," he looked somewhat delicate. No time was lost in sparring, as they immediately commenced hostilities by countering smartly on the forehead, when they got to close quarters, and the favorite slipped down on his knees.

2. No sooner did the men face each other than they dashed in at the face, and they broke away. On again coming together they exchanged some lively counters at the facial region, and in the struggle for the fall they came to grass side by side.

3. Kimberley, eager for business, got home on the left eye. Arthur then tried his left twice, but was short. He would not be denied, however, but dashing in, a merry bout of in-fighting was concluded by both kissing mother earth.

4. The favorite already displayed several scars on the left side of his face and left shoulder, whilst Chambers was scathless, and as fresh as paint. Chambers commenced by dashing out his right viciously, but out of range. Arthur, following him up, bored in, and some good half-arm hitting took place to the ropes, where they both came to grief.

5. Kimberley visited the temple slightly, for which he received a terrific cross counter from his opponent's right, making a deep gash under the left eye, from which the ruby flowed freely. The men now rattled away with both hands, until they rolled over each other.

6. Kimberley came up, with his left eye nearly closed and bleeding, amidst great shouting from Chambers' corner. Chambers again visited the damaged optic, receiving on the chest. Arthur tried for the head, but was short, and getting to close quarters, they fibbed away with both hands till they fell over each other, Chambers having the best of the fighting.

7. Kimberley came up with blood flowing freely from the nose, and the left eye swollen and fast closing. He reached Chambers' left eye very cleverly twice in succession, but his blows lacked force. Arthur would be busy, and used both hands heavily till he fought his man down. An offer of an even "tenner" on Kimberley met with no response.

8. Kimkerley got on the cheek, and some smart counters followed, all in favor of Chambers.

9. This was a rattling bout, the pair hammering away all over the ring till they fell together in Harry's corner.

10. Chambers came up smiling, Kimberley planted one on the side of the face, and neatly stopped Chambers' left. On getting together, Kimberley slipped to avoid.

11. Kimberley, fresher, commenced by investing on the left eye, for which he was smartly countered on the nose and left eye, turning on the tap again freely. A smart rally to the ropes, where Chambers bored his man down.

12. The Brum delivered on the left eye and got away. Twice again was he successful, when Arthur stabbed him heavily on the nose, which brought him to grass in a hurry.

13. Chambers got on the breast heavily, and in the struggle for the fall, threw his man.

14. Smart counter-hitting on the frontispiece, when they rushed to an embrace, and both went down, Kimberley under.

15. Kimberley delivered twice lightly on the left eye, but did not seem to punish, and got down on his knees suspiciously. An appeal, however, was overruled.

16. The Brum made a dash at the ribs, but fell forward.

17. Kimberley sent out his left over Arthur's shoulder, who got well on the physog, and again took Kimberley's left across his shoulder. Bent on mischief, Chambers sent out his right with terrific force, and alighted on the left eye just as Kimberley was falling. A claim of foul against Chambers was not allowed.

18. Kimberley tried his left, but Chambers jumped back out of danger. The latter then tried his favorite right, but missed, which brought the men together, when the Brum slipped down.

19. Smart counters on the face, when Arthur got his man on the ropes and played a tattoo on his back till they rolled over each other.

20 to 33 and last. It would be tedious to detail these rounds, as they were all of an insignificant character. Kimberley was in great distress, and resorted to the dropping system, besides which his blows fell harmless on the iron frame of Chambers, who was as strong as at the commencement, and comparatively unmarked beyond a slight swelling under the left eye. In the thirty-second round, five more policemen came upon the scene, but did not interefere, as it was out of their limit. Kimberley, after scratching, began to walk deliberately back into his own corner, and refused to leave it, whilst Arthur was unwilling to go and fight him in it. Every means were resorted to for the purpose of gaining time for Harry, who did not seem to possess a ghost of a chance of winning. In the thirty-third round the referee brought the men to the scratch, and said he would make them fight it out if they had to fight all day, and that if either was apprehended by the police he should award the stakes to the other. The upshot, however, was that a consultation took place between the backers of the men, and it was agreed that Chambers should receive a *deucer* of £16 to draw. The lads then shook hands, after fighting 1 hour and 23 minutes.

On leaving the ring, Kimberley frankly admitted that his fighting qualities had left him, and he said he was unable to account for the falling off. In our opinion he was not well in health, and was weakened in coming to the weight. It is a fact that he had an attack of illness whilst training, and was attended by a medical man, but whether this contributed to his defeat or not we are unable to say. As regards Chambers, he was in brilliant condition, and is possessed of great strength and plenty of wear and tear. He has considerably improved since his last appearance in the ring, and will prove a Tartar to any one at his weight. The combatants were subsequently apprehended and lodged in Glossop Lock-up, but through the kindness of Mr. Moran (the chief constable) were brought before C. Sumner, Esq., the same evening, and liberated on bail—themselves in £50 and two sureties in £25 each—to appear at the Petty Sessions, on November 21, at the Glossop Town-hall. Kimberley states that he intends never to enter the Prize Ring again. Chambers displayed no sign of punishment beyond a swelling of the left eye, but Kimberley was severely bruised about the face, with the left eye completely closed.

DETERMINED BUT DRAWN BATTLE
BETWEEN
WILLIAM PLATT AND JOHN WILLIAMS FOR £50.

These men, who hail from Poplar, Eng., met on the 18th ult. to decide their differences, at catch weight, for £25 a side. The meet was at a railway station in the east, and after about an hour's ride the order was given to alight, and some 150 passengers were seen in a few moments on the platform. A walk of about half a mile brought them to the banks of the river, where they found another detachment, who had taken time by the forelock, and with the men had arrived overnight. An aquatic excursion was now decided upon, and the lot were soon got on board. The appointed spot being reached, Fred. and Puggy soon had the ring ship-shape, but a lot of valuable time was cut to waste. William Platt was the first to throw in his cap. He is twenty-three years of age, stands 5ft 9in, and weighed about 9st. 12lb. He was backed from Billy Shaw's, and had for his colors a neat white silk handkerchief with a pretty figured border. He has twice before appeared in the ring—once in an off-hand affair, and once with his present opponent—on both of which occasions he was defeated. John Williams was some time before he put in an appearance. He is twenty-six years of age, stands 5ft 8½in, and weighed about 9st 6lb. He has previous to the present occasion beaten Murray, Watkins, and his present opponent. He was backed from Joe Lebeau's, Coopers' Arms, St. Leonard's road, East India road, and had for his colors a white handkerchief with a dark flowered border. All being in readiness, exactly at six minutes past two they were delivered at the scratch for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On stripping, it was seen that the condition of Williams was as near perfection as possible, while Platt, although well, was rather too fleshy. On toeing the scratch they put up their hands very well, and the attitude of the men was good. They both appeared cautious, and for a few moments sparred for an opening, each in turn offering his left, from which each jumped away. Williams at length, seeing an opportunity, got his left on Platt's right eye, Platt returning on the ribs with his right, but neither blow was of any great moment. They broke away, and Williams, eyeing his man, rushed to in-fighting, when some merry exchanges took place, Platt on the body, Williams on the ribs and face, and in the end Platt was down.

2. On coming up, Platt showed the mark of Williams' handiwork in the close fighting by a mark across his left temple, and a flush on his right cheekbone. Williams lost no time in getting to work, and getting close to his man, who was nothing loth to join issue, a fine bout of half-arm fighting ensued, give and take being the order of the day, neither flinching, but manfully punching away until Platt was fought down. On being carried to their corners, a slight tinge of blood was visible from Williams' mouth, which was claimed and allowed (first blood for Platt). Time of fighting, 4 min. 30 sec.

3. Williams tried his left at the head, but was short, and Platt was away laughing; he tried, and again was out of distance, and Platt just missed landing a vicious uppercut, which, had it got home, would have told a tale. This brought them to close quarters, and after pegging away merrily, Williams was screwed down, and pulled Platt on top of him.

4. From the fast fighting in the previous rounds, both were rather slower and sparred for wind. They soon, however, got within distance and good counters ensued; Williams on the the left eyebrow, raising a bump, Platt on the mouth, drawing more of the ruby. They at once closed, and after some heavy and punishing in-fighting, both were down.

5. Both responded eagerly to the call of time, and no sooner were they delivered at the scratch than Williams rushed at his opponent, and boring him to the ropes, a struggle took place for the fall and Williams was down.

6. By this time both men showed marks of the severe hitting. Platt bleeding from a cut over his left eyebrow, and having bumps on his forehead and right cheek bone, while Williams was much flushed and showed a mark on the ribs. Williams was the first to commence hostilities by trying his left at the face, but was short; in a second attempt, however, he succeeded in getting home on the damaged eyebrow, for which he got sharply countered on the mouth, and in the close Williams was down. (They had now been fighting 11 min.)

7. After a short spar, Platt offered his left, but Williams was away. The latter then got slightly on the left cheek, just grazing the skin. Platt returned the compliment with a warm spank on the nose; they then closed, and after a short struggle Williams cleverly cross-buttocked Platt and fell on him. Time, 13 minutes.

8. Williams, as soon as up, sent out his left on Platt's right cheek; the latter countered smartly with his left on the mouth. Williams planted a stinger on the left eyebrow, increasing the cut and bringing forth a fresh supply of the claret; he repeated the dose, tried again, but was short, then got in a fine one on the right cheek and opened a cut. Platt would not put up with this, and got to close quarters, when William was down. Time, 16 min.

9. Platt came up with cuts under both eyes, and his eyebrow bleeding; while Williams, with the exception of a cut on the nose and a few bumps, showed but few marks of punishment. Williams let go his left at the mouth, and Platt countered him on the nose, increasing the opening; they then got close, and counter after counter took place, and a finer fought round was never seen, each trying his utmost for victory, and the severe hitting caused the blood to flow freely, while the spectators loudly cheered the men for their game efforts. The round ended in both being down, Platt under.

10. Williams feinted with his left and sent in his right, a regular rib-bender. He followed this up with two straight shots on the nose, causing the blood to flow in streams. Platt, not to be denied, bored in, and after a sharp rally, in which some heavy hammering took place, Williams was down. Time, 22 min.

11 to 14. Up to this time Williams had all the best of it, and 2 to 1 was offered on him, but Platt, who fought in the gamest possible manner, persevered, and in the thirteenth round succeeded in administering a severe upper cut, which sent Williams to grass, where he lay extended until his seconds picked him up, while Platt walked to his corner. The fourteenth round was short, for Platt, anxious to follow up his advantage, at once went to his man, and, after a few exchanges, Williams was down. 34 min. had now elapsed.

15 to 19 were short, Platt fighting most determinedly, and by his superior strength and weight gradually reducing his opponent's lead. In the eighteenth round there was an appeal that Platt had intentionally fallen on Williams with his knees, but it was disallowed. The nineteenth was much in favor of Platt, who fought his man down. Time, 45 min.

20 to 25. Platt kept increasing his advantage, until at the finish of the twenty-second round he had the best of it, and his backers were vociferous in their offers to back him at evens. In the twenty-third, however, Williams, who seemed to have been "foxing" a bit, dashed at his man and stole a march upon him, sending in his right three times in succession on the left side of Platt's head, the last one staggering him, but they were too far back to quite knock him out. The seconds of Williams were now eager for the call of time, and sent their man up as quickly as possible, and Williams, too anxious to finish his man, in rushing at him slipped ere he could reach his opponent, and came down. He jumped up and renewed the round, but after a wild exchange or two both were down.

26 and 27. As the men were leaving their corners, the cry of "Police!" was raised, and, on looking, a cart could be seen in the distance making its way across the marshes towards the spot. The fiat of the referee was, however, "Fight on," although many of the spectators beat a hasty retreat, and two scrambling rounds were got through, in which Platt had all the best of it, but on coming up for the 28th, it was seen that the "Philistines" were upon them, and the ropes and stakes were quickly dragged away and unceremoniously cast into the river out of all danger—the men were, of course, got from the spot after contending exactly 52 minutes. A consultation was held, and the referee at once ordered them to another spot out of the jurisdiction of that body of police; all therefore made haste to re-embark, and a convenient spot being reached, the ropes and stakes were once more got ready, and at twenty minutes to four they recommenced the fight. Williams, who had recovered at once, set to work, and landed a "hot-un on the side of the left cheek, staggering Platt and raising a bump. They each pegged away with a will, and both were down, Williams under. This round occupied 2 min. 30 sec.

28 to 32 were slow, the men not having warmed off their stiffness, but Williams had all the best of it, and looked very much like winning. Platt, however, in the most undaunted manner, persevered, and

33 to 40 were of the most lively character, first one and then the other having the best of it. On coming up for the fortieth, both were much punished and very weak, and it only required one good hit on either side to reduce the matter to a certainty. This, however, neither could bring off, and they fought on for two more rounds, when "Police!" was the cry, and as they came up for the forty-third round two sergeants made their appearance, and again all had to beat a retreat, after they had fought fifteen rounds in the second ring, occupying 22min., or in both rings, forty-two rounds, 1h. 14min.

REMARKS.

It was now too dark to order another meeting for that night, and the referee, getting the men and their backers together, inquired if they wished to renew the fight. Being answered in the affirmative, he therefore ordered a meet at an early hour on the following morning, but later on in the evening the friends of the men agreed to draw. This, we think, was the most judicious course, for it would have been cruel to have allowed them to meet again, both being severely punished, and nearly, if not quite, blind. From first to last it was a well conducted, manly struggle. The seconds behaved themselves in a way which left nothing to be desired, and all present expressed their satisfaction at the manner in which things had been carried out, the only regret being that it could not be finished.

THE CHAMPION MILE AND A HALF CUP.
MC KINSTRAY DEFEATS FLEET.

The match between those celebrated runners, McKinstry, of Glasgow, and J. Fleet, of Manchester, to run one mile and a half for the champion cup, in addition to £25 a side, drew together about a thousand spectators to the Royal Oak Grounds, Manchester, on Nov. 2d. The betting opened at evens on Fleet, and afterwards 5 to 4 and 6 to 4 was invested on him. Subsequently, however, M'Kinstray was made the favorite at 5 to 4 on him. On going away M'Kinstray took the lead at a rattling pace by two yards, and proceeding in this order, the first quarter of a mile was covered in 60sec. On next passing the stand M'Kinstray was about a yard in advance, Fleet exhibiting symptoms of distress, and the time of half a mile being 2min.5¼sec. At the far side of the ground M'Kinstray increased his lead, and on going by the stand a third time, held the lead by upwards of half a dozen yards, three quarters of a mile having been covered in 3min. 19sec. When nearing the factory turn M'Kinstray went further away from his antagonist, and Fleet finding that his hopes of success had vanished, left off when he had run about 100 yards short of a mile. M'Kinstray then went the remainder of the distance at his leisure, finishing in a smart sprint, and maintained his right to retain possession of the mile and a half champion prize.

CHAMPIONSHIP RUNNING MATCH.—Saturday, Nov. 2, was most favorable for the mile and a half race for the Champion Gold Cup and £50 in specie, which took place in Manchester, Eng. The competitors were the renowned Robert McInstray and his younger but hardly less known rival, John Fleet, who has hitherto been considered almost invincible. This is the third occasion on which the Challenge Cup has been competed for; the first time was on the 23d of February of the present year, when Fleet bore it off from M'Instray, Neary, Richards and Hughes, completing the full distance in 6min. 50sec., time never before equaled. He held undisputed possession of the cup for a period of five months, when M'Instray again challenged him, and this time Bob ran with more success, although he started almost friendless at 5 to 1 against him. The time occupied was on this occasion 7min. 2sec., and it was therefore contended that Fleet was not "fit." To prove undoubtedly who is the best man the match of Saturday was made. Rumor awarded the race to Fleet, and more than one of the knowing ones caught it hot for placing implicit faith in his powers. 6 to 4 on Fleet at first went a begging, supporters of M'Instray standing out for 2 to 1. This state of things did not last long, as a well-known metallician mounted his rostrum, and declared he had money for M'Instray, whereupon a sudden revulsion took place, and evens, 5 to 4, and then 6 to 4 was speedily offered on Bob's chance. Fleet's supporters, however, were numerous, and again betting in some cases veered round to evens, but 6 to 4 on Bob was the price offered at the start. M'Instray was the first to make an appearance, accompanied by John M'Nicholl, of Leith. He looked brimful of confidence, and his friends declared that he was in faultless condition. Having taken a walk round the course, he shortly appeared in flannels and an overcoat, his attendants being M'Nicholl and John Neary. Fleet speedily followed, his esquires being James Nuttall and the venerable Johnny Farmer. To accomplish the required distance the peds had to make four laps, plus 36 yards of the course (651 yards in circumference). Everything being in readiness, the men took up their appointed positions on the mark, and at once shot away, Mac, almost simultaneously with the start, assuming the lead about a yard in front of his rival. The pace for the first half mile was a cracker, and passing the stand the second time both men held their respective places. As Bob went up the Manchester side of the course he shot into the unused, and therefore more solid track, the tramping of a couple of circuits being sufficient to make the course over which they had run rather sticky. On reaching the chimney turn he increased his lead to four yards, and gradually extending it to eight yards when entering the straight, Mac passed the stand the third time fully ten yards in front. At the canal turn Fleet showed a disinclination to lift his legs, and Bob went further ahead, the spectators hoarsely shouting that it was all over. Coming to the chimney turn, Fleet appeared baked, and, after laboriously traversing a short distance further, came to stand about 100 yards short of the mile. McInstray now went the rest of the course at his ease. Fleet intends to retire for a time from the pedestrian arena, and so recruit himself. The first quarter of a mile was traversed in 1min., the second 1min., 5¼ sec., and the third in 1 min. 13¾ sec. The full time up to Fleet stopping was 4 min. 27sec.

SCULLING MATCH FOR £200.—SADLER DEFEATS KILSBY.—On the 12th ult., the interesting sculling match between W. Sadler and Frank Kilsby, was rowed from Putney to Mortlake on the Thames, for £100 a side. The odds were a trifle in favor of Sadler. The men got off on even terms, Kilsby having a shade the best for the first three or four strokes. Before reaching the Star and Garter, Sadler had begun to show in the van, gradually drawing away from his opponent, who showed an almost utter absence of his own form, and running quite within himself, finished seven or eight lengths ahead. The time was very slow, 31min. 40sec.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

ESSEX, Newark.—You are right, as we were aware years ago.

W. H. LYONS, Cincinnati.—We will send the required solutions soon.

C. H. T., Columb's Works, Philadelphia, Pa.—1. The board should be placed with a white square at the right hand corner. 2. The Kings should be placed opposite each other.

THE PRIZES recently awarded in the Problem Tourney of the B. C. A. seem destined to require revision. It is reported that one of Dr. Bayer's problems has proved faulty, and Herr J. Kohtz is charged with not being the sole and original author of the sett bearing his name.

Enigma No. 601.
Second Prize Problem.—"Schach."
BY HERR J. KOHTZ.

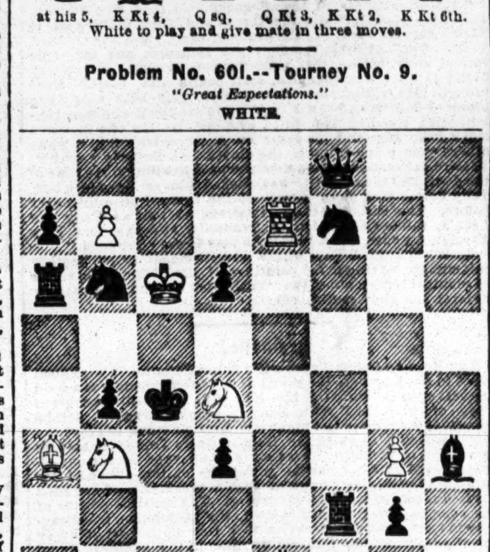
at home, K B 8, Q R 2, K Kt 2, K 5, Q Kt 2, and 5, Q 4th, and White Pawns at Q B 3, and K R 3d.

at his 5, K Kt 4, Q sq, Q Kt 3, K Kt 2, K Kt 6th.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Problem No. 601.--Tourney No. 9.
"Great Expectations."

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black compels suimate in nine moves.

Game No. 601.

A fine specimen of the ten "blindfold" games played by Louis Paulsen at the Cologne Chess Congress of the West German Chess League.

KING'S KT'S DEFENCE.

Attack, F. Werner.	Defence, L. Paulsen.	Attack, F. Werner.	Defence, L. Paulsen.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	21..Q B to Q 6 +	Q R × B
2..K B-B 4	K Kt-B 3	22..Q × Q R +	K-Kt sq
3..Q Kt-B 3	P-Q B 3	23..Castles, Q R	K-his R 2
4..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 4	24..P-K R 3	P-K 6 (e)
5..K P × P	P-K 5	25..P-K Kt 4	P-K 7
6..Q-K 2	B P × P	26..Q R-K sq	K R-K sq
7..K B-Kt 5 +	Q Kt-B 3	27..Q-K B 4	P-Q 5
8..K B × Kt +	Kt P × B	28..Kt-Q R 4	Q-her Kt 5
9..P-Q 4	K B-Q 3	29..P-Q Kt 3	Q-B 6 +
10..K Kt-K 5	K B × Kt	30..K-Kt sq	P-Q B 4 (f)
11..Q P × B	K Kt-Q 2	31..Q-her 6 (g)	Q B-Kt 2
12..Q-K Kt 4 (a)	K-B sq (b)	32..K R-his 2 (h)	Q B-B 6
13..Q-K Kt 3	Q B-R 3	33..P-K Kt 5	Q-Kt 5
14..P-K B 4 (c)	Q-her Kt 3	34..Kt P × Kt (i)	Q × Q R +
15..P-K B 5	P-K R 4	35..K-Q Kt 2	Q-K Kt 8
16..P-K 6 (d)	Kt-K B 3	36..R × K P	K R × R
17..Q-her 6 +	K-Kt sq	37..P-K B 7	R × B P +
18..K P × P +	K × B 2d P	38..K × K R	Q-K B 7 +
19..Q-K 6 +	K-his B sq	39..K-Q B sq	Q-K 8 +,
20..Q B-B 4	Q R-Q sq	drawn by perpetual (ch).	

(*a*) A quaint sort of move, but it shows that Herr Werner knows what he is about.

(*b*) Equally odd looking as his antagonist's, and as much to the purpose; for, be it observed, to castle would cost the exchange, and 12..P to K Kt 3d would get him into trouble by the Attack's advance of K P.

(*c*) Q B to K 3d occurs to us as a desirable move here. Kt × K P, with a view to Q to her R 3 +, would, perhaps, be less so.

(*d*) The Attack plays with a good deal of *nous* here, and it must have required all Herr Paulsen's skill and unrivalled self-possession to hold his own in a position like the present, when playing nine other games blindfold at the same time!

(*e*) By thus forcing his antagonist to look at home, the Defence gains time to recover himself; with what good effect we shall see presently.

(*f*) Paulsen's last two moves do not strike us as the best at his command. They place his Queen *hers du combat*, and thus, in a great degree, give up the attack. We have little doubt, however, that he was right, and that it is only imperfect comprehension which presents our seeing at once that he was so.

(*g*) 31..P to K Kt 5th would have been very hazardous on account of the threatened retort, Kt to Q 4th.

(*h*) Here, we think, the Attack lost his way. He should now advance his K Kt P, *e. g.*:

32..P to K Kt 5	B × R (1)	34..P to K B 7	B × B P +
33..Kt P × Kt	Q B-K 5	35..K-R sq, and the counter-attack is at an end.	

If Defence try 34..Q to her Kt 5th, the Attack wins by 35..Q to K Kt 3d.

(1) 32..Q B to K 5 would lead to certain defeat; and if:

32..	Kt to K 5	36..Q to K 8 +	K to R 2
33..Q to Kt 6 +	K-Kt sq	37..R × K P	Kt-B 6 +
34..Q × K R +	K-his R 2	38..Kt × Kt	P × Kt, and
35..Q × R P +	K-Kt sq	Attack mates in two moves.	

(*i*) Even now, so full of capabilities is Herr W.'s position, the utmost Paulsen can obtain is a draw.

CHEQUERS.

Game No. 28.---Vol. XV.
DYKE.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11 to	15	22 to	17	10..13 to	22	26 to	17
2..15	19	24	15	11.. 7	10	31	26
3..10	19	23	16	12..10	19	32	27
4..12	19	25	22	13.. 2	7	17	14
5.. 7	10	27	24	14.. 7	11	27	24
6..10	15	22	18	15..11	15	18	11
7..15	22	24	15	16.. 8	15	14	10
8.. 3	7(a)	30	25	17.. 6	9	10	7
9.. 9	13	25	18	18.. 9	14.	White wins.	

(*a*) Sturges remarks that this move loses the game, and gives in its stead 9 to 13. See Walker's Edition of Sturges, in Bohn's Handbook of Games.

Solution of Position No. 53.--Vol. XV.
BY THE ED. D. D.

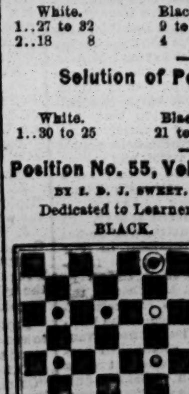
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..27 to 32	9 to 18	3..19 to 16	11 to 20
2..18 8	4 11	4..28 24, and wins.	

Solution of Position No. 54.--Vol. XV.
BY STURGES.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..30 to 25	21 to 30	2.. 8 to 11, and wins.	

Position No. 55, Vol. XV.
BY I. D. J. SWEET.
Dedicated to Learners.

BLACK.

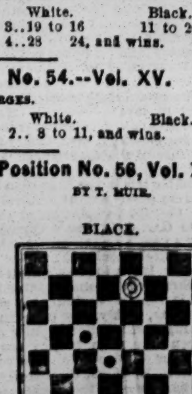


WHITE.

White to move and win.

Position No. 56, Vol. XV.
BY T. MUIR.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

To Correspondents.

JULIUS H. HYISLEY, Hartford, N. Y.—We do not know that any copies of Anderson's work are for sale at present in the city. There may be, however; we will make inquiry and let you know the result. Spayth's American Draught Player may probably be obtained of the American News Co., 121 Nassau st., in this city; price, $2.

J. MCK., Newark, N. Y.—We have not the position before us at present, but will examine and report soon.

TAR RIVER.—As we understand your statement, C. wins the money.

A GRAND SLAUGHTER.
Sheep-Killing Match for $2,000.

As was announced in last week's CLIPPER, a match of an unusual character took place at Davis & Herrington's abattoir at Communipaw, near Jersey City, on Monday, the 25th ult., which was nothing else than a sheep slaughtering contest for $2,000. The pecuniary investment was made by J. Mosser and J. Herrington, the former backing Timothy O'Keefe and Rodger Gorman against Richard Slack, Ephraim Charitan and Abraham Swartz, two against three, the two to kill and dress 75 sheep and 50 lambs in less time than the three could do it in. This seemed improbable, consequently the trio had the call in the betting. The innocents to be slaughtered and have their wool pulled were placed in two pens near the shambles. Just previous to the hour named for swinging the knife the men were stripped for the fray, but only a few spectators were admitted, fearing, perhaps, that a crowd would draw off the attention of the executioners from their work. At 10 o'clock A. M., precisely, the signal was given, when to work went the contestants with the utmost alacrity. One man would seize a sheep, bring it to the edge of the pen and hold it down while another "stuck" him, and by the time his neck was broken across the edge of the raised flooring another sheep was ready for the same operation, and this was continued until the open space in front of the pen was filled with eight or ten carcases. One man of each party would then "leg" them by stripping down the hide from the legs and swing them on to the shambles. The others would then give two or three dexterous slashes with their knives, seize hold of the pelt and strip it down to the neck, and then sever the head; next the carcas was wiped up, then ripped up, the entrails tore out, the fore legs pinned up, the "sects" placed, and the work was done. Men were provided who removed the carcases from the shambles, and carried away the pelts and entrails. The result was as follows: The first hour 23 sheep were dressed by each party. When two hours had elapsed the two men were one behind the trio, 54 to 55 being the tally. In three hours and forty-five minutes the tally stood 100 each, the three men having the advantage of several more sheep "stuck." When O'Keefe and O'Gorman had 20 sheep to kill, their opponents were ahead two. The two men then made a spirt, and were the winners by two head. Time, 4 hours and 32 minutes, being an average of a little over two minutes and ten seconds per head. All the men concerned are Washington Market butchers. An old butcher says that it is good work to "kill and dress 125 sheep in seven hours, railroad work for six hours, and lightning work for five hours or less." It is stated that a large amount of money changed hands, both on time and the result between the parties. O'Keefe was acknowledged to be the most expert dresser amongst the five, while all were admitted to be experts at making mutton abundant in the market.

RARE OLD-COUNTRY SPORT ON THANKSGIVING EVE.—The Brewery Shades, West 41st street, was the centre of attraction for a large number of the lovers of the old-country games of bagatelle and skittles on the evening of the 27th inst., two very interesting matches taking place. In the skittle match, Bill Cleaver pitted four novices named Jim Williams, Paul Jones, Geo. Alcock and McCarthy against an equal number produced by the proprietors of the Shades, yclept Billy McClennan, "Champagne Charley," Young Hawkshaw and "Rough Diamond." The conditions of the match were to play eleven chalks up, for $25 a side and a spread. The game was stubbornly disputed and very exciting to those present, who frequently gave vent to their feelings by loud applause at the particularly brilliant play made by each man. It lasted over three hours and was ultimately won by King's party by 4 points. The return game will be played at Cleaver's Half Way House, 320 8th ave., on Tuesday evening, December 3d, at 8 o'clock. While the game was going on above stairs, a bagatelle match between eight players from the rival houses of Bob Campbell, of the "Thistle," and Tom King, for a supper, was played down in the "lower regions." The Thistle was re-represented by John Stewart, Jim Merraman, Bill Rankin and Bob Campbell, while Tom Harris, Jim Carson, Harry Jackson and "Goodale" upheld the honor of the "Shades." The play was excellent on both sides, eliciting frequent applause from the bystanders, and finally resulted in another victory for the King party after a two hour's game. After the games were concluded, winners and losers adjourned to the dining room, where a bountiful repast had been prepared, to which they did full justice, proving their appreciation of the abilities of the hostess. This will doubtless be the commencement of a series of matches in various parts of the metropolis and Brooklyn, as the season is now fully inaugurated.

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Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Dec. 2, 1867.

OLD BOREAS ushered in the first winter month with every indication of a chilling term, making glad the hearts of unfeeling coal dealers, and blasting the hopes of the poor, who had begun to think that we were to *have* no winter. Ah, well; what is one man's meat is another man's poison, says an old adage, and a true one. But whether 'tis winter or summer, fall or spring, our readers expect us to furnish them their usual bill of fare, and discuss the various topics of the day that fall in our summary line, just as we expect them to provide us with the ways and means to keep the machine in good running order. As we look out, everything wears a wintry aspect; the trees have doffed their summer attire, and appear in their bare trunks; the foliage, erstwhile keeping everything so shady, has taken its leave; the boughs, bending beneath the keen blasts of winter, make their bows, bidding us adieu for a short season. Yes, now is the very witching winter cold, when closets give up their hoards of overcoats, and Boreas breathes bright redness to the nose; hot whiskey punches, whose temperature at summer time would sure appal, now bring joy and gladness to the inner man, and make him damn inspectors......Thanksgiving day, *as* a thanksgiving day, was a miserable and drizzleable failure. The churches—even those wherein star preachers held forth "for this occasion only"—presented a beggarly account of empty pews, for pious people are loth to bury themselves in a church on a rainy day, when they can do all their praying alongside of a nice hot stove and an inviting dinner. And, to show the difference between the saints and sinners, while the former absented themselves from meeting places, the latter thronged the theatres, the circus, the music and minstrel halls as they were ne'er more thronged before. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, says somebody, and we guess somebody is right; the rich grow richer, and the poor poorer: for

> We know that when a man is poor
> He don't get many calls,
> Or visit much, but strange enough
> Goes daily to "three balls!"

......Dickens is being "worked up," as go-ahead agents would say. We now swear "by Dickens," dress by Dickens, and do everything else by Dickens. And yet he has not made his appearance in the "Great Metropolis" at this end of the ferry. The Germans are going to invite him to a banquet of Bologna sausage and lager bier, in the Bowery; Frenchmen intend to stuff him with bull frogs' legs and fricasseed horse; *we*, the American people, are preparing a compound of hash and clam chowder for his delectation. Jimmy, turn the crank, and see what the machine poet has to say about "our welcome guest:"

THE KING OF THE JOHNNY BULL AUTHORS.

AIR—"*The King of the Cannibal Islands.*"

> Oh! have you heard the news of late—
> Charles Dickens has arrived in state,
> So we in verse will celebrate
> The fact of this pleasant occasion.
> There is no Yankee now but quotes
> From "Chuzzlewit" or else his "Notes;"
> We've "Dickens" hats, and ties, and coats—
> In short, he's the sensation.
>
> CHORUS:
> Hokey! pokey! now he's come,
> Yankee writers don't look glum,
> For there are folks who reckon him "some,"
> This King of the Johnny Bull authors.
>
> He sailed across in forty-two,
> And in his purse the dollars flew,
> Although he swears that they were few
> He got from Yankee Doodle!
> We gave him grub and fine old wine—
> In fact, he had a high old time,
> For we paid his hotel bills every dime,
> Did this generous Yankee Doodle.
>
> CHORUS:
> Hokey! pokey! &c., &c., &c., &c.
>
> He reads his books to time beguile,
> And when he does, of course "strikes ile,"
> For the ticket buyers, half a mile
> Take up, while waiting with patience.
> His living wo'nt cost him a "red,"
> For he's had offers, so 'tis said,
> Of board and lodging, bread and bed,
> In fact of all his rations!
>
> CHORUS.
> Hokey! Pokey! &c., &c., &c., &c.
>
> Though on our ways he's been severe,
> And what he's written sounds most queer,
> He need not have the slighest fear
> Of Yankee Doodle's anger.
> We'll treat him well and send him back
> With pockets filled until they crack,
> With many a new and bright greenback,
> From the coffers of Uncle Samuel.
>
> CHORUS.
> Hokey! Pokey! &c., &c., &c., &c.

......"Our Jim" attended a meeting of the American Philosophical Society the other evening, and ever since he has been going on like a person deranged. Although Jim's education is not yet finished, he already dives into the hidden mysteries of occult sciences, and slings an uncommon fanciful pen. The following composition he has handed us for publication, and we give it to our readers just as we received it, *verbatim*, for we have grown tired correcting his manuscript and putting it in readable order. Just see what an awful mess he makes of anything which has not had the benefit of our supervision:—

ODE TO NITE.

BY OUR JIM. (*Put this in big tipes.*)

'Twas nite, and silens rained! the sun had sot in a mixtur of ski blu and lalok as the nite Shades no longer bard there dores agin the entrans of bummers in surch of beer. As I gased on this sene, the hevings put on their gorguous arra and apparel, strekes of red and green and yaller litin up the hil sides as with a hello of effulgens and stitck huse, divertin the mind from the grose things of urth to the unspotles fabricks of a hier wurld. And thus I stud and stud, and thort of the seleschual inhabitans of the mune and stars and meters wich predominate in the hevingly furmyment. Wile I was perusin these artistick wurx of nature, I thort to myself those words—"Wot is Man?" and "how little do a man no about the butees of anuther wurld!" Gasin karmly on the surroundin' stilnes of the naborin' borden houses, hoos inhabitans see nort of senes transpirin' in the outer wurld, and perchance li dremin of the mornin' mele, or hopin' agin hope for a fall in the prise of spring chickings, I sered beyond the domane of sinful man, and wep. In mi mind's I, I wanderd to the far of shores of blis and bathed in a se of hevingly rest, as the wel none Mister Wats says in his smal song buk. Wile lorst in thort, wile musin' on them subjick, of which I hev spoken, a suddin surprise awokened me from mi delishus and innocent dreme. Bef me stud a pale fased man of mabap 4ty winturs; he was much haggerd, and his rayment shode he was not fashnable atired. He stud like a stattu til he thort I was not unengaged enny more, and then his snoreous woice broke the stil spel of quitaness of which I hev preevusly referd, and these were the conversashun wich ensude:—

Man of Forty Winters.—Yung sur, skuse the interupshun of 1 hoo wonst nu better dase, hoos thorts like yourn did mount abuv the common hurd, and yurn for things beyond.

Our Jim.—What wud'st thou, unnone frend? Hastest the cold hand of an unfeelin' wurld cast the out on sich a inclement nite as those to battel agin the breses of outraged natur? (*I thort to dror him out if he was a classkel skoller.*)

Man of Forty Winters.—Har! those woice, those wurds remines me of uther dase, wen, with the ruddy glo of elth upon me cheke I sort the wuds to wile awa a idil minit. Ar! littel did I imajin that pennery and want shud be mi arfter lot. Wo! wo! wo!

Our Jim.—(*I cuddent resist the oppertoonity for a joak*) kind sur yure mind is wanderin; this isn't no stabel that yu shud cry wo when there isn't nothin' to wo! (*He never sene it*).

Man of Forty Winters.—Dase and nites hav I romed these noisy streies, yet no compashonat hand was extendid, no danety chere held out to me.

Our Jim.—(Why didn't you sit down on the kurb stone if yu cuddent git a chere? I sed sportivly). The darkis hour is the hour bef da, wen it beclouds the wind and leves the interleck like it was in a total eclips. (*I noticed that the Man of Forty were gittin closer to me, like a theef in the nite, and I grode suspishus*).

Man of Forty Winters.—(*Innersent like*)—See yon orb? (*'Twas the mune he had refrens to.*) Ony a minit ago it wus obskewered in a hevvy bank of cloudlets, but now, yer se, it hes emerged from its dark abiss, and flotes like a bekin to a shipracked marriner. Dost see?"

Our Jim.—I dost. (*'Tis a fool mune, I sed in jest.*)

Man of Forty Winters.—'Twil sune be gon, like a butiful dreme. But farewel—the doos racks mi bones, and I fane wud reche sum frenly shelter. Yung sur, shud we never mete agin, may heving bles you.

Our Jim.—Adu, ma peas and plenty be with the, and ma the blite of advers fortun give the a wide burth.

My frens, ere I sort mi frugal couch, ere mi thorts reveld in nite mares and fruteles suppers, I wus aware that the Man of Forty wus a bad eg, for he had surruptishusly entised awa mi pocket buk, and all I had in it, and wus now, probly, enjoyin hisself in sum frenly shelter at my expens. Oh, nite! wot a misbel fraud yu art, wich encureges the sli burglar and rewards the thefe. Too troo! "Wot is man?" "How littel du a man no about any other man!"

End of Ode to Nite.

......Talking about acting, did we ever tell you about "a young gentleman of this city—his first appearance on any stage?" I'll tell you how it was. He essayed the part of the "Crook-backed Tyrant," as Richard III. is irreverently called. He had gone through the part in a most melancholy manner, and had reached the final scene where King Dick is slain and left weltering in his gore, so to speak. At this juncture the curtain should have been lowered, but owing to a hitch of some sort or other, the "rag" refused to budge, and Richard was in a terrible stew. "Drop the curtain!" said he, but nary a drop. To add to his mortification, Richmond and his army had left the stage when they found that the curtain came not down. Tired of his horizontal position, the defunct Richard at last arose, and, as if to convey the impression that he was not *altogether* recovered, *he limped off*, amid the shouts and derisive laughter of a crowded and promiscuous audience.......And now to wind up our wintry summary, permit us to make a little verse

ABOUT ACTORS.

> Actors are 'mong the best of men,
> And show a generous heart,
> For should emergencies arise,
> *They'll take each other's part!*

CHANGE OF BASE.—Things have not been going on *coleur de rose*—as we say in French—at Banvard's of late, impecuniosity in the treasury department making matters generally unhealthy. Manager De Pol, it appears, was under contract to pay a rental of $30,000 per year for the establishment, which is heavy paper for a place so far up town as Banvard's is. De Pol brought out the "Devil's Auction," introducing therein a fine *ballet* and some very attractive principal dancers; but the people did not crowd the house in every part, and the manager—who seems disposed to do what is right—was unable to make the different ends meet. Fearing that De Pol was about to remove *all* his things to the Academy of Music—which has also been in a state of distressful impecuniosity—the owners of Banvard's got out an injunction to prevent it; and it is said that a suit has also been instituted to recover damages for injury done the theatre by the style of piece produced by De Pol and his partner, Tamaro. A *matinee* was given on Saturday, but no evening performance, the scenes, properties and paraphernalia belonging to the Spanish gentlemen being transferred to the Academy of Music, where the "Golden Branch" is to take root on Tuesday evening, Dec. 3d, and bloom every other evening until further notice. It is not likely that the litigation between the owners of Banvard's and the late lessees will amount to anything. So much for the "Devil's Auction." Going, going, *gone!*

EXTENSIVE preparations are already being made at Niblo's Garden, by Manager Wheatley and his little army of co-laborers, for the speedy production of another spectacular piece which will, it is stated, eclipse in every particular the "Black Crook," whose days are already numbered, as the attendance the past two or three weeks has fallen off considerably. The "Crook" will continue to keep the stage through the holidays, and the new sensation will be brought out early in January. The entire stock of scenery used in Paris in "La Biche au Bois"—the said piece having enjoyed a run greater than that of the "Crook"—has been purchased, and was shipped last week for this country. The production of the new piece will introduce features never before attempted in this country, features certainly of the most novel description. One act will represent what may be called two stages, and while a grand *ballet* is going on on the regular stage, another portion of the drama will be presented above, giving in reality two performances at the same time. This idea will be carried out upon the most extensive scale. The *ballet* will be the great feature of the performance. In addition to some of the greatest *danseuses* that can be secured in Europe, San Galli, the greatest favorite that has yet appeared at Niblo's, will once more put in an appearance. Mark Smith and Fanny Stockton will be in the cast, and probably Emily Thorne. The "Black Crook," with all its scenery, properties and general appointments, will be taken to the Boston Theatre for a brief season, after which Philadelphia and probably other large cities will be visited. The title of the new piece has not yet been divulged, but some say that it is to be called "The White Fawn."

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" continues to attract to the Olympic crowded and delighted audiences. The spectacle is certainly one of the most superbly mounted of any yet seen in this country. A second sitting through of the play, one evening last week, revealed many beauties that cannot be noticed at a single visit. With but very few exceptions, we cannot speak in complimentary terms of the acting, as some of the principal *roles* are in the hands of novices. While some of the ladies are very fine so far as their vocal abilities are concerned, their dramatic actions are so stilted that they remind us more of the first attempts of an amateur than anything else. Too much cannot be said in praise of the general mounting of the piece, for the costumes and appointments are really magnificent. The scenic effects are also excellent, and the transformation scene is as elaborate and striking as any previously seen in this country. By a great many it is considered superior to the one in the "Black Crook," but no higher praise can be bestowed upon it than to pronounce it its equal.

BROOKHOUSE BOWLER, a gentleman well known in this country as a tenor with the Cooper English Opera Troupe, as well as the husband of Annie Kemp, the Stalacta of the "Black Crook" at Niblo's, and who for the past five years has been singing with success in England in English opera and oratorios, is expected to arrive in this city during the present month.

RISTORI, who has been up "for Havana and a market" for some time, was to have taken her *final* departure for the Island of Cuba on Nov. 28th, but just previous to the time fixed for the lady's sailing, a cable dispatch from Havana cautioned the actress against visiting that place at present, owing to the prevalence of yellow fever and other obnoxious diseases. Therefore, the Madame has deferred her departure until February, much to the disgust of the parties who expected to profit by the speculation.

DIED DURING A PERFORMANCE.—On Thanksgiving night, Haydn's Oratorio of "The Seasons" was performed at Steinway Hall. While the entertainment was in progress, an elderly gentleman named Henry H. P. Meyer, who was seated among the audience with his wife and daughter, was taken suddenly ill, and died in his seat. He resided in Hoboken. Some portions of the oratorio were bunglingly done, but this is not supposed to have had anything to do with the decease of one of the auditors.

"MAUD'S PERIL," which was produced at Wallack's Theatre on Nov. 25th, has not created much enthusiasm, and an afterpiece is now tacked on to help make out an entertainment. Wallack's has not been at all successful with its new pieces this season, notwithstanding they have embodied as much blood and thunder in their composition as some of the orthodox dramas given at the Old Bowery.

JANAUSCHEK, the German actress, closed her engagement at the Academy on the 30th of November. The German element prevailed in her audiences, which have not been of a very remunerative character. Maretzek's speculations seem to hang fire this season.

HARTZ, the illusionist, terminated his eleven nights' stay at Dodworth Hall, on Nov. 29th. This gentleman is one of the best performers in his line of business seen in this country. He makes none of the claims which the jugglers who have humbugged the people of this country commonly do. He is no juggler, no charlatan, but a man of intellect and science. Although most of his feats have been performed by nearly all of the first class magicians, yet Mr. Hartz executes them so neatly and with so much apparent ease that they appear as good as new. Among his best feats are the following:—The taking of three common flower pots, filled with earth, which the audience are allowed to examine and punch their canes into the dirt to prove that nothing but dirt can be inside; he then places them on a table, after which he puts a sheet of white paper, about two feet high, made like a cone, over the pots, and in a few minutes takes it off and shows a bush filled with roses. It is a very clever trick and takes well. His taking about fifty tin cups (all of the same size) from a hat, is another good trick. But the crowning climax is the floating head, which is seen resting upon a cushion, without any body to be seen, and which answers questions, doing the second sight business. Hartz is a wonderful performer.

THE LUBIN BROTHERS, who are experts in the manufacture of magical apparatus, may be addressed as per advertisement in the CLIPPER.

J. HOLMES GROVER, the Irish comedian, has taken the Worrell Sisters' theatre for a matinee on the 11th inst., and will appear as "Handy Andy," supported by a company made up from the principal theatres in this city.

BILLY WEST, of Duprez and Benedict's Minstrels, was married to Mrs. Harris, of Baltimore, Md., on Nov. 24th, in this city.

THE PAST WEEK brought a succession of crowded audiences to the American Theatre, and Manager Butler was in a smiling mood every evening, about 10 o'clock, when he entered his box office to get from the treasurer the returns of the evening. The company engaged here, which is already an attractive one, is strengthened this week by the addition of James Wambold, banjoist and comedian.

THERE is an entire change of bill this week with Kelly and Leon's Minstrels. "Faust," after having been played for four weeks, was withdrawn on Nov. 30. The business at this house last week was as great as any week since the party first opened. Several nights the house was so crowded that even standing room could not be had. The company is one of the best we have had in this city for a long time, and they give a good first and second part.

SAD CASE.—The many friends of the popular actor, Charles Fisher, long connected with Wallack's Theatre, will learn with regret that his retirement from the stage, of which he was so distinguished an ornament, has been rendered absolutely necessary on account of the failure of his mental faculties, the result of domestic troubles. His friends have placed him in an institution devoted to the cure of such cases, and it is to be hoped that before long he will be perfectly re-established in health, both mental and physical.

SEVERAL NEW FACES appear at the Theatre Comique this evening, among whom will be found Rosina Jeffries, comedienne and vocalist; Henry Richards, a buffo vocalist, said to be from the London Concerts; Walter Birch, Harry Robinson and Dave Hawley, who, together with a troupe of performing dogs and monkeys, and the already large company engaged at this establishment, make up one of the largest variety troupes in this city.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTREL HALL has been the scene of gay, happy crowds during the past week. Billy Birch out-did Birch; he electrified his audiences by the spontaneousness with which he let off his combustible material. Backus and Bernard indulged in their penchant of shooting folly as it flies. Wambold's vocalization is as popular as ever; the instrumental department is in excellent hands, and we have seldom listened to as delicately and sweetly rendered refrains, duets and choruses.

"THE HEART OF THE GREAT CITY" is the title of a new local drama written by Thaddeus B. Glover, of this city, soon to be brought out at the old Bowery Theatre, in which R. Johnson is to take the leading character, we understand. Dec. 8th is fixed upon as the date of its first production.

"NORWOOD," which has failed to make the sensation in its dramatic form that was anticipated for it, will be withdrawn from the boards of the Worrell Sisters' Theatre on the 3d inst, and the successful play of "Under the Gaslight" will be revived on the 4th.

THE NEW YORK CIRCUS is in a flourishing condition; the horses and their riders all seem animated with the desire to excel; the gymnasts and vaulters bound about like so many India rubber balls; the contortionist must be made of gutta percha; Pfau the gymnast continues to win hosts of friends by his wonderful performance on the flying trapeze; the clowns and all hands down to those who sit on the corners of the spring board, to keep it steady, do their duty well. The *matinees* given at this establishment attract crowded audiences.

SOLD!—The sale of tickets for Charles Dickens' readings in this city commenced on the 29th ult., a string of anxious spectators and others extending from Steinway Hall in 14th street to Irving Hall at 15th street and Irving Place. On this occasion the season tickets to a course of four readings were sold, the amount received for the same being $12,000! which goes to show that Charles is likely to carry away many of our mopusses. Speculators were on hand as thick as Dutchmen around a newly-opened keg of lager bier, but they were prevented from monopolising *all* the tickets owing to "nice little arrangements" made in an official quarter. Charles is to commence his reading lessons on Dec. 9th, when, doubtless, there will be an immense gathering of ink slingers and those who affect "literature as a pastime."

THE BURLESQUE of "Queen Bess" not being quite ready for production at the Fifth Avenue Opera House, as previously announced, it is postponed until the 9th inst., when it will be given with a good cast, new scenery and the music from "The Duchess of Gerolstein." For the present week five burlesques are announced, as follows:—On the 2d, "Cinderella," with the comedietta of "Fit to be a Duchess;" 2d, "Medea," and the farce of "Too Much for Good Nature;" 4th, "Medea;" 5th, "Fra Diavolo;" 6th, "Shylock;" 7th, "Aladdin;" and 8th, "Aladdin" and "Cinderella." Mrs. Charles Howard Watkins recovered her voice during the past week, and is now singing well.

TONY PASTOR sings at his Opera House this week two new songs which he has just received from London, Eng., where they have become so popular that nearly every comic singer in that city is giving them at every "turn." They are entitled "Not for Joseph" and "The Ring Master." The first is something after the style of "The Young Man from the Country," and was written by Arthur Lloyd. The song is the subject of considerable controversy in the last issue of the London *Era*, as Alfred Lee, author of "Champage Charley," has written a song which he calls "Net for Joseph." The afterpiece to be played this week will be "Ireland and America," and the company appear in a variety of acts.

THANKSGIVING comes but once a year; but we should think that the managers would like it to come once a week, if not oftener, were it always to bring such large audiences as those that attended the different places of amusement on last Thursday evening, Nov. 28th. Performances were given at nearly every place in the city, afternoon and evening. The rain operated against business in the afternoon, yet they were all comfortably attended, while the Circus and Tony Pastor's Opera House were crowded. In the evening, every place was crowded to repletion. At Niblo's, money was returned, and hundreds turned away before the performance commenced. Every available spot was occupied, and chairs and barrels were brought into requisition. The Olympic paid back nearly two hundred dollars, and it was amusing to see those who were content with standing the entire evening, resting one foot on a lager beer keg, and the other on a carpenter's horse, while others were perched upon the stoves. At Butler's American Theatre, the orchestra seats were run back to within three rows of the door, and the audience was packed like sardines in a box. Tony Pastor took more money at his Opera House than ever before. The San Francisco Minstrels, as well as Kelly and Leon's, refused admission to hundreds, and the New York Theatre, for once, had a crowded house to see "Norwood."

L. W. SEAVEY & Co., whose advertisement is in another column, are adding to the paintings of the "Pilgrim," a series of pictures representing the "Enchanted Ground," embracing several new and beautiful effects.

Dramatic.

THE HOLMAN OPERA TROUPE has found Toronto, C. W., a good place to run to, where the result of their performances is a good harvest of hard cash. On the 15th ult., a benefit was given them, of which the Toronto *Daily Telegraph* thus speaks:—"The benefit at the theatre last night was hardly needed to prove the high estimation in which the Holman Opera Troupe is held by the people of Toronto. Never since the days of Nickinson—always looked back upon as the golden age of the drama in this city—has the theatre witnessed such a succession of crowded houses as during the last six weeks. The versatile powers of the company, ranging from opera to the pantomime, from tragedy to farce, the evident desire to please on the part of every member of it, and the care shown in even the minutest detail that could add to the success of each performance, have received a well merited reward in the shape of well filled houses and continually increasing favor. The successes of the past six weeks have proved, what some managers have denied, that under good management, and with a good company, a theatre in Toronto is certain of support. To Miss Sallie Holman, as leading member of the company, the greater part of this success is due. Her pleasing manner no less than the goodness of her acting, has not only made her a general favorite, but has added personal esteem for her, as a lady, to admiration of her as an actress. If any proof of her popularity was needed, it was given last night by a house crowded to repletion in every part. The opera 'La Somnambula' is one in which Miss Holman particularly excels. Her part, performed with her usual spirit and fidelity, was well supported by the rest of the company. She was twice called before the curtain, and at the conclusion, in a few well placed words, expressed her gratification at the reception she had met with. We can only add that the reception was well deserved, for to her, together with the other members of the troupe, it is owing that Toronto has been able to prove that it only needs a good class of plays and good actors to ensure the support of a theatre."

EMILIE MELVILLE commenced an engagement at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., on Nov. 25th, in "Pet of the Petticoats" and "Jenny Lind," followed on the 26th by "Satan in Paris" and "Pretty Horsebreaker."

THE SEASON'S RECEIPTS of the different places of amusement in Boston, from October 31st, 1866, to the same date of the current year, amounts to the following:—Boston Theatre (11 months,) $270,796; Boston Museum, $145,853; Howard Athenæum, $114,394; Continental Theatre, $113,238; Morris Brothers' Opera House, $104,600; Theatre Comique, $90,443; total, $839,524. The above does not include the returns of the Boston Theatre for October of this year, nor of various concerts, &c. The return of the Continental includes $6,043 received by the company while traveling outside of the State.

MILLER'S DRAMATIC COMPANY opened in Monroe, Mich., on Nov. 25th. The route of this company from Monroe is over the Michigan Southern Railroad, and down the Michigan Central Road.

"NOBODY'S DAUGHTER" was performed five times in Boston on Thanksgiving Day, twice at the Boston Theatre, and three times at the Museum.

MCFARLAND announced the opening in Dubuque, Iowa, of his dramatic season on Dec. 2d, with Susan Denin as the star.

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT" was to have been brought out under the supervision of R. P. Farren, at Toronto, C. W., on the 2d inst., by the Holman Opera Troupe.

THE BOSTON THEATRE TRAVELING COMPANY, under the management of E. M. Leslie, put in three nights at the Worcester, Mass., Theatre, commencing on Nov. 25th. "Under the Gaslight" was produced on each evening to a fine business.

WALLACK'S company, or at least a portion of his company, gave a one night show at the Brooklyn Academy on Nov. 28th. The deleterious character of the weather prevented any great outpouring of the religious people of Brooklyn.

OUR NEW ORLEANS advices are up to Nov. 23d. Our correspondent, "Gamma," writing under that date, says:—"The French Theatre opened on Nov. 21st; the house was crowded. 'La Favorite' was admirably given, and the troupe has been pronounced the best that ever visited New Orleans. Mlle. Audubert, prima donna, and Mons. Picot, first tenor, were, however, the great successes of the evening. The comic opera *corps* opens to-night in the 'Barber of Seville.'......Mr. and Mrs. Gomersal have made a decided and genuine hit at the Varieties, and are destined to become great favorites. Mrs. Gomersal's artistic rendition of 'La Fille du Regiment,' and the delicious manner in which she gives the music, is universally commented upon; indeed, the whole of her admirable performances are the subjects of every tongue. Gomersal is looked upon as one of the best eccentric actors who has ever visited this city. Hight is gaining ground fast as an excellent old man of the good old school, and I need not add that Charley Pope, John Dyott and Moses W. Fiske hold their own most admirably...... Ben DeBar is now managing the St. Charles. The old Drury never looked handsomer than it does at present with its beautiful drop curtain, chaste and rich frescoes, and its tasteful decorations of white and gold. The company is an excellent one. Especial mention should be made of Miss Silvester, who as a *soubrette* has taken the town by storm, and, for her years and experience, is looked upon as one of the best actresses that has visited this city for some time. Noyes, Guyar, Frank Pierce, Stevens, and N. Hyams have made decided impressions amongst the male portion, and deservedly so, for they are painstaking and excellent artists. Cecile Rush has not hitherto been playing a very good engagement, but last night she had an excellent house for her benefit, and the new play of 'Caste,' produced here for the first time, and most capitally put upon the stage and acted, went off with great success. Business at this house the past week has been fast picking up, and as Lotta opens on Monday next, we may hope for an increase of good business......The Academy of Music has been doing a bad business; no doubt the public have been holding back for the production of the 'Tale of Enchantment,' with all the scenery, effects, and Parisian *ballet* troupe, imported from Paris by Mr. Bidwell. It will be played to-night, and the scenery by Porter is said to be unusually rich and effective.....The German Theatre is doing very well, and Herr Franz Himmel, tragedian, and the *prima donna*, Sophie Dezubia, have made favorable impressions......At the little Olympic things are flourishing, and the house is doing the best paying business of all the theatres. Fred. T. Shaw, comic singer, put in an appearance last Monday. C. McMillan is proving a most attractive and successful stage manager, and as a comedian is nightly growing in favor. Senorita Marie is proving herself a trump card and has surprised everybody by her natural acting as well as her dancing. Geo. C. Brydon's performances always evince the careful and experienced actor and artist, and are received with applause. Sweatnam, Keegan and Banker are a most inimitable trio in the Ethiopian business, and Leon Chenat deserves every praise for the admirable manner he has trained his *ballet*. Cal. Wagner is engaged and will shortly appear. In addition to Geo. C. Brydon's 'Olympus Reconstructed,' he has under way a new musical burlesque, by E. Straight, in four acts, on the 'Black Crook;' it is to be played during the forthcoming week. It is said to be a most laughable affair, and a very close paraphrase of its demon haunted original. Mr. Beamer, the proprietor, is rapidly regaining his strength; his energetic efforts in securing, weekly, new talent in every branch of the business is making the Olympic a popular resort. Miss Fannie Davenport, a recent accession, has, by her singing, established herself in the favor of the public. Her voice is a fine one, but needs cultivation......Business, theatrically, has been generally dull in New Orleans, owing to the recent epidemic, the disorganization of the planting labor and the deterioration in the price of cotton; it is generally expected that it will be a dull winter for all kinds of business. There are a good many 'fakirs' hovering around St. Charles street, waiting for something to turn up, and various traveling enterprises in the variety line are being organized."

THE "TALE OF ENCHANTMENT" was produced at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La., on Nov. 25th. A correspondent speaking of its production says:—"The scenery was exquisite, the marches, *ballet*, etc., admirable; added to which the Parisian Ballet Troupe—engaged by Bidwell in Europe—made its first appearance, and combined with the gorgeous spectacle created the greatest *furore* ever known in New Orleans. Long before the doors opened St. Charles street was so thronged that for a time the cars and vehicles could not pass, and speedily every seat in the theatre was filled and the house crowded to excess. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed among the audience, and a demand for the repetition of every *tableau* and dance was made and conceded; and now the 'Tale of Enchantment' or 'Black Crook'—as many will insist on calling it—is the topic of the town. The *ballets*, marches, evolutions, etc., are admirably arranged by that excellent *ballet* master, A. Zavistowski, and the charming Christine, Emeline and Alice were the gems of the evening. The scenes are splendidly painted by M. T. Porter. There was a rumor that an injunction would be placed upon the performance by De Bar and McDonough, but as yet none has appeared. Dolly Davenport, the manager, is to be congratulated upon the success of his managerial efforts. The weather is most lovely and very warm. We hear of no cases of fever now, although there are a few of cholera, but it is not epidemic."

THE BLACK CROOK, VS. TALE OF ENCHANTMENT.—On Nov. 22d Judge Pierce decided in the Memphis courts that the injunction served upon Geo. Deagle restraining him from performing the "Tale of Enchantment" was void. He said that he had no jurisdiction in the case. A correspondent, writing from Memphis, says:—"Mr. Deagle came here with his company and paraphernalia on Nov. 13th, having leased the Greenlaw Opera House, and although the stage was very contracted in depth and width, and wanting in almost every convenience, yet such was the energy and perseverance with which Deagle pushed things, the piece was produced the next evening to a crowded house and received constant applause from the audience. The next night it drew another full house, notwithstanding it was Lotta's first benefit at the New Memphis Theatre. The next day (the 16th), Mr. McVicker, who had arrived, caused an injunction to be served, just as a vast audience was assembling, and the doors were closed, and remained so until Nov. 22d. The district court is at present in session at Knoxville, Tenn., to which place McVicker proceeded on Nov. 24th, and for which Andy Flynn, of Nashville, left here on Nov. 25th, to represent the Deagle interest with all the necessary affidavits. What will be the result it is impossible to predict, but when it shall be proved that not a line of the text is taken from the 'Crook,' will it not be a little em-*barrass*-ing? The courts at Louisville and Cincinnati held that the drama, as arranged for John Allen, was exhibited, and he is now showing the same at New Orleans. It is *his* 'Tale of Enchantment' just as this is Deagle's. They may attempt to enjoin him, but he has the decisions at Louisville and Cincinnati to back him. Mr. Deagle means to travel with his spectacle through the principal cities of Georgia and South Carolina. Dr. G. A. Kane, well known to the show world, will leave here a few days in advance to make arrangements for its exhibition. He will visit the principal cities and secure halls that will be of sufficient size for the necessary display. Mr. Deagle will remain here so long as his piece draws, unless interrupted by the court."

IN MEMPHIS, business at the New Theatre is said to have improved considerably of late. Our correspondent says:—"Lotta's engagement was quite fair. Her farewell benefit on Nov. 22d, was a brilliant affair, the house being not only fashionable, but crowded to excess, without an inch of standing room to be had. Miss Fanny B. Price is the next star in this theatrical firmament—the fifth in succession—Belle Boyd, Lady Don, Emily Melville, Lotta, and now Miss Price! A male star or two sandwitched between so many graces might have been advantageous, and given them more piquancy, but managers cannot always have things their own way, and have to make arrangements to suit circumstances. Anderson has made a decided hit as Quilp, to Lotta's Little Nell and Marchioness, fairly dividing the honors with her, although she played both parts well. The engagement of Fanny Price, following Lotta's, will be unproductive, I fear, although she is a meritorious young lady and a studious actress. Although not exactly in the same line with the versatile little charmer, it is so near it as to be unfortunate at this time. If Booth or Owens could have made a wall between them, it would have been all the better."

CHAS. BARRON was the star at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., last week. Our correspondent says:—"Although this gentleman's talent is of a high order as a tragedian, he has played to extremely poor houses, except on Thanksgiving evening. This week Lady Don is the star. Pony Smith, who has been currently reported dead in many localities, is in Pittsburgh, right side up with care, and able to take his hash regularly three times a day."

MARY GLADSTANE inaugurated the star season at the Mobile Theatre on Nov. 18th, as Lady Audley in "Lady Audley's Secret." On the 20th she gave "Leah," in which she was supported by Oliver B. Doud as Rosenstein; Wm. Petrie as Lorenz; Harry St. Leon as Herman; J. P. Reynolds as Abram; H. J. Holmes as Father Heilman; Wm. M. Paul as Snyder; M. Brooke as Jacob; and Kate Estelle as Maria; Mrs. Bradshaw as Hela; and Alice Raymond as Old Eliza. On the 21st, the "Artist's Bride"; on the 22d, "East Lynne," and the 23d, "Lucretia Borgia" was given. Business is reported to have been bad.

"NOBODY'S DAUGHTER," Fulton and Maeder's offspring, has made a big hit in Boston, and attracted crowded houses last week at the Museum, where it was produced on Nov. 25th, with the following cast: Joyce Harker and Larkspur, the Dectective, L. R. Shewell; Victor Carrington, Harry B. Hudson; Black Milsom, F. Hardenbergh; Dennis Wayman, W. Warren; Reginald Eversleigh, J. A. Smith; Sir Oswald Eversleigh, R. F. McClannin; Capt. Cobblestone, C. L. Farwell; Jenny Milsom, Lady Eversleigh, and M'lle Brewer, Annie Clarke; Paulina Durski, Miss M. Parker; Lydia Graham, Fanny Skerritt; Mother Magg, Miss Wright. A correspondent says: "The scenery, which is all new and magnificent, is by Gaspard Maeder. The drawbridge is capitally done, having real chains made by a spring. Westminster Bridge is a fine set, and receives great applause. The gambling scene is very well done. The implements used are elaborate as well as costly. Judging by its great success the first week it is destined to enjoy a long run."

THE CURRAN AND WRIGHT "Black Crook" combination closed a two nights' engagement at Utica on Nov. 30th, and were to open at Cortland, N. Y., Dec. 2, for five nights.

IN WASHINGTON, D. C., Maggie Mitchell closed the second and last week of her engagement on Nov. 30. Our correspondent Novice, writing on the 29th, says: "'Little Barefoot,' was given on the 25th and following night, with an excellent cast. Mr. C. L. Allen's Farmer Peace, however, was not what it should have been. The gentleman was entirely too boisterous and noisy, not exactly succeeding in impersonating the character of a firm, unrelenting farmer. Yesterday afternoon (Thanksgiving Day) the stock gave 'Beauty and the Beast,' and in the evening the bill was the 'Little Treasure' and 'Margot.' This evening Miss Mitchell takes a second benefit, presenting 'Romeo and Juliet.' This will be the first Shakespearean play presented since the re-organization of the company, and will afford a good idea of what we may expect when Mr. Hackett gives us Falstaff, or when Edwin Forrest appears as Hamlet, Lear, and Othello. On Dec. 2 Mr. J. H. Hackett appears as Falstaff......Mrs. F. W. Lander commenced a six nights' engagement at Wall's Opera House on the 25th, supported by a company of her own selection, under the management of Mr. T. B. Pugh, and embracing the following artists: Mr. J. H. Taylor, Mr. A. W. Fenno, Mr. W. G. Cogswell, Mr. Geo. Becks, Mr. A. E. Levere, Mr. Struthers, Miss Minnie Monk, Miss Jeannie Gourlay, and Miss E. Monk. The first three nights Mrs. Lander appeared as Elizabeth in the English version and adaptation of Giacometti's tragedy of that name, prepared under Mrs. Lander's supervision by Miss Fanning Read of this city. The play, it will be remembered, was first produced in this city, at the National Theatre, last season. The portrayal of the Virgin Queen by Mrs. Lander was then acknowledged to be a very superior rendition, and since then the piece has been given in New York and other cities with marked success. A daily paper remarks: 'Mrs. Lander, as the English queen, was sublime and grand; her support was exceedingly finished and effective. The house was very full, and the audience was distinguished and extraordinarily fashionable, several times calling Mrs. L. before the curtain, and bestowing upon her floral offerings.' Yesterday (Thanksgiving) two performances were given, 'Mesalliance, or Faith and Falsehood,' in the afternoon to a very small house (afternoon performances amounting to nothing in this city), and 'Peg Woffington' in the evening. This evening, Mrs. Lander takes a benefit, presenting 'Mary Stuart,' repeating the performance on to-morrow evening, it being her last appearance."

SUSIN DENIN was advertised to appear at the St. Joseph, Mo., Theatre, on the 23d ult., in the "Hidden Hand," but when the time came for the "Hidden Hand" to be seen, lo! and behold, the whole show was hidden, the hall dark and deserted, and "Susan was not," she having quietly departed the city unknown to those who took an interest in her presence. The company, minus many "shekels of silver," were on the anxious bench at last advices.

THE ADELPHIA THEATRE, Nashville, Tenn., has passed into the hands of Messrs. Everett & Oates by purchase. Stars and others can apply to them for engagements, as will be seen by advertisement.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS at Charleston, S. C., appear to be in the ascendant, showing that the process of reconstruction, though slow, is having its effect, aided very materially by the efforts of the dramatic profession. A correspondent writing from thence says: "We have been witnessing the performances of the 'Seven Sisters,' with Harry Clifford as Mrs. Pluto, Jenny Clifford as Mary Springleaf, and Kate Raymond as Tartarine, with the rest of the characters well cast. This opinion seems to be endorsed by the following quotations from a Charleston paper: 'Commend us to Harry Clifford for a pleasant reminiscence of our youthful days, or rather nights, when Sloan used to make our sides ache with the fun that sparkled in his genial face. Clifford's Dimple, in 'Leap Year,' is first cousin to Sloan's Cousin Joe. Miss Jenny Clifford as Miss O'Leary was the life of the piece, and her rich Irish brogue was melody to the ear.'"

W. A. ROUSE'S DRAMATIC TROUPE opened in Akron, Ohio, on Nov. 25th, for three nights. "East Lynne" was the initial performance, with Fanny Denham as Lady Isabel and Madame Vine, Mrs. McFarland as Archibald Carlyle. On the second night they produced "William Tell" and "Jack Sheppard," with Mr. McFarland as William Tell, and H. E. Eavens as Jack Sheppard. On the third night they gave "Arrah-Na-Pogue," with W. A. Rouse as Shaun. From Akron, the company was to go to Wooster, O.

NEW MUSIC HALL, Taunton, Mass., was dedicated on Nov. 28th, by a dramatic performance under the management of J. B. Booth, Jr., of the Boston Theatre. The company consisted of Emily Mestayer, Mrs. M. W. Fiske, Wm. Scalian, W. H. Curtis, Wm. Mestayer and J. P. Price.

AMY STONE, together with her husband, H. F. Stone, appeared at the Salt Lake Theatre, on Nov. 16th, in "Meg's Diversion" and "Dumb Girl of Genoa."

J. G. SAVILLE'S DRAMATIC TROUPE performed in Grand Rapids, Mich., on Nov. 26th and 27th, and filled the balance of the week at St. Johns.

J. W. CARTER was advertised to open in the Opera House, Grand Rapids, Mich., on the 3d inst., with his troupe.

BIDWELL AND LOCKE'S DRAMATIC TROUPE played "Nobody's Daughter" at Lynn, Mass., on Nov. 25, with Dollie Bidwell in the triple *role*. The following night the "Octoroon" was produced.

EDMUND COLE'S COMPANY have been playing in the principal towns of Canada the past three weeks. They made their last stand at Peterboro' on Nov. 20, and are this week in Vermont.

THE AMATEURS of Montreal, C. E., gave a performance of the "Chimney Corner" and "The Bengal Tiger" at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on Nov. 27th, in aid of the band fund of the Grand Trunk Railway Brigade. The amateurs were assisted by Mrs. Hill—mother of Barton Hill—and Bessie Foote, an English actress, who appeared at the Olympic, in this city, under Mr. Grover's management. On Dec. 6th another performance is to be given by the amateurs at the same place, assisted by Kate Browning, Laura Villiers and Miss Williamson.

MAY SAVILLE, comedienne, who is a rising star in the profession she has adopted, is pleasing the people of the West by her performances, supported by a combination of dramatic artists. By an advertisement in another column it will be seen that the lady is seeking engagements; also, that talent is wanted by Manager J. G. Saville.

TWO ACTORS and an actress are wanted by C. W. Hunt for the theatre at Fort Scott, Kansas. See advertisement to that effect elsewhere.

MRS. CHARLES POOLE made her first appearance in San Francisco, Cal., at the Metropolitan Theatre, on Nov. 11, in the drama of "Massaniello."

DAN BRYANT terminated a brilliant engagement at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, Cal., on Nov. 9. On Oct. 30 he appeared as Eccles in the play of "Caste," which is called Falconer's production. Sallie Hinckley, who played Esther Eccles, is pretty sharply criticised for her dressing or rather undressing the *role*. The *Call* says: "A morning contemporary remarks that Miss Hinckley is deserving of great praise for the pains she takes to make her parts as attractive as possible. Does it include as among the attractive features the exposure of the obverse of her bust to the small of her back, in the second act of "Caste?" The study of anatomy is interesting, but however interesting, the stage is not the most proper place for the pursuit of such knowledge. It would, however, be too bad to insist upon the sacrifice of a dress as elegant and becoming as the one worn, and it is not essential to the observance of a modest degree of propriety that such sacrifice should be made. The introduction of a little illusion would obviate whatever is obnoxious, and at the same time serve to heighten, by softening the charms of the perspective." Mr. Bryant is said to have achieved a success as old Eccles. "Caste" was played to good houses for one week. On Nov. 8, Mr. Bryant took a farewell benefit, and appeared in "Kathleen Mavourneen," and "Handy Andy." The house was crowded.

HELEN TRACY made her *debut* in San Francisco, Cal., on Nov. 12th, at Maguire's Opera House, as Virginia in "Virginius."

MRS F. J. WILDMAN, an actress well known in the West and South-west, died in Dayton, Ohio, at the residence of her parents, on Nov. 7, aged 32 years. Mrs. Wildman's last appearance on the stage was in this city last spring, at the French Theatre. She played Osric to Boothroyd Fairclough's Hamlet.

A LETTER from the Webb Sisters, dated Nov. 26, at sea, on board steamship Rising Star, five days out, says:—"If everything goes off smoothly we shall arrive in San Francisco on Dec. 13, and shall open at Maguire's Opera House on Dec. 23."

THE GALVESTON, TEXAS, Theatre opened on Nov. 20 with "London Assurance" and "Swiss Swains." Greenwood Brothers are managers. T. J. Herndon stage manager.

CHARLES WHEATLEIGH has returned to San Francisco, Cal., having arrived there on Nov. 3, after an absence of nearly two years.

GEORGE M. CIPRICO made his *debut* on the stage at the Metropolitan Theatre, Sacramento, Cal., on Nov. 5, as Hamlet.

CHARLEY FARNHAM was the recipient of a benefit at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., on Nov. 1.

H. B. PLATT, the builder of Platt's Hall, San Francisco, Cal., and who brought the Buislay Family to this city from San Francisco, and sunk considerable money in the speculation, arrived home on Nov. 3.

MRS. F. M. BATES took a farewell benefit at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, on Oct. 31. She appeared in the historical drama of "Ambition; or, The Throne, the Scaffold and the Tomb."

CELIA HOWSON'S benefit at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, took place on Nov. 9. The *beneficiare* appeared as Kitty in the comedy of "I Couldn't Help It," and as Earl of Leicester in the burlesque of "Kenilworth." Mlle Zoe De Lave appeared in a tight rope performance.

MAJOR LINDLEY AND FLORENCE WEBSTER, the former comedian and burlesque actor, the latter leading lady or *soubrette*, may be engaged by addressing as per advertisement.

IMPORTANT NOTICES appear in our advertising columns, in reference to the dramas entitled, respectively, "Ours" and the "Great City."

DAVIS & CO., the dramatic agents of Cincinnati, issue their regular weekly proclamations in the CLIPPER, calling for talent of all sorts, including vocalists and *danseuses*, also notices of importance to managers. The profession generally should not fail to make a note of the same.

J. K. POWER, whose specialties, first old man and eccentric character, who also has an excellent wardrobe, may be addressed as per advertisement.

SELDEN IRWIN and wife are playing at Des Moines, Iowa.

OCEANA is lying sick with inflammatory rheumatism in Omaha, unable to move. Her agent, Chase, has gone to Chicago, as living in Omaha is very expensive.

MAD. SCHELLER AND GEO. CHAPLIN opened in Omaha, at the Academy of Music, on Nov. 25th, in "Hamlet," to a crowded house. A correspondent says:—"Chaplin's Hamlet has made a good impression, and Mad. Scheller's Ophelia has few rivals in this part. Miss Clara Walters played the Queen finely. The programme for the week is 'Enoch Arden,' 'Merchant of Venice,' (Chaplin as Shylock,) 'Lady of Lyons,' 'Lorlie' and 'The Robbers.' Next (this) week, Miss Blanche De Bar opens for two weeks. The fairy piece, 'Cinderella,' with new scenery, painted by J. Guido Methua, with Madame Scheller as Cinderella, and Miss Walters as the Prince, is in active preparation."

OLIVE LOGAN'S "Surf" dropped down so fearfully during the past week as to induce the manager to withdraw it from the boards of the Arch, Philadelphia, on the 30th ult., and revive "Rosedale" for the present week, with Mrs. John Drew as Rosa Leigh, and Charles Walcot, Jr., as Elliot Grey. Edwin Adams begins an engagement at the Arch on the 9th inst.

JOHN BROUGHAM, with his new play, the "Lottery of Life," has drawn a prize in the way of big houses—the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, where Mr. Brougham opened an engagement on the 25th ult., having as large audiences in attendance throughout the week as were ever congregated in that theatre. The new play is a sort of salamagundi, treating of men, manners and things in a Broughamish style, which, while pleasing the public, does not seem to meet the approval of the critics. Determined not to be outdone by sensational dramatists, the author has introduced, among other odds and ends, an Ethiopian scene, in which Frank Brower and Ben Goldsmith appear. The "Lottery of Life" has made such a great hit that it will be retained until further notice.

A FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY for the new Opera House, Elmira, N. Y., is advertised for in another column by D. W. Waller, who is sole lessee and manager. As this is a new establishment and the Elmira folk have the repute of being good patrons of the drama, this would seem to be a good chance for talent.

ZOE is at the Chestnut, Philadelphia, opening there on the 2d inst., and succeeding Mrs. Bowers, whose engagement terminated on the 30th ult. Zoe appears for the first time in that city in the "French Spy."

BOOTH'S BOSTON COMPANY occupied the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., Nov. 25, 26, 27 and 28, doing "Under the Gaslight" to large houses. "The piece," says a correspondent, "was received with the same favor that marked its first production in that city a few weeks since, and has enjoyed the longest run of any play that has been presented there in a long time. The same company re-appear there on Dec. 2, with Edmund Falconer, and his Irish drama of 'Innisfallen, or the Men in the Gap.'"

THE LA GRANGE AND BRIGNOLI OPERA TROUPE did "Norma" at City Hall, Providence, R. I., on Nov. 28th. They return Dec. 6th and 7th, and will do "Martha" and "Il Trovatore" at the Academy of Music.

MRS. EMMA WALLER made her re-appearance at the Opera House, Newark, N. J., on Nov. 25, as Elizabeth, in the historical tragedy of "Elizabeth, Queen of England," to a large audience. On the 26th, the "Ticket of Leave Man" was brought out to a fair audience. B. Porter appeared as Bob Brierly, James Duff as Hawkshaw, Mr. Glassford as Melter Moss, Mrs. Claude Hamilton as May Edwards, and Mrs. A. Glassford as Mrs. Willoughby. The same bill was repeated on the 27th. On the 28th (Thanksgiving) a *matinee* was given, with "Black-Eyed Susan" and "Sketches in India" as the bill, with Mr. Duff as William, Mr. Rosine as Jacob Twigg, and Mrs. Claude Hamilton as Susan. In the evening, "Married Life" and "Robert Macaire" were produced to a crowded house. On the 29th, Draper's American Opera Troupe appeared in the comic opera of the "Doctor of Alcantara." Mr. and Mrs. Waller were announced to take a benefit on Dec. 2, preparatory to the closing of the Opera House for the season.

"THE GOLDEN FARMER" and "Slasher and Crasher" were performed at Corinth, Miss., on Nov. 23d, and repeated on the 28th. Mrs. Mary L. Stevens, the juvenile lady of the Academy of Music, Albany, N. Y., the early part of last season—where she was a great favorite—appeared as Elizabeth, with Ed. Bishop as Harry. The performance is spoken of as being highly satisfactory throughout.

THE ADELPHI THEATRE, Nashville, Tenn., has again changed management—the third time this season. Messrs. Harry Everett and James A. Oates are the present lessees. Our correspondent says:—"They seem to be thorough business men, and the citizens generally are showing them encouragement by subscriptions to season tickets, and it is to be hoped that they may be the fortunate ones to hold out the season. Jean Hosmer continued the star last week. 'Caste' was played for four nights, and on Nov. 27th a 'Romance of a Poor Young Man' was put on the balance of the week."

LADY DON has filled all her time for starring engagements the balance of the season. This week she is at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., and goes thence to Detroit, Mich., for twelve nights.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" was played in Syracuse, N. Y., on Nov. 28th, 29th and 30th, and announced for the 2d inst. Mrs. G. C. Howard played Topsey, supported by a company made up in this city for the occasion.

MARIETTA RAVEL and a dramatic company occupied the Opera House, Paterson, N. J., on Thanksgiving afternoon and evening. "The Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish," with tight rope performances, was given in the afternoon and "The French Spy" in the evening. The house was crowded on each occasion.

MAGGIE MITCHELL is the present star at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, succeeding John Owens, who closed there on Nov. 30 a successful four weeks engagement.

"THE LOTTERY OF LIFE," the latest of John Brougham's productions, which has been so favorably received in Boston and Philadelphia, can be purchased by managers who wish to produce it, together with any other of Mr. Brougham's pieces. See card elsewhere for particulars.

MCKEE RANKIN terminated his engagement in Detroit, Mich., on Nov. 30. On the 25th "The Dead Heart" was produced, with Mr. Rankin as Robert Landry and May Howard as Catherine Duval.

CHARLES BARRON is the present star at the Athenæum, Detroit, Mich.

FELIX A. VINCENT and Mollie Williams appear at Young Men's Hall, Detroit, Mich., on the 3d inst.

CHARLES S. ROGERS, formerly of Wood's Museum, Chicago, Ill., and at present traveling with Hight and Rogers' combination, was married to Marion McNeish, on Nov. 26, at Lafayette, Ind.

EDWIN FORREST is the star this week at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., opening there on the 2d inst. in "Jack Cade."

M'DLLE JANAUSCHEK, the German tragedienne, performs four nights next week at the Concordia Opera House, Baltimore, Md.

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT," after attracting large audiences to the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., for two weeks, was withdrawn on Nov. 30th.

"ONDINE" was played to large audiences all last week at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass. This week Mrs. D. P. Bowers is the star, opening on the 2d inst. in "Mary Stuart."

LUCILLE WESTERN continues to play to large audiences at the Continental Theatre, Boston. "The Child Stealer" is brought out this week.

THE RICHINGS TROUPE are giving English opera this week at the Boston Theatre, commencing on the 2d inst. in "Martha."

AT SELWYN'S THEATRE, Boston, a number of standard comedies are announced for the present week. "Maud's Peril"—produced at Wallack's in this city last week, and which is a poor play—is in active preparation.

E. L. DAVENPORT was at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, O., last week, and continues this week. Although the weather was bad, he is said to have attracted good houses. On Nov. 25th he

appeared in "Hamlet," and gave, says our correspondent "Nonpareil," "the best delineation of the part that has been given here for some time, and I question whether it can be excelled by any living actor. On Nov. 26th, 'Othello' was given, Mr. Davenport appearing as the Moor, another of his master delineations. He received excellent support at the hands of the company. J. Wesley Hill appeared as Iago for the first time, in a creditable manner; John Ellsler as Brabantio; Harry A. Ellis as Cassio; Sidney Smith as Roderigo; G. Robinson as the Duke of Venice, and Mrs. Effie Ellsler as Desdemona. On Nov. 27th and 28th was given his new play of 'St. Marc.' For his benefit on the 29th he produced the tragedy of 'Macbeth.'"

F. S. Chanfrau played to a succession of large audiences last week at the Academy of Music, Albany, N. Y. Our correspondent "Arry," under date of Nov 30, says: "He opened on Nov. 25, in 'Sam,' to a large house, which was repeated on the 26th and 27th. Chanfrau was excellent in the title *role*; Ryan, as Dick Jenkins, with his circus antics, was very good; Mrs. Jennie Carroll, as Laura Roselyn, was the careless girl to perfection; Mrs. S. K. Chester's Emily was a neat bit of acting. Moreland, as Cropley, also deserves notice. On the 28th, 'Toodles,' 'Widow's Victim,' and 'Paddy Miles,' were played, and on the 29th, for Mr. Chanfrau's benefit, 'Solon Shingle,' 'Widow's Victim,' and 'Glance at New York.' On the 30th, we have Chanfrau as Badger, in 'Streets of New York,' and Chas. T. Parsloe, Jr., as Bob, the bootblack."

The Richings' English Opera Troupe brought their Philadelphia performances to a close Nov. 30. They are succeeded this week by Mrs. Lander, who was to have opened at the Academy of Music on Dec. 2d, in her celebrated character of Elizabeth.

Charlotte Thompson commenced an engagement at De Bar's Opera House, St. Louis, Mo., on Nov. 28th in "Little Barefoot." On the 26th "Rich and Poor" was produced, followed on the 27th by "Camille," 28th "Ingomar" and the first appearance of D. L. Morris, the Dutch comedian, who appeared as Rip Van Winkle. For her benefit on the 29th she appeared as Pauline in the "Lady of Lyons." Miss Thompson continues this week, followed on the 9th by Fanny B. Price.

At the Varieties Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., the stock company appeared on Nov. 25th in "Dead Heart, which was repeated on the 26th. On the 27th and 28th the "Poor of New York" was given. D. H. Harkins was up for a benefit on Nov. 29th and was to appear as King Lear in the play of that name; J. G. Burnett as Kent, and Miss A. Meeker as Cordelia. Joseph Jefferson, who was to have commenced there on Nov. 25th, was busy all the week superintending the getting up of "Rip Van Winkle," which is to be produced this week.

J. Newton Gotthold appeared at the Montgomery, Ala., Theatre on Nov. 21st, as Hamlet; 22d, in "Gunmaker of Moscow;" [illegible] in "Merchant of Venice." On the latter and 26th, as Shylock [illegible] occasion Annie Cogswell appeared as Portia. "Ruy Blas" was presented on Nov. 28th, with Annie Cogswell as Marianne. "Caste" was announced for production on Dec. 2d.

Charlotte Thompson concludes her engagement in St. Louis, on the 7th inst., and goes thence to her plantation near Montgomery, Ala., to pay off the hands and make arrangements for next year's crops.

"Marie Antoinette," a new drama by Mrs. Reed, which we are told is a talented production, may be purchased on application as per advertisement.

A Leading Juvenile Lady advertises for an engagement in another column.

Music Halls

The Teutonia Music Hall, Washington, D.C., continues open, presenting to its patrons a programme replete with novelties. Billy Fox put in an appearance last week, also Tommy Winnett, Lou. Edwards and Mel. Kurtz. Lizzie Lane, Julia Marsh, Carrie Mueller and Alf. Miles are also in the company.

The Old Canterbury, at Washington, D. C., is to be opened again; Messrs. John Mulligan and Josh Hart are at the head of affairs, and it is thought will strive to revive the good old times enjoyed by this place of amusement during the war. It was at this place that Leonard Grover, Wm. E. Sinn and Geo. Lee each made a pile, and Messrs. Mulligan & Co. ought to succeed by constantly producing fresh novelties and avoiding the high rates of admission heretofore charged.

The American Theatre, Baltimore, Md., is being successfully managed by John L. Davis, we learn, and because of his ability and suavity he was to have had a complimentary benefit on the 2d inst. The company is a good one. Among the leading members are Oscar Willis, Charley Kane, Billy Hart, Chiriski, Lizzie Lagrange, Augusta Lamoreux, Georgie May and Master George Lopez. Manager Davis ran great risk of losing his life at the late conflagration at the Susquehanna House, we learn by the Baltimore papers, from one of which we make the annexed quotation:—"In addition to the sufferers by the fire mentioned, we have to add the name of Mr. John L. Davis, proprietor of the American Theatre. This gentleman, with his wife and daughter—the latter an invalid—occupied rooms on the third floor, which were filled with flame and smoke so rapidly that the ladies were rescued with great difficulty, and then Mr. Davis, finding all means of escape cut off, was compelled to swing from one portico to another in order to save himself. The heat in the room of Mr. Davis was so great that a portion of the works of a clock were melted. This is the third time in thirteen months that Mr. Davis has suffered by fire."

The Canterbury Hall has been opened in Memphis on the site of the Good Idea of last season. Among the performers is Johnny Redden.

The Varieties, Memphis, Tenn., is said to have done a fair business of late without any new feature. Johnny Cleaver's negro delineations are well received, and Eugene Gorman's flutina discourses very sweetly. There are about the usual number of male and female performers, with about the average ability.

The Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa., continues to do its share of business. The lessees, Williams and Jefferson, have a large company and give a good show. Larry Tooly has been quite sick for some days, and during the whole of one week was unable to appear. He is now slowly recovering. Clark Gibbs is *encored* every night. Tom Williams' acts are a feature at this place of amusement. Lazelle and Franklin, gymnasts, go to Detroit this week.

At the Olympic, Mobile, Ala., the management produces novelty in quick succession, and continually adds new artists. The "Jap on-knees" burlesque continued last week to be received with much favor. Chas. Rivers, formerly of Haight and Chambers' Circus, put in an appearance last week and created a favorable impression as a comedian. Minnie Grey re-appeared after a week or two's absence, and was *encored* two or three times during the evening. A negro comedian, calling himself J. Clark Wells, has been stage manager here since the opening of this establishment. Master Bobby Wells, and J. Pensyon, violinist, quit—after rehearsing for a performance on Nov. 25th—without a word of notice. Through the energies of Geo. E. Madden, who picked up a few performers around the city, with himself, he managed to give a performance.

Milward's Varieties, Norfolk, Va., runs a regular minstrel first part, with Billy Diamond on the tambo and Billy Chambers on the bone end. J. L. Keene is the interlocutor, and J. B. Cotton balladist. In the second part Harry Jefferson does a song and dance; Kate Clare jigs it. Sallie Priscilla, Fanny May and Emma Miller also appear in favorite acts. Charles Baldwin appeared on Nov. 25.

The varied entertainment given every night at the Olympic, San Francisco, Cal., is said to be crowding the hall nightly. Joe Murphy, Master O'Brien, Lew Rattler, De Angelis, Jimmy Moore and Mike Quinn, a banjoist from Washoe, comprised the company at last advices. Harry Courtaine was announced to put in an appearance on Nov. 9.

The Canterbury at Omaha is in full blast, and said to be doing well.

The Carlo Family have been re-engaged at the American Variety Theatre, Philadelphia, where business has been exceedingly big for some time. Miss Emma Fowler, vocalist, is added to the list of attractions this week. The Prismatic Fountain continues to meet with great favor at this house.

Ganfrau, a Dutch comedian, and Agnes Sutherland, vocalist, were the principal attractions at the Palace Varieties, Cincinnati, Ohio, last week.

Annie Gibbons and Nellie Howard, double clog and jig dancers, commence an engagement at Laurence's Music Hall, Harrisburg, Pa., on the 9th inst. Managers wishing to secure them for two or four weeks will find their address in an advertisement elsewhere.

"Aladdin" is revived this week at the Theatre Comique, Boston, with the same cast as when previously produced. A *ballet* is also given, with Theresa Wood, Albertine Miller, Eveline Lehman and Lillie Whitney as principal *danseuses*.

The Olympic, St. Louis, Mo., was re-opened on Nov. 25, by Messrs. Spaulding & Bidwell, and is said to have been a great success. Our correspondent says: "The company is one of the finest in the country, and includes the following: Alex. Zanfretta's pantomime troupe, Baptistin's *ballet* troupe, Delehanty and Hengler, Morris Carroll, Dick Parker, Harry Bloodgood, Marietta Zanfretta, Eva Brent, Jennie Engel, Mlle. Augusta, Mlle. DeVere, Shappee and Whitney, and Master George Segrist. During the week we have had the comic pantomimes of 'Mons. Dechalameaux' and 'Robert Macaire.'"

Circuses.

A. W. Morgan, general director of Maginley, Carroll & Co's. Circus, is in Memphis. The stock is quartered for the season at Jackson, Tenn., only a few hours ride from that city, by rail.

The Touraine Brothers, gymnasts and acrobats, are ready to make arrangements with circus managers, as will be seen by advertisement in another column.

John Robinson's Circus was at Augustus, Ga., on Nov. 25th; Savannah, 26th, 27th and 28th, and billed for Macon, 29th and 30th. They go thence to Columbus and Montgomery, Ala.

Dan Castello's Circus was at Columbus, Ga., on Nov. 18th and 19th; Opelika, 20th, and Montgomery, 21st and 22d.

Accident to Dan Castello's Circus and Menagerie.—As the train with Dan Castello's Circus and Menagerie was *en route* from Selina to Mobile, on Nov. 24th, it ran off the track, resulting in the death of one man, Willis Bouroughs, the driver of the band carriage, and the slightly wounding of nine or ten others. Mr. Bouroughs was a native of Louisville, Ky., and highly esteemed by the whole company. He was buried in Mobile on Nov. 25th. All the company and the band attached to the circus attended his funeral. Two cars containing four cages, in which were the tigress, the hyena, two bears and the tapir, were thrown off, the cages smashed, and the animals released. Two other box cars, containing twenty-six horses and ponies, shared the misfortune; only one horse was killed, while several suffered contusions. The animals released did no damage to each other, with the exception that one of the bears killed a fawn. The tiger and bears roamed round the spot of the accident all day, until night, when they were re-caged without difficulty. Notwithstanding the accident, the circus performed in Mobile on Nov. 25th.

Jas. T. Johnson having finished his new amphitheatre and opera house at Burlington, Iowa, gave his first performance on Nov. 23. Owing to the disagreeable weather, the attendance is said to have been small. He intends giving, during the winter, two performances a week in that place, and the other four days at Macomb and Quincy, Ill.

An Infant child of Walter Aymar died on Sept. 24. He was an only child.

Thayer and Noyes' Circus continues at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, Ind.

A very bold and assumptive way to procure (under a legal guise) money from a show company recently transpired at Portsmouth, Va. Early last spring, when Forepaugh's Menagerie and Circus was on a visit there, a man named Fulton Whisney, whose social habits are said to have made him reckless of "causes and effects," struck a mare belonging to Mr. James De Mott while the groom was leading it from the canvas to the stables. The animal kicked him, and broke several of his ribs, thus causing him to call in the aid of a physician. Notwithstanding the show was in Norfolk several days after the occurrence, and subsequently this fall, Mr. W. never made any overtures to the management for compensation for injuries received. On the night of the 26th of November, however, just as the show was presumed to be ready for trans-shipment to Welden. Sheriff Neaville attached the whole concern for damages assessed at $10,000. Mr. F. at the instance of his counsel, refused to give bail, and permitted the sheriff to hold the horses. The securities of the man Whitney, finding that the showmen were not disposed to "compromise," opened their eyes to the fact that they had an "Elephant" on their hands, so they gave orders to the sheriff to release the stock, thus hoping to clear their skirts of the matter. Mr. Forepaugh intends to vigorously prosecute the securities for damages, and thus teach them a lesson that all traveling showmen are not to be imposed upon because they find it inconvenient to attend law suits.

A lot of circus property is advertised in this issue of the Clipper for sale by Mr. Lent. Among the stuff will be found the performing buffalo, two riding pads, a quantity of harness and a number of pictorial wood cuts. For particulars see the advertisement elsewhere.

Negro Minstrelsy.

Novelty and Variety is what Manager Hooley is constantly giving the patrons of his Opera House in Brooklyn. This week George Christy commences an engagement, appearing in the black sketch entitled the "Black Statue," and "Scenes at the Hotel." Next week a burlesque on "Norwood," by Joseph Howard, will be produced. It is to be hoped that Mr. Howard has infused a little more life into the burlesque than he did in the drama of which he had a little of the cooking.

M. B. Leavitt's Minstrels gave an entertainment to a fair audience at the Worcester, Mass., Theatre, on Thanksgiving evening. A correspondent says: "Business of all kinds is very dull in Worcester, and those who have money to spend for amusements generally invest it in cheap lectures. I would advise managers of minstrel and other large companies to give the town the go-by for the present, at least. Expenses there are high, and the circulating medium scarce."

Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels are billed to appear at Worcester, Mass., on the 4th inst.

It is expected that the Morris Brothers' Minstrels will do splendidly in Washington, as they perform at Wall's Opera House, and it is some time since a minstrel party has visited that city.

The New Minstrels lately introduced to the San Franciscans, Cal., by Leslie, Raynor and Smith, are said to have made a most favorable impression. The first three weeks the house is said to have been so crowded that a card "House Full" was posted up every night.

G. Skiff and Gaylord's Minstrels occupied Music Hall, Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 25, 26 and 27, and attracted good houses. A correspondent says: "Some parts of the entertainments were good, while some were bad. The singing was rather weak, and the instrumental music was poor and sadly out of time. The 'Jap-on-Knees,' double clog, by Kelly and Holly, and the 'Muscular Flexibilities,' by Master [illegible] Willie, were executed in good style."

Helen Western, under the management of Ellsler & Murray, commenced an engagement of six nights at Music Hall, Milwaukee, Wis., on Nov. 25th. The drama of "East Lynne" was produced. Our correspondent says: "I cannot say that I was favorably impressed with Miss Western's rendition of Lady Isabel; her Madame Vine was better, but far from being acceptable. Mr. Herne was passable as Archibald; Mr. Grey enacted Sir Francis in too much of a sing-song manner; the balance were only so-so. On Nov. 26, "Cynthia" was given, when Miss Western appeared to better advantage. Mr. Herne, as Wolf, was good; Mr. Blake, as Cheap John, and Mr. Murray, as Kinchin, were excellent. On Nov 27, 'Oliver Twist' was presented. Miss W. was good as Nancy, while the part of Bill Sykes was enacted by Mr. Herne in a life-like manner."

T. E. Mills and company passed through Milwaukee, Wis., on Nov. 28, *en route* to Watertown, where they open for a few nights, with Julia Nelson. Mr. Mills intends to open in Milwaukee, Wis., shortly, for a brief engagement.

Newcomb's Minstrels continue to meet with favor at the hands of the Cincinnatians. Billy Emerson took a farewell benefit on Nov. 29, and was to leave to join Spaulding and Bidwell's company on the 30th. Burnell Runnells and Sons and Fay Wilton, Ethiopian comedian, appear this week.

Richardson's Minstrels occupy the large saloon of Assembly Building, Philadelphia, where they were to give their initial performance on the 2d inst. Who are the Richardsons, and where did they come from?

Miscellaneous.

A Collection of Curiosities for a museum is advertised for in another column by John Warner.

Magical Apparatus, a complete set, may be procured of Jas. Queen, as per advertisement.

Hartz, the magician, is announced to make an early appearance in Washington, D. C.

Alf. Burnett, the humorist, is meeting with success in the West. On Nov. 27th, he was at Olney, Ill., and was to open in the large hall of Mercantile Library, St. Louis, Mo., on the 3d inst., and goes thence toward Cincinnati by way of Terre Haute and Indianapolis, opening in the latter city on Christmas Eve. Mr. Burnett is assisted in his entertainment by a poetic reader, and Mr. and Mrs. E. Warden, and is in search of other talent, as by glancing over an advertisement in another column it will be seen that he desires to secure a lady and a gentleman performer, both of whom must be versatile. Good salaries are offered. Speaking of Mr. Burnett as a humorist, the Philadelphia *Ledger* in a late issue says:—"He stands unrivalled on the continent, and none of his predecessors ever reached the high standard he has attained. What Monsieur Alexander was to France, and indeed, to all Continental Europe, what Matthews was to England, Burnett is to the United States. The facility and rapidity with which he divests himself of any assumed character, and adopts another of a diametrically opposite nature, is indeed surprising."

The Old Folks, with Emma J. Nichols in the troupe, gave a concert at Mechanic's Hall, Worcester, Mass., on Thanksgiving night.

Camilla Urso, assisted by several "singists," was advertised to appear in Worcester, Mass., on Nov. 30th.

A Japanese Troupe was billed to appear in Worcester. Mass., on the 2d inst.

Marshall and Doyle's Japanese were at Columbus, Ga., on Nov. 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d and 23d, and opened at Macon on the 25th, for four nights. They commence an engagement at the Savannah (Ga.) Theatre on Dec. 2d. Despite the hard times in the South, this party is said to be doing a good business.

Charley Shay's "Quincuplexal" Troupe give one night at Utica, N. Y., on Dec. 2d.

Death of a Musician.—We announce to the musical, theatrical and equestrian profession the death of William Bight, the well-known cornet leader, who died Friday, Oct. 1st, 1867, after a severe illness of two weeks. The deceased was born in Cumberland, England; was formerly leader of the Royal Vauxhall Gardens, Batty's Hippodrome and Franconi's Hippodrome, New York. The London *Era* and other English papers please copy.

Gloversville, N. Y., has the repute of being a good show town, with a population of 5,000, added to which they have a good hall, called Masonic Hall, capable of seating 800. Shows traveling that way should make a note of the same.

The Hanlon Combination were billed in Lowell, Mass., to appear on the 2d and 3d inst.

The Spaulding Bell Ringers having chimed their bells in the provinces the past nine weeks, are at present making a tour of Maine, after which they go West. They will be in Old Town, Me., this week. Mr. Wm. Spaulding, the manager, has engaged James Eader, comic vocalist and concertina soloist, from England.

The panorama of "A Tour of Europe" was on exhibition at Canton, Ill., on Nov. 23d.

Mrs. Yelverton gave readings at the Providence Horse Guards Armory on Nov. 26 and 30.

Ely Hall, Elmira, N. Y., was destroyed by fire on the evening of Nov. 29. The fire broke out in the ante-room and destroyed that portion of the building used for travelling exhibitions. The loss is said to be about $30,000. The hall was one of the best adapted to the wants of the show folks in the State. It had a fine stage and gallery, and would seat comfortably 1,500 people.

The Miltonian Tableaux is on exhibition in Detroit, Mich., this week, commencing on the 4th inst.

A Band Chariot, nearly new and used but a short time, is offered for sale through an advertisement in another column. For particulars see card.

The Hibernicon is said to have attracted crowded houses at Roger Williams Hall, Providence, R. I., last week.

Kennedy, the Scotch vocalist, gives "Twa Nights in Scotland," in Philadelphia, on the 6th and 7th.

M. Hartz is at Sanderson's Opera House, Baltimore, Md., the present and coming week.

Gibbonoise, the well known contortionist, advertises in another column for engagements.

"Arabian Nights' Entertainment, or Loiterings on Enchanted Ground," is the appellation given to a series of attractive tableaux offered for sale by J. C. Martin in our advertising columns.

Martino, illusionist and ventriloquist, advertises in another column for an engagement.

Amateur.

The Boothenian D. A., of Philadelphia, gave a performance on the 28th ult. of the "Ticket of Leave Man." Our correspondent, "An Old Actor," thus writes of it:—"Mr. Thomas, as Bob Brierly, played in a manner true to nature. Mr. Quigley, as Hawkshaw, cannot be too highly spoken of. Jim Dalton was played with spirit by Mr. Francis. Miss Loraine, as Sam Willoughby, was good; the same may be said of Mr. Fenno as Melter Moss, and Mr. Julian as Mr. Gibson. Miss Sheldon, as May Edwards, was not as good as usual. Mr. Buck, as Mrs. Willoughby, created a great deal of laughter. This gentleman has found his line at last. The scene representing the Bellevue Tea Gardens was very well gotten up. The performance went off very smoothly indeed."

T. C. Wittenberg, who is about to leave for Cuba, has been tendered a complimentary benefit at Dramatic Hall by his old associates of the 'Dramatic Union.' Professor T. C. Wittenberg has been connected with the amateur stage for thirty years.

A Complimentary Benefit to John T. McKeever, will be given at Union Hall, corner Broadway and Twenty-third street, on Dec. 10th. "Rough Diamond," "Love and Murder," interspersed with singing and dancing, embrace the evening's entertainment.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

"The Duchesse of Gerolstein," which has enjoyed such a lengthy run in Paris, although a gay and most amusing opera, has, during its run, been attended by several unfortunate accidents. Grenier, the Prince Paul, broke his leg in the dance with Gen. Boum; Couder, the General Boum, died a few days ago. The young lady who played the bride died the same day as Couder—her stage husband—and they were buried the same day. Hyacinthe, on returning from Couder's funeral, found his wife lying dead in her bed. The whole thing reads very much like a French story, and yet we are told that what we have related is founded on fact.

The American Circus closed in Paris on Nov. 20, and opened in London, Eng., on the 25th, at the New Royal Amphitheatre.

Leotard, the gymnast, is in Bordeaux.

Taken Ill.—On Monday night, Nov. 11, a painful excitement was created in the Lyceum Theatre, London, by the sudden indisposition of Mr. Fechter. The tragedy of "Hamlet" had proceeded to the close of the second act, when Mr. Fechter, who was playing the principal character, was taken so ill that he was compelled to leave the stage. After a short interval, Mr. Emery, who took the part of Claudius, came before the curtain and begged for the immediate assistance of any medical man who might be present. Mr. Fechter, not recovering, was removed to his home, and, with the sanction of the house, Mr. Ryder took up the part of Hamlet.

"Antony and Cleopatra" was performed recently at the theatre, Porte St. Martin, with Baty's Lions.

Adolph Meaubert is now stage manager at Kroll's Theatre, Berlin.

Bogumil Dawison is in a fair way of recovery. He is not insane, as it has been reported in several journals. He is still sleeping soundly on his "bonds."

AMUSEMENTS.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

JAMES E. HAYES..............Lessee
CLIFTON W. TAYLEURE..............Business Manager
GEORGE L. FOX..............Stage Manager
THE LIVING SENSATION OF THE TOWN.
Sixth week of Shakespeare's exquisite Fairy Spectacle,
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.
Attracting and delighting crowded audiences with
ITS INCOMPARABLE BEAUTY.
"The delightful plot, the sparkling sentiment, the fairy creations and transformations, the new characters and drollery of Bully Bottom and the Hard-handed Men of Athens, the cross-purposes of fairies and mortals, and the gorgeous and truly beautiful scenery and tableaux of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' as here mounted, will hold it as one of the living sensations of the town."—Herald, 26th.
G. L. FOX..............as..............Bottom.
A MATCHLESS TRANSFORMATION SCENE.
MATINEE 1½ EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

Lessee and Manager..............WM. WHEATLEY
Doors open at 7¼; begins at 7¾.
In consequence of engagements entered into many months ago, the Manager, with regret, is compelled to announce
THE LAST NIGHTS OF THE BLACK CROOK.
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1857,
THE BLACK CROOK,
Introducing JARRETT & PALMER'S
GREAT PARISIENNE BALLET TROUPE,
As witnessed by over 1,500,000 persons.
CONTINUED TRIUMPH OF THE NEW ATTRACTION.
SPLENDID GRAND BALLETS,
Sustained by the best corps in the world. First representation of
A SPLENDID CHARACTER PAS,
THE FLOWER OF LOVE.
THE GARDE IMPERIALE
AND CHILD VIVANDIERE.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY AT 1 O'CLOCK.
Seats secured six days in advance.

WORRELL SISTERS'

NEW YORK THEATRE, 728 AND 730 BROADWAY.
FOURTH WEEK AND LAST NIGHTS
LAST | NIGHTS
LAST | NIGHTS
OF NORWOOD.
ON MONDAY AND TUESDAY EVENINGS
Will be repeated, for the last time, the picturesque Comedy, in four acts, entitled NORWOOD,
WITH THE
BEAUTIFUL WORRELL SISTERS,
EXQUISITE SCENERY,
THE SUPERB MILITARY MUSIC,
THE THRILLING TABLEAUX,
THE RICHLY COMICAL INCIDENTS,
UNIQUE CAMP FROLICS.
ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, DEC. 4,
UNDER THE GASLIGHT.
With MISS SOPHIE WORRELL, MISS JENNIE WORRELL, MISS IRENE WORRELL, and a Powerful Cast.

NEW YORK CIRCUS,

Fourteenth street, opposite Academy of Music.
L. B. LENT..............DIRECTOR
MATINEES AT 2½.
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
NOVEL AND DIVERSIFIED ATTRACTIONS!
PFAU, THE GREAT RUSSIAN ATHLETE,
PFAU, THE GREAT RUSSIAN ATHLETE,
whose astounding feats on the Flying Trapeze have created
THE MOST REMARKABLE SENSATION
ever produced by any athletic performance, in his
TREMENDOUS ÆRIAL FLIGHTS,
ELEGANT AND EXCITING
ACTS IN THE ARENA,
introducing the full strength of the
LARGEST AND BEST TROUPE
OF STAR RIDERS AND ACROBATS
ever brought together in this country.
Admission, 50 cents; Children under 10, 25 cents. Reserved seats, 75 cents. Begins at 8. 35-1t*

THEATRE COMIQUE, 514 BROADWAY.

WHITE, COTTON & SHARPLEY..............Proprietors
First week of the beautiful and talented comedienne and vocalist, MISS ROSINA JEFFRIES.
MR. HARRY RICHARDS, Buffo Vocalist, from the London Concerts, (his first appearance in America).
Mr. WATER BIRCH, Favorite Tenor Vocalist. | Mr. HARRY ROBINSON, Ethiopian Comedian.
Mr. DAVID HAWLEY, the popular and pleasing American Gymnast; together with our Mammoth Company.
BEN COTTON, SAM SHARPLEY AND CHARLEY WHITE'S GREAT MINSTREL CONGRESS,
INCLUDING LITTLE MACK AND DICK RALPH.
Last week of Tony Pastor's trained DOGS AND MONKEYS, the most amusing performance of the age, received with shouts of laughter and approbation from critical and refined audiences of fashion, who nightly crowd this elegant establishment.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY AT 2½.
Monday, December 9, MR. SAM GLENN, the favorite comedian, will appear.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.

REVIVAL OF OLD FAVORITES.
BURLESQUE AND COMEDY EVERY EVENING.
LEFFINGWELL IN A MAZE OF FUN.
MRS. CHAS. HOWARD WATKINS
IN HER CHARMING RENDITIONS.
Monday, CINDERELLA, FIT TO BE A DUCHESS.
Tuesday, MEDEA, TOO MUCH FOR GOOD NATURE.
Wednesday, Matinee, MEDEA, FIT TO BE A DUCHESS.
Wednesday evening, FRA DIAVOLO and JENNY LIND.
Thursday evening, SHYLOCK and JENNY LIND.
Friday evening, ALADDIN, FIT TO BE A DUCHESS.
Saturday evening, MEDEA and CINDERELLA.
IN REHEARSAL, FALCONER'S ORIGINAL BURLESQUE, YE GRAND QUEEN BESS.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE,

201 BOWERY, OPPOSITE SPRING STREET.
A BRILLIANT AND APROPOS SENSATION.
The great original sensational drama,
YOUNG AMERICA IN IRELAND.
YOUNG AMERICA IN IRELAND.
TONY PASTOR
as
YOUNG AMERICA.
New Irish Songs by
THE GREAT CARLETON.
New and Startling feats of Magic and Mystery,
PROF. ROBERT NICKLE.
MISS JENNIE EAGAN
in her
CHAMPION SKIPPING ROPE HORNPIPE.
A SPLENDID VARIETY PROGRAMME.
BY THE GREAT QUADRUPLE COMPANY.
MATINEE WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

472 BUTLER'S AMERICAN THEATRE.

BROADWAY—472.
Lessee and Manager..............R. W. BUTLER.
ANOTHER BRILLIANT BILL THIS WEEK.
THE STAR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
Immense Hit of MR. CHARLES VIVIAN,
the greatest Comic Vocalist in America.
JOHNNY THOMPSON,
as BIG FAT CHARLEY.
GEO. H. COES, JAS. F. WAMBOLD, FRANK KERNS, BOB HART, TOMMY RYAN, &c.,
the favorite Ethopian Comedians.
CHARLEY PETTINGILL,
in his original Stump Speech.
M'LLE ZUCCOLI, HELENA SMITH, AND M'LLE WHELPLY.
FORTY PROMINENT ARTISTS.
(See small bills).
A constant change of Programme.
Doors open at 6½. Curtain rises at 8 o'clock.

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS, 720 Broadway.

POPULAR BEYOND ALL PRECEDENT BECAUSE YOU ARE OBLIGED TO LAUGH AND BE MERRY.

ENTIRE	THE ONLY LEON.	FIRST
CHANGE OF	THE ONLY LEON.	TIME
BILL.	THE ONLY LEON.	OF
FIRST	THE ONLY LEON.	FELLER
TIME OF	THE ONLY LEON.	THAT
HUGHES	THE ONLY LEON.	LOOKS
AND	THE ONLY LEON.	LIKE
HOGAN	THE ONLY LEON.	ME.
IN	ONLY LEON.	FIRST
SONG	ONLY LEON.	TIME OF
AND	LEON.	HUN-
DANCE.	LEON.	KI-
FIRST	Leon.	DO-
TIME OF	LEON.	RI.
MADAME	ONLY LEON.	MAN
BAALAM,	ONLY LEON.	THE
FROM	THE ONLY LEON.	LIFE-
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TUESDAY EVENING, DEC. 3,
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THE EXCELSIOR GONSALVO BISHOP,
THE ARTISTIC L. E. HICKS,
And the Wonderful English Champion Double Cloggists,
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Leading Lady or Soubrette.
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There will be 1,200,000 tickets issued, at one dollar each, admitting the holder to both of the
GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVALS,
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AND ONE AT
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SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 22, 1868,
on which latter occasion a Committee of prominent citizens will be selected to associate with the Management in making the distribution, to commence on Monday, February 24, at 10 o'clock A. M., at Horticultural Hall.
$641,950 IN VALUABLE PRESENTS
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Orders may be sent to us in registered letters, or post office orders, in sums from $1 to $25, at our risk. Larger amounts should be sent in drafts or by express, at the following
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New York Office, 611 Broadway. 35-1t

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Mrs. J. L. Davis:
Respected Madam: Your brother and sister professionals, while keenly commiserating with you in you recent misfortune, consequent upon the burning of the Susquehanna Hotel, desire, as far as may be in their power, to alleviate those sad remembrances, and would most respectfully tender you a complimentary testimonial, to take place at such time as you may deem proper. Respectfully yours,
Charles S. Kane, Wm. Hoperkein,
Oscar Willis, John Zeigler,
Billy Hart, F. Wise,
Charles Gardiner, Joseph N. Ebert,
Charles Eggert, Wm. A. Rabbitt,
Wm. F. Davis, Louis Bassy,
Geo. Smith, Chas. E. Keene,
William Ekels, Geo. Roberts,
Gustave Hoperkein, Hosea Pitt,
Senorita Lopez and children.
M'lle Augusta Lamareaux.
Lizzie Lagrange, Georgie May.

Baltimore, Nov. 29, 1867.
Ladies and Gentlemen:
Your more than kind communication has caused emotions to fill my heart which death alone shall efface. Your sympathy for me is duly appreciated, and while life is spared me I shall always cherish your kind remembrance, and never forget the day that rendered us friends. "A friend in need is a friend indeed," and never before has the truth been more manifest to me than in the present instance. With your permission, I would name MONDAY EVENING, December 2d, as the occasion for the proposed Testimonial.
With many thanks, ladies and gentlemen, for your sympathies, I am your most obedient serv't,
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man can be engaged by applying to
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Cuts for Nine Sheet Acting Bears Bill.
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First class talent in all branches of variety business wanted. 34-4t

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Three Mile Pull at Harlem.—Resolved to have another go ere Jack Frost placed an embargo upon all such amusements, as well as help digest their Thanksgiving turkey and trimmings, Mart. Gray and Jim Wolsey jumped into seventeen foot working boats on the 28th ult., and pulled three miles on the Harlem river, for a purse. A close and exciting struggle was witnessed by a fair assemblage of spectators, Wolsey ultimately winning by seven lengths, in 28:40. The rain prevented the rowing of another race which was on the programme.

Rowing Sport on Thanksgiving.—The admirers of boating sport in this vicinity were favored with, perhaps, their last opportunity this season of viewing an enjoyable meeting of Knights of the Oar off the Elysian Fields on Thanksgiving Day. First came a single scull race, under the auspices of the Atlantic Club, for the "Banks prize," a splendid gold medal, valued at $130, to the winner, and a gold medal, worth $70, to the second. There were but two entries, as follows: A. S. Swan, in the L'Hirondelle, and A. L. Knapp, in the Atlanta. Distance three miles, over the usual course. The race was well contested, but the ex-President asserted his superiority by eventually pulling across the imaginary line eight seconds ahead of his opponent in 28:05. Had the other scullers of the club not been so shy of tackling these first-class amateurs, the race would have been much more interesting.

This was followed by a double-scull contest between members of the Columbia Club, distance two miles and repeat. The entries were the Bug, pulled by Young and Bielkin; Unknown, pulled by Martine and Meredith, and the Mosquito, pulled by O'Neill and Meludos. The race was won by the Bug in 29:25, the Mosquito following in 30:40, and the Unknown having withdrawn in the first two miles.

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW RATES OF ADVERTISING.

FOR THEATRICAL or other Advertisements coming under the head of AMUSEMENTS, *fifteen cents per line* for each and every insertion.

FOR MISCELLANEOUS Advertisements, *twenty cents per line* for each and every insertion.

FOR NOTICES—to be incorporated in our News Departments—such as extracts from other papers, etc., *thirty cents per line*; the same notice not to be inserted more than once.

IN OUR LEADED OR EDITORIAL COLUMNS nothing of a paid character can appear, as we reserve that space for a free and independent expression of our own opinions.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH. Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

A LIBERAL DEDUCTION from these rates will be made for Advertisements when paid for three months or longer *in advance*.

ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent in by noon of Mondays, at latest, to ensure their appearance in that week's issue.

ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned:

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The House has been Repainted and Redecorated, and the Company Reconstructed for 1867 and '68. The Company as now organized embraces a larger array of First Class Talent than has ever been concentrated in a Minstrel Troupe, embracing Comedians, Tragedians, Vocalists, Dancers and Instrumentalists, who will appear nightly in their Minstrel Illustrations. First class artists, particularly those having specialities, can always secure an opening by addressing R. M. HOOLEY, Proprietor. 24-tf

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SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, 585 Broadway.
The trouble commences at ½ to eight o'clock.
The Herald of the 20th says: "The accredited Plenipotentiaries of the Deity of Fun to the Sober City of Gotham."
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SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
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CASTA DIVA, RISTORI'S MEDEA,
and the Screaming Burlesque of the
BASE BALL MATCH. 35-1t*

MRS. BATEMAN'S COMEDY OF "SELF."

TO THEATRICAL MANAGERS AND OTHERS.
The undersigned having sold to Mr. John E. Owens the sole and exclusive right of performing her comedy of "Self" in the United States, hereby revokes all permissions previously given for the production of the same.
New York, Sept. 12, 1867. SIDNEY F. BATEMAN.

Mr. JOHN E. OWENS directs the attention of managers and others to the above formal announcement of Mrs. Bateman, and hereby warns all parties interested that any infringement of the exclusive rights in the comedy thus legally vested in him will be promptly and rigorously prosecuted to the full extent of the Copyright Law. C. W. TAYLEURE.
Attorney for John E. Owens.
New York, Nov. 27, 1867.

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that cannot be excelled or even equalled on this Continent.
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YOUNG COMEDIENNE,
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POWERFUL COMBINATION OF
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CHALLENGE BRASS BAND AND ORCHESTRA,
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"THE HIBERNICON, OR, A TOUR IN IRELAND,"
and the exclusive right thereto I have secured in legal form, and will punish, as the law directs, any infringement on the same.
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NONE BUT PLAYERS ON BRASS
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and present to the public a monster entertainment of special novelties. JAMES PILGRIM,
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A. D. BRADLEY, First Old Man, Character Business or Stage Manager, can be engaged for "Jobs," or the season. P. O. address, Melrose, Mass. 33-4t*

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GEO. HOLMAN.....Lessee and Manager.
J. R. SPACKMAN.....Acting Manager.
The Lyceum, thoroughly renovated and re-decorated, opened for the fall and winter season on
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With the
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Prominent Stars wishing time for the Western Canadian Circuit of Toronto, Kingston, Hamilton and London, will be played on liberal sharing terms. Good stock people wishing engagements will address as above. *33-4t

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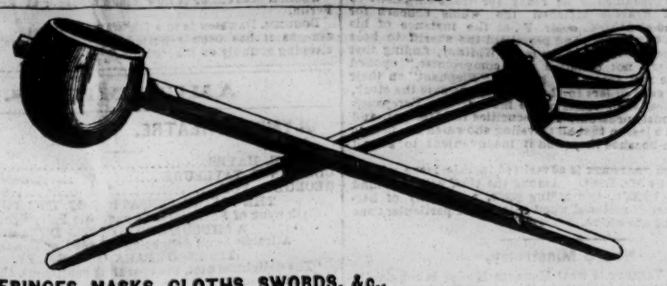

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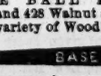
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